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CITY PLANNING IN AMERICA

BY CLINTON ROGERS WOODRUFF

CITY planning is attaining a wide acceptance and popularity in America, that augurs great things for our cities, if only it is followed up by consecutive and comprehensive execution. Writing in 1902, John De Witt Warner said, "American cities are rapidly awakening to the many needs of convenience, as well as dignity and beauty, subverted by appropriate civic centres, and in three cases (four, if we include Washington) more or less definite plans have been discussed."

Those four plans have become forty-four in the five years that have passed. Discussion has made way for concrete results so rapidly that the mention of Washington and Cleveland sounds almost like ancient history. Two of the plans have been almost forgotten in the more comprehensive ones that have since been undertaken, although we must not fail to give due credit to the pioneer work of Cahill's plan for a civic centre in San Francisco, and Wight's plan for the improvement of Chicago's lake-front.

Chicago, the most recent to undertake a far-reaching and all-embracing scheme, is likely to excel its predecessors, not only because of its ambition, but because it will have the great benefit of their experience. Daniel H. Burnham, whose White City in 1893 set the American people to thinking about the possibilities of civic architecture and effective grouping, will have entire charge of the development of the plan. To his long line of civic services, beginning with the World's Fair and including Washington, Manila, San Francisco, and Cleveland, he will add his civic pride as a Chicagoan. The result should

be, and already, although only partly disclosed, bids fair to be, a worthy *magnum opus*. This latest "Burnham plan" is already emerging from the "land of dreams and pictures," giving evidence that it has long been maturing in the master's mind. Chicago, which is nothing if not aggressive and energetic, has already started in upon its consummation. The desire "to give back the blue line of Lake Michigan to the people of Chicago" is making headway (despite some business reactionaries), the Illinois legislature at its last session having passed the needed enabling acts.

In one aspect this part may be said to constitute the keynote of the plan. It involves restoring the lake-front through building up by piling and filling a strip of land parallel with the shore, which is to be built out in the same way, so that an open lagoon will be formed. This is to be bridged, at intervals of a mile, from the shore line to the outer strip or parkway, and further diversified by artificial islands and effective tree-shored planting and shrubbery, recalling the famous Court of Honor of 1893.

The possibilities of this improvement are most striking and endless in their variety. When successfully carried out it should, and I believe it will, create a great dissatisfaction with the present forbidding appearance of the average water-fronts of our American cities, and lead eventually to a repairing of long neglect and abuse of great opportunities.

Some idea of the further improvements contemplated in the water-front, and in

the treatment of the Chicago River, may be gathered from the suggestions made by Isham Randolph, the chief engineer of the sanitary district. While these have not been incorporated in the plan, and no recommendations have been made on the subject, they show the drift of thought of those who are giving attention to the question. Mr. Randolph suggests among other things concrete docks, faced with marble, for the river-front, with monumental bridges over important streets; the electrification of the Illinois Central and the Northwestern Suburban lines; the purifying of the Chicago River by means of drainage conduits; and, lastly, small parks for the ends of the unbridged streets.

As in all such plans, a certain coöperation of abutting property owners is contemplated, and it is expected that owners of property along the river will reconstruct their buildings in such a way as to further the accomplishment of the great designs in view; but the experience of other cities shows that something more than individual voluntary coöperation will have to be resorted to, and the chances are that, unless Chicagoans are very different from other people, the strong arm of the law will have to be utilized to bring the recalcitrants into line.

River-front improvement occupies a conspicuous place in the St. Louis city plan also, which by-the-by is one of the best and most effective thus far published. It owes its origin to the Civic League of that city, which was responsible also for its elaboration and will unquestionably take a conspicuous part in its execution. The committee of the League represented the various interests of the city actively concerned in its welfare and progress, and included merchants, lawyers, public officials and architects, and landscape architects.

The proper treatment of the river-front of St. Louis would not only make it, as the report outlines, once more of importance in the business life of the community, but would give to St. Louis

a natural entranceway unique among American municipalities. At present the river-front is sadly marred by unsightly elevated tracks and disgraceful and dilapidated buildings. In their place it is proposed to establish a broad open plaza from Eads Bridge to the proposed bridge at Poplar Street, on a level with Third Street. The railway tracks and passenger stations, which are recognized as essential to the city's future prosperity, are to be placed under the plaza. There will be an easy approach from the level, and the warehouses (which must be reconstructed) will front along Second Street, with the Merchants' Exchange as a central point.

In reinforcing these recommendations the committee declares that "To show that some such treatment . . . is not only desirable but feasible, we need cite only a few of the number of cities which have successfully handled this problem to the great benefit of the city. Algiers has not only provided in the best possible manner for her commercial interests, but by a line of masonry has given the city a majestic and imposing gateway. Budapest on the Danube has preserved much of its river-front for palatial public buildings, frequent park-spaces, and tree-lined promenades, and at the same time utilized the space beneath the streets and back of the quay for storage purposes. The waterfronts of Hamburg, Antwerp, Stockholm, Rouen, and Berlin have been treated in a somewhat similar manner. In fact, the tendency in all European cities is to take advantage of the river-front opportunities for beautifying purposes."

Americans are reaching the point where they see and realize that utility and beauty are not antagonists, but handmaids who, when working harmoniously together, produce far greater results than the sum of their separate efforts. Europeans long ago appreciated this great factor in civic progress, but Americans will, judging from present prospects, outstrip them in the practical realization of the highest ideals.

The New York Improvement Commission, of which Francis K. Pendleton is chairman, and which was an official body appointed by Mayor McClellan, while it by no means overlooked water-front improvement, naturally gave the more emphasis to intra-mural communication. This was natural, in view of the great area of the city and the character and location of its several component parts. It heartily indorsed, as was to be expected, the plans of the Dock Department ultimately to complete a marginal street around the entire commercial water-front of Manhattan. Those portions of the water-front not yet utilized for such purposes in the several boroughs should be, it is recommended, reserved for parks.

The Report of the Committee of the Boston Society of Architects dealing with Municipal Improvement, quite recently published, and as yet without the Society's official endorsement, gives very considerable attention to the improvement of the port of Boston and to the reconstruction of the Charles River basin. The recommendations as to the former are largely utilitarian and include a combination of warehouses, long piers, and new and enlarged docks at South Boston.

The development of the Charles River basin has long been a favorite theme for consideration in Boston, and the present report constitutes an interesting addition to the discussion. The key to the proposal is to be found in the statement that at present the Charles River separates Cambridge from Boston, instead of combining it with the great metropolitan scheme. As the present basin is "empty, vague and uninteresting," it is suggested that an island be built up within it, which would serve as a unification of the entire metropolitan district and provide an effective site for the executive and legislative departments of the metropolitan government. The westerly end of the island would form "an ideal location" for the proposed Cathedral of the Episcopal Church. Here also could be built hotels, apartment-houses, churches, charitable

and educational institutions, an opera house and theatre, while stores and shops might be provided for along the line of Massachusetts Avenue. If such an elaborate scheme were to be carried out it would unquestionably result in an improvement of the Boston side of the river, now unfortunately and mistakenly given over to the back-yards of the Beacon Street houses.

To revert to the Chicago plan, which will be formulated by Mr. Burnham under the aegis of the public-spirited Commercial Club (with which the Merchants' Club was merged last year), the river-front plan will not only restore the "blue line," but will serve as a part of the great park system which is to be rounded out by a stately outer parkway to engirdle the entire city. This boulevard will extend from Jackson Park to Grant Park, far east of the railroad tracks, and then on to the Lake Shore Drive, swinging west into the proposed outer park-belt, and completing its circuit through the valleys of the Shokie, Des Plaines, and Calumet.

Here are some of the other points that will be considered in this effort "to show how Chicago can be made a better place to live in, not only from the standpoint of civic beauty, but also from the more practical standpoints of commercial advantage, health, comfort and convenience:"—

To make the Chicago River front a thing of beauty through embankments, driveways, and granite docks. This plan will include small parks along the north and south branches, away from the heart of the city, and will be accomplished with the aid of the drainage board.

To carry out an easily practicable plan for a civic centre by erecting a city hall to match the adjoining county building; and to give dignity to both structures by condemning the half block of property on their east and west façades and making a small park.

To free the downtown district by putting the street cars into the subways

proposed in the new traction offer. To include the elevated roads in this scheme and make their trains enter the new subways at Eighteenth Street, Ashland and Chicago Avenues, thereby removing the ugly "L" loop.

To concentrate the railroads in the two great terminal centres, making dignified entrances to the city. To make the new Madison Street stations of the Northwestern and the Pennsylvania the centre for the north and west roads, and to establish a similar centre for the south and east lines somewhere on the South Side.

To employ the money which the city, as a "partner" in the traction companies, will receive from the new agreement, in repairing, cleaning, and improving the downtown streets, alleys, and sidewalks.

To carry out the present scheme of building the Field Museum and the Crerar Library in Grant Park, and to allow for the eventual erection there of a new and enlarged Art Institute.

On his return from Europe in July Mr. Burnham declared that "the making of a new and beautiful Chicago will not be the work of a year or two. Chicago's problems are especially difficult, because the city is all built up, values of land are high, and the city is settled and solid in its present form. But I am confident of success, though it may take a generation or more to make the city what we hope."

We are prone to speak of city planning as if it were something new, and in a way something peculiarly American. It is true it has reached a wider vogue in a shorter time in this country than in any other, but as far back as 1666 Sir Christopher Wren prepared a plan for the city of London after the great fire. It was never carried out, although some of his recommendations are now being executed under the progressive policy of the modern County Council. In our own country, L'Enfant, over a century ago, prepared a plan not only for our capital city, but also for Buffalo, both of which have been adhered to in the main points.

Detroit followed L'Enfant's ideas, although he did not prepare the plans.

These cities represent deliberate, comprehensive planning from the beginning. Like Dalny in far-away Siberia, they were developed along previously determined lines; but such instances are possible only in new countries, and are exceptional even there. The Chicago, Cleveland, New York, and San Francisco plans represent an entirely different phase of deliberate and comprehensive planning. They are more like the king-made cities of St. Petersburg and Madrid, or the more recent emperor-made Paris. They grew up along lines of least resistance and in obedience to immediate needs, with practically little thought of the future, and none of the aesthetic side. Then came a period of awakening to civic consciousness and pride, leading to a dissatisfaction with existing conditions, and then an earnest desire for improvement. The Cleveland Group Plan had the merit, not only of being one of the earliest of recent American attempts at effective city-building, but of disclosing the great possibilities of effective combination and coöperation. It illustrates in the realm of civic endeavor that two plus two when properly put together may mean something very much greater than four. This is a discovery of great value and has had a great influence on other American communities, fostering to a large extent the growth of public interest in group plans.

The Chicago plan will, of course, be much more comprehensive in its scope than the Cleveland plan, but it must not be forgotten that the latter is very nearly *un fait accompli*, because all the buildings planned, except the railroad terminal, are provided for, and some are already in course of construction.

The third type of city planning for comprehensive development may be called "the gradual," because it represents an effective progress step by step. Philadelphia and Springfield, Massachusetts, are the two most striking instances of this type.

Philadelphia has not in the past been generally associated with far-reaching plans of civic improvement; but it has been making very steady headway, and, as I pointed out a year ago in an article in *The Craftsman*, it is entitled to be considered among the leaders. Its Fairmount Park has long been famous, but the city has not for years been content to rest on those laurels. It has been extending the park area in various sections, and now it is busily, although quietly, coordinating them and providing for a great outer parkway. Three years ago (in June, 1905), Andrew Wright Crawford, Secretary of the City Parks Association, was able to say, "The park movement in Philadelphia has achieved some signal successes during the past year. In the direction of reserving outlying open spaces for the health and enjoyment of this and coming generations, the most important action by the city was the passage by Councils and approval by the Mayor, March 20, 1905, of an ordinance that will preserve from building encroachments six and one-half miles, covering one thousand acres of the Pennypack Creek."

In July of last year, the plans for encircling the city with a chain of parks and connecting boulevards and parkways were forwarded by the passage of ordinances providing for the condemnation of five hundred and fifty acres of woodland, valley, and meadows bordering on Pennypack and Cobb's Creeks. There are four hundred and forty-seven acres embraced in the Pennypack Creek project, on both banks of that stream, extending from Welsh Road to Bustleton Avenue. For beauty of woodland and sylvan scenery, this part of the Pennypack may be said to be a miniature Wissahickon, while the waters of the creek are quite as plentiful as those of its better known rival in Fairmount Park.

These additions are in harmony with the suggestions made by the Allied Organizations of Philadelphia, which, in 1902, published the report on "American Park Systems," prepared by Frank

Miles Day, the President of the American Institute of Architects, and by Mr. Crawford. This is a most comprehensive report, and has had a very considerable share in stimulating public interest, in Philadelphia and throughout the country.

In addition to this park development the city is now opening up a great parkway from City Hall to Fairmount Park, right through a densely built-up and, for part of the way, a slum district. This is a great project, the value of which has been greatly enhanced by the fact that the Pennsylvania Legislature at its recent session passed an Art-Jury Bill, giving the city control over monuments, statues, and public structures generally, and another bill giving the city power to acquire two hundred feet on either side of any boulevard, and to resell it subject to such restrictions as the city may see fit to impose. This gives it absolute control over important diagonal highways and the structures upon them, a most important consideration. It is a step Chicago will have to take if it wishes to carry out its ideas in all their fullness.

The Philadelphia Parkway already under construction will in time be a great permanent Court of Honor. It takes in on its way Logan Square, one of the original four laid out by William Penn, the Roman Catholic Cathedral of SS. Peter and John, and the Academy of Natural Sciences. To these there are to be added the Free Library of Philadelphia, the great two-million-dollar Museum which is to house the Johnson, Widener, and Elkins collections of pictures, and in all likelihood the new building of the Franklin Institute. In time, other important public and semi-public buildings will be added, and another striking addition will have been made to the list of the world's great avenues.

Philadelphia has other boulevards in course of construction which will serve to modify its time-honored gridiron system of streets, to serve as connecting lines of parks and far-distant sections of the city, and above all to force a far-reaching civic

readjustment similar to that which followed the rebuilding of Paris.

Springfield was mentioned as another instance of gradual but effective development. According to Guy Kirkham, a local architect, it is a fortunate thing that the local fire-insurance company, which acquired property adjoining the Church of the Unity, designed by Richardson, on State Street, is constructing a building of moderate height and marked dignity of design, worthy of a place in the group including the Church, the Art Museum, and St. Gaudens's statue of the Puritan. Business is here associating itself appropriately with religion, art, and education. This constitutes a great advance, and measures Springfield's progress over the times when the Unitarian meeting-house and the high school were adjoined by the county jail, a succession familiarly denominated Salvation, Education, and Damnation.

Springfield, according to the same authority, is developing another civic group, one which should in time become the true centre. Years ago certain public-spirited citizens gave Court Square to the city as a public common, which has since been extended to the river. On this square will face several important buildings, the city hall, the police building, the Young Men's Christian Association, the Grand Army of the Republic Memorial, the principal theatre, a grammar school, and the old First Church. A new bridge over the Connecticut and the elimination of the present railroad tracks have likewise been proposed, so as to make beautiful the entire bank of the river as it flows through the city.

It must not be assumed that city planning concerns itself only with the big features of the city, such as we have been writing about. While these are important and are most likely to attract public attention, men like Olmsted, Burnham, Carrere, are too great as artists to overlook the fine points, to omit the details of a piece of work. They realize that "a city beautiful involves not only a well-

designed plan, a civic centre, a park, and a show boulevard, but also an artistic treatment of its bridges, street-signs, lamp-posts, fire-hydrants, and mail-boxes, as well as of its fountains, monuments, statuary, and other confessedly ornamental features." They realize that when one fills a city with striking statuary and fountains, he has but filled it with beautiful objects. What they and others who have been so busily occupied during the passing decade aim at is to make the city itself beautiful. Consequently we find, for instance, the New York Report considering appropriate house-numbers, gas and electric fixtures, the manner of indicating streets, bridle-paths, the location of statues and monuments, railroad crossings, the pavement of streets, tree-planting, cab service. The St. Louis Plan does likewise.

In the matter of tree-planting, the latter emphasizes its vital relations to a system of street improvements. No city street is complete without a row of well-developed and properly cared-for trees on both sides of the roadway. The city has a city forester, whose duties are to superintend, regulate, and encourage the planting, culture, and preservation of shade and ornamental trees. The ordinance provides that the property owners on any three or more contiguous blocks, by a majority vote, shall determine the variety of trees to be planted on that street. This gives uniformity without rigidity, adds much to the beauty and comfort of the streets and homes, and greatly enhances the value of abutting property.

Mr. Burnham's points for consideration in connection with the San Francisco plans cover four printed pages, and will certainly repay the thoughtful attention of those who are thinking of giving consideration to complicated questions involved in the phrase, "A City Plan."

Nor are the big metropolitan centres of population, like New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia, the only ones that have taken up the subject. In the list of forty-four cities which I have tabulated

as being concerned about city plans, either in the way of actually formulating them or as preparing to devise them, are Columbia and Greenville, South Carolina; Atlantic City, — where the proposals involve the expenditure of ten million dollars, to make that place the greatest of pleasure resorts; Oakland, California; Hartford, Essex County, New Jersey; Milwaukee, Walla Walla, Seattle, Montreal, Honolulu, Pittsburg, Detroit, St. Paul, Denver, Colorado Springs, Manila, Providence, Buffalo, Baltimore, Harrisburg, — and this is but a partial list. Kansas City has made giant strides within the decade. Its park and boulevard systems are worthy of study by city-makers everywhere, and its public spirit is worthy of general emulation. The Paseo is one of the civic achievements of the country.

Some idea of the pace of improvement at which our cities move may be gathered from the following interview with Mayor Speer, of Denver:—

"There are n't enough teams and men to do all the work. For the next year we have more than we can accomplish in the way of public improvements that have been already undertaken. Until recently every proposed scheme for the beautify-

ing or betterment of any portion of the city met with its certain proportion of protest. But now there are not only no protests, but in every part of the city the householders seem to be greedy for more.

"What I intend to do is to see that each separate improvement in turn is rushed with the largest force possible, so that each one can be finished and then progress made with the next. We shall soon have the South Side improvement district completed, and shall turn our attention to the East Side.

"It is the first time that such a state of affairs has occurred in the history of Denver. It is a gratifying sign that every section of the inhabitants is equally and strongly imbued with the spirit of progress. But just at present we can't cope with it, if we would."

Such is the state of affairs in Colorado's capital, and substantially in every important community. If properly controlled and guided, this spirit, accompanied by a realization that we cannot have a city beautiful until we have eliminated civic ugliness in all its forms, will give to American cities an eminence among the municipalities of the world, which it will be difficult to excel and impossible to overtake.

BIOLOGY AND HUMAN PROGRESS

BY T. D. A. COCKERELL

THE humble and hard-working scientific investigator, when occasionally he looks up from his microscope or dissecting-table, is apt to perceive—sometimes in reality, at other times in imagination—a supercilious individual, not invariably a college president, asking, “What’s the use?” At the moment he may find this simple query somewhat disturbing to his nervous system, and he is to be congratulated if he can think of a suitable retort before it is too late. Franklin’s apt reply, “What’s the use of a new-born baby?”—so brilliantly justified by the later developments of electricity—was a spark off the wheel of genius, and no such fire is at the command of the ordinary plodder along scientific paths.

I have acknowledged a certain irritation upon hearing the query, “What’s the use?” and yet, upon reflection, I must confess that it is a very proper question—one which must be answered if science is in any sense to be justified. Value, in the long run, is the test of everything, from our human standpoint, and we can conceive of no other. What, then, is the use, the value, of scientific research? The question is a metaphysical one, and science, as such, gives no answer. Science may show that such and such a research has produced, or has assisted to produce, in the course of years, turnips, or sugar-beets, or oranges; or has saved the lives of so many people; or has prevented railroad collisions; or has, if you please, lodged rascals in jail and set the innocent free. All these things and many others science may do, but then—what’s the use? Regarded from the standpoint of pure science, what atom is better than another, or what combination of atoms? Do we feed

you, clothe you, house you, from day to day? What then? why are you, as an individual walking the earth, better than the clay of former individuals on which you walk? All is equally orderly, equally wonderful, equally obedient to what we call the laws of nature,—is, in short, what it is,—and is that by reason of everything else. The cosmos is a unit, equally indispensable in all its parts,—for and by itself. What is the *use* of God? No answer is thinkable, to the monist or monotheist.

Nevertheless, the man who recognized no use, or value, would be insane. There is a practical dualism which lies at the very foundation of our nature, makes our lives worth while, and enables us to respect those of others. We are ends in ourselves: a moment of pleasure, of intellectual or spiritual insight, of love,—even of anger or hate,—is its own justification, is the culmination of the so-called blind forces of nature in sight. Thus it may be said that those things are of value which, entering the field of human consciousness, serve to enrich it.

Science, however, enables us to distinguish what may be termed direct and indirect, or contributory, values. The idea of causation, or the necessary sequence of events, leads us to perceive that certain things which at the time were quite unknown to us, or if known did not impress us as valuable, were antecedent to some of our most precious experiences, and that the latter directly resulted from the former. These indirect values began to come into prominence in the intellectual field as soon as science was systematically studied, and to-day they are perceived to be as numerous, in relation to any particular direct value, as our ancestors in relation to ourselves. To

the scientific mind they appeal so strongly that it becomes difficult to believe that *any* fact will not have "useful" posterity; but the lay mind is apt to be as skeptical as we might be if requested to let a notorious burglar out of jail, on the ground that he might prove, in the sixteenth generation, to be a necessary ancestor of some great man.

This, however, is true only when the lay imagination is required to be unduly stretched. Money has no direct value whatever; all the value it has is of a contributory nature. Yet we do not accuse the public of inability to appreciate money, for all that it is not even the father of any direct value (unless cupidity be one), but at most its grandfather. The unscientific will go back even farther than this, and see value in the crop which may be sold for money, — even in the land and seed, which brought together will produce the crops. Somewhere, however, we come to the beginning of things as understood, to the "This is the house that Jack built;" and back of that the story does not tell.

Perhaps, then, I should say that the first, and in some ways most important, use of scientific research, and a knowledge of its results, is to enlarge the imagination. The eye of the mind must be taught to see and understand. How many follies, how many crimes, are committed from lack of imagination! Alas, in this poor state of ours to-day, how much is going on which would not be tolerated for an instant, did we but have the insight, the imagination, to see what it all means and is likely to mean for coming generations! The story is told that, on a recent Antarctic expedition, "the voyagers started with a train of dogs to drag their sledges, to penetrate as far as they could the frozen hills. They were reduced to very small rations of food, and the dogs, though willing and friendly enough, began to collapse and fail with fatigue and want of nourishment. They were obliged to kill them one by one. Each of the party in turn had to

lead the dog that seemed most exhausted away from the camp, put him to death, and return with his body, which was presently eaten by the other dogs. The poor creatures at last grew to understand that when, in the evening, one of the sledge-party left the tents accompanied by a dog, it meant a speedy prospect of food. And so the ceremony was always heralded by an outburst of cheerful and excited barking from the rest of the troop. The victim himself always shared in the excitement and accompanied his executioner wagging his tail and uttering joyful barks, under the impression that he was specially favored by being led to the source of the desired food."¹

It is well for the dog, thus about to perish, to have no anticipatory terror; but for ourselves, we have been provided, for good or for evil, with the power to anticipate and prevent many misfortunes, and damned are we if we don't use it. The "knowledge of good and evil" is indeed a two-edged sword, and to be unskillful in its use is to endure the severest penalties ever meted out to living beings.

Yet, how like we are to the dogs in the story — before the event; how unlike, in our remorse and misery after it. How cheerfully, to avoid a little trouble or expense, do we submit to poisoned food, foul water, the contamination of our blood or morals; how bitterly do we complain of disease and death, of hereditary incapacity, of crookedness, — when they affect us directly. Without disparaging the other sciences, it must be claimed for biology that, since we are living creatures, it is of the first importance for the understanding of our vital problems, for the cultivation of that foresight which we are bound by our contract with the Almighty to practice.

As a means of culture, I hold it invaluable for the development of that type of mind which is ready to connect series of facts, and so perceive the danger before it is at the door, the advantage before it

¹ *The Gate of Death*, 1906, p. 220.

has passed by. From this point of view there is a positive gain to the individual in any scientific research pursued in a sufficiently broad and open-eyed way. It is not necessary to prove that the study of a particular group of beetles or centipedes will eventually "mean money;" it is fruitful at the very moment in cultivating an alert attitude of mind; provided, as I first said, that it is not too narrowly construed. That it also has a direct value, only to be properly appreciated by those who have received it, is a different but no less important consideration.

The scientific imagination is not merely of value for the purpose of connecting facts, but also for that of disconnecting fiction. To believe an impossible thing does not usually require much imagination, but the reverse. Thus, to the simple-minded people of old it seemed quite possible that the sun "stood still in the heavens" on an occasion narrated in history. To the scientific man it is apparent that for this to happen either the earth would have to cease revolving on its axis, or else the sun would be obliged to proceed with fearful speed out of its usual path, to keep opposite the same terrestrial point. Either of these things seem to him less likely than the hypothesis that the story is a poetic fiction. It is because he can imagine the implications of the statement, that he does not believe it.

All our educational problems may be said to centre around questions of "nature and nurture;" in other words, heredity and environment. They are, therefore, problems for the biologist; or, if not exclusively for him, at any rate largely of his concern. To what extent can we, by our educational methods, affect the character of the individual? To what extent is it legitimate or desirable to do so? Education, in a broad or biological sense, does not begin in school; it does not even begin at birth, but long before. It may be defined as being the provision of the best means for devel-

oping the several characteristics or abilities of the individual to the best personal and social uses. In this sense it includes adequate nourishment on the one hand, adequate stimuli on the other. Do we yet know enough about these things, or apply what we know? Most assuredly not.

A number of years ago Dr. H. M. Vernon made some experiments with the eggs of sea-urchins to determine the effect of various kinds of treatment upon subsequent development. He found that exposure of the ova for an hour to a temperature of about 8° C. at the time of impregnation, instead of the normal temperature of about 19° C., produced an average diminution of 4.1 per cent in the size of the larvæ. Temperatures a few degrees above the normal acted even more unfavorably, one of 25.5° producing an average diminution of 5.9 per cent. It was thus evident that the ova were extraordinarily sensitive to changes in temperature at this early period, and, as it was also found that they were very sensitive to changes in the salinity of the water, Dr. Vernon inferred that practically all changes in the environment would affect them. Among the higher animals, Professor Ewart made experiments with rabbits. He constructed an artificial slum in the basement of a house with little light or air, and there permitted a doe rabbit to live and give birth to litters of young. The effect was disastrous in the extreme. Many were born dead others were so weakly as to be scarcely able to live. Afterwards the same mother was removed to healthy surroundings, and her offspring were all that could be desired. Biology teaches, then, that living organisms are very easily affected in the earliest stages of their existence; and if we find such gross and palpable effects as have just been described, it may reasonably be assumed that there are others of a more subtle nature, perhaps not less serious in the long run. Indeed, it may fairly be questioned whether it is not a lesser evil to destroy

the potential individual at the beginning, than to cause him to go through life handicapped by some frailty resulting from early injury.

Those who oppose the demolition of the slums sometimes accuse their opponents of sentimentalism. How can you cure, say they, something which has its root in the vicious habits of the people, — and, incidentally, subverts great commercial interests? Well, we have this to say, that it is absolutely certain that, given any human stock this world ever produced, it would deteriorate in the slums; the individuals of each succeeding generation would be stunted and their lives cut short; they would fare like Dr. Vernon's sea-urchins or Professor Ewart's rabbits. Who and what are the causes of the conditions permitted to exist in all great cities? Where should we assign the blame? The past cannot be undone, but we are responsible for the future, because we are able to bring about a change. That the slums could not be destroyed in a few years, if the people of this country really wished it, is impossible to believe. The trouble is, that we either hold property (if it belongs to us or our associates) to be more valuable than life or health (if they belong to others), or else we do not recognize the true causes of the existing evil. In the latter case science and education should help us, in the former we justify revolution.

Nor is it merely a matter of altruism. The conditions which obtain in all crowded centres of population weigh heavily upon every one of us. The great cities are undoubtedly prosperous in a narrow commercial sense, but the corruption and rascality which they foster and shelter have become a menace to the state. Boulder, where I write, may be taken as a type of the town of the future, at least in its better features. With natural surroundings of extraordinary beauty, as good a climate as might be desired, and a population no worse than the average, there seems a possibility of main-

taining indefinitely such conditions as are suitable for human beings. Yet there are many good men and women who would sacrifice the best of all this; who would fill our streams with filth and our air with smoke and gases, would crowd our streets with the poor and miserable, would have us even as Denver or Chicago is to-day, — all for the sake of that form of prosperity represented by commercial profit!

But stop, you say, — the world's work must be carried on. We must have cities and factories, and mills. Where would *you* be if all these things suddenly ceased to exist? Do you not daily and hourly use their products? Does not our very civilization depend upon them?

To all this, so plausible but so shortsighted, the biologist can have but one answer. Nothing is right which interferes with the normal healthy life of human beings; nothing so interfering is justifiable if preventable. You have already accepted this doctrine in relation to your chickens, your cattle, yes, even your pigs; but when you come to your own species, there you stop. It is true, indeed, that the world's work must be carried on. The social organism must be maintained; we desire neither anarchy nor savagery. But at present it is suffering from chronic indigestion in an aggravated form, and without some change of habits, the doctor cannot help.

The biologist has observed that, when a country is nearly uniform from one end to the other, the animals and plants will show a similar uniformity; but that when it is broken up into mountains, or consists of islands, several races of many genera will be developed, each adapted to its peculiar locality. The historian and the sociologist have made similar observations. The British Islands, the mountains of Switzerland, the peninsulas of Greece, Italy, and Scandinavia, have been the homes of the finest races the world has known. In a certain sense, the United States and the Federation of the World are magnificent conceptions, ever

to be upheld; but please observe, these are *States* which are united, and the world is to be a *Federation*, not a monarchy. The best peoples have been the offspring of mixed blood, living under stable and characteristic conditions for long periods of time. It may be that the intermixture of new blood is necessary for racial vitality, but it is absolutely certain that the lack of a reasonable degree of stability is fatal to high culture, which always means racial and personal individuality. By stability I do not refer to political or intellectual conditions, which should always exhibit progressive change, but to racial constancy sufficient to call forth abilities suited to the peculiar genius of the people.

I confess that I am alarmed lest the indiscriminate mingling of peoples now going on should give us a sort of dull uniformity of mediocrity, stamping out "provincialism" altogether. We are Americans, to be sure; but we should also be living examples of the peculiar and unique virtue which emanates from our own half-acre. I should welcome the adoption of some particular sign — some feather in our cap — that would mark us as coming from a special state or town, if it were indicative of real characteristics such as we ought to possess. Provincialism, of the right sort, is a virtue, not a vice; we who live in this place, not quite like any other in the world, should live the lives and think the thoughts adapted to it, — not indeed in ignorance of the beyond, but as men who are able to use that which Providence has bestowed upon them.

If the migratory habits of Americans in general constitute a certain danger to our culture, what is to be said of the injection of apparently unlimited quantities of foreign blood? Putting aside for the moment the question whether Japanese, Slavs, and others are more or less desirable as citizens than those who already occupy the country, what is to be said of the indiscriminate mixture? Supposing that some one were to intro-

duce miscellaneous blood into the choice herds of cattle in Colorado, without so much as consulting the owners, what would be said and done? But nobody asks, apparently, what the Coloradoan of the future is likely to be, as the consequence of the intermixture of half a dozen alien races. I do not pretend to know how it will all work out, but the matter is open for investigation and no little evidence is already available. In the mean time, the horse will doubtless be over the horizon before we think of closing the stable-door.

It is well known to the biologist that all living organisms vary, the several individuals not being exactly alike. It is also recognized that this variation follows certain general laws; so that, for instance, examples of extreme difference from the average are rarer than those of slight difference. It is known further that the race inherits certain types of variability, so that if individuals of a certain kind appear now, they may be looked for in the future. Arguing from such general considerations, which are of course supported by innumerable specific cases, we may infer that the white population of Colorado ought to produce a certain percentage of ability of various kinds. Just what the maximum poetic ability — for instance — of any race or stock may be, we cannot say, since it is probable that no circumstances have ever arisen which would utilize and develop all the potential poets of a nation. Possibly the conditions existing in ancient Athens at her best were the most favorable that have ever prevailed for securing the maximum possible output of certain kinds of ability; and it may well be that these will never be repeated, — for the one reason, among others, that modern human society necessarily scatters its intellectual energies much more, having a far wider field. The proper intellectual output of a country, just like its proper output in physical achievement, can be estimated only in a general way and in the bulk; nor would it be desirable

that all those capable of work in certain intellectual fields should be directed thereto, any more than would be the case with manual occupations. Nevertheless, we have the right to expect a certain average performance — a certain minimum of distinction — in every race, and if it is not forthcoming, the biologist, at least, knows that something is wrong.

Professor J. McKeen Cattell of Columbia University has lately been gathering some very interesting statistics regarding the distribution of American men of science. He gives figures showing the origin and present whereabouts of a thousand of the most successful or best known. It is curious to note that, whereas some states have to-day about as many as were born within their borders (for example Pennsylvania, sixty-six born, sixty-five present), and thus may be said to have retained the talent they produced, others show notable gains or losses. Ohio, for example, gave birth to seventy-five of the leading thousand now living, but has to-day only thirty-four. California gave birth to eleven, but has fifty-three, as might be anticipated from the youth of the state and the rapid increase of population. Colorado, for similar reasons, while giving birth to only three, is now credited with eight. The three, however, was over 87 per million of the population in 1860, while the eight was only 14.8 per million in 1900. The latter figure shows a higher percentage than most states without universities of the largest size, and is about ten times as favorable as the figures for the South Central states.

While the selection of Professor Cattell's thousand shows a great many individual anomalies and oversights, yet it does very well to bring out such general facts as have just been mentioned. It is to be wished that the same might be done for the other fields of activity, so that we might see how far each state was taking advantage of its own native ability.

Biology has something to say about the

purpose and scope of republican institutions. Originally, the idea of a king was one of the most brilliant and fruitful conceptions of the world. Long before mankind knew anything about Galtonian curves or polygons of frequency, it was discovered that there existed in every society certain exceptional individuals, capable of being put to exceptional uses. This discovery is not peculiar to man, of course, but he has been able to give it new meanings and uses. "The Divine Right of Kings" is not an empty phrase, but may be taken to mean that it is wise and therefore right for those capable of leading to assume this office. The protest of the republican was against the abuse rather than the use of this high function; and it is a singular and significant fact that under the guise of republicanism we have given our temporary monarch more power than the King of England. Just now, some of us are inclined to complain that this individual is using too freely his peculiar opportunities; a protest singularly ill-timed, since he is the first of a considerable series to show any real ability to fill the office. What, then, should be the powers and functions of a President of the United States, or of any other president? The biological formula is a simple one: he should be allowed to do whatever he can do with advantage to those he serves. He should not be allowed to appoint postmasters in every village in the United States, because it is beyond human possibility that he can do this intelligently; he should be permitted to express his opinions on public questions, especially when, from his position, he has special knowledge of them. If he has been wisely selected, he represents, not merely the material interests, but the best ideals, the honor, of his country. He may and should stand for the integrity of these against all comers, even as David stood against Goliath. Yet it should be open to the humblest citizen to criticise his words and actions and to drive his criticisms home if he can.

The ideal republic must be a union of more or less kindred spirits, with more or less kindred aims, and yet with sufficient diversity to represent the free play of human activities. Where is it to be found? Nowhere so clearly, I think, as in the field of science. In the Republic of Science there is the necessary common bond, while its citizens are scattered in the four corners of the earth. There is the common language of scientific terms. There is the full recognition of authority, with the equal recognition of the right of any one to question that authority. There are no artificial sanctions or, if there are, they count for little. There is a reasonable balance preserved between the authority of custom and the right to change it. There are, of course, places encrusted over, needing to be broken by violence; there are little whirlwinds of anarchy; perfection has not been reached, but, take it all in all, the Republic of Science is the best of modern republics, and to be a citizen of it is in itself an education in the science of government.

I wish to add a few remarks on the causes of human progress, regarded in the most general way. Any group of living beings, arranged in respect to the development of any particular character, may be represented by a diagram, thus:



Each dot may be taken to represent one individual: A is the point of the minimum, B of the maximum development of the character. Of course, the sharpness of the corners of the figure will differ much according to the species and character chosen, but the general principle will remain unaltered. Dimorphic forms will of course give a more complicated figure, but these need not be considered at present. It will be seen at once that, as our common experience would sug-

gest, there are many more individuals midway between the extremes than at either end. Thus, there are more persons of ordinary height, or approximately so, than Goliaths or Tom Thumbs.

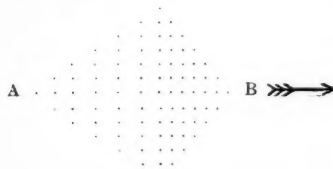
Suppose now that the group is not stationary, but shows progress in the direction indicated by the arrow, that is, toward the increase of the given character. This means that the first individual, or, more likely, his representative in a later generation, moves forward so much, the second also, and in short the whole group advances one or two places. This is illustrated very well by the progress of political opinion in such a country as England. To-day the Conservative party stands where the Liberals of former days stood; the Liberals are semi-socialistic in their aims, socialism has become a force in practical politics, while, on the other hand, the old-fashioned Tory is practically extinct.

It is evident from the diagram that *vox populi* is not, from an idealistic standpoint, *vox dei*. It would be, if the population had reached perfect equilibrium, so that any change or "progress" was undesirable. Few of us, I imagine, consider that any civilized nation can afford to rest on its laurels to-day, even for the briefest time. Hence, in respect to any particular movement, there must be men who are more enlightened than the majority,—men who, having advanced farther, can see more of the road ahead. That some who profess to have this advantage are looking at the wrong road, does not alter the fact that there *are* some who are fitted to lead and who should be followed to the extent that they are right.

Here, however, comes a difficulty. How is the mass of mankind to know the front of the phalanx from the rear? How is it to distinguish true from false guides? Has it not always stoned the prophets, and can it well avoid doing so?

I venture to suggest that there are ways of escaping from this difficulty, or at least of mitigating the evil. It is un-

doubtedly true that those in the middle of the group can rarely see the foremost, or understand his description of the road. But the second can understand the first, and interpret the message to the third, and so along the line, until even those in the rear have some glimmering of what's about. Formerly, the advantages of education, including especially contact with leading spirits, were confined to the few; to-day, by means of the school and the press, they are spread broadcast. The indications are that these increased advantages do not benefit men of the first ability so much as those of the second and lower grades. The result is, that the whole shape of the figure may be changed and it becomes "skew," as the biometricians say:—



Thus, the mass is closer to the leaders and better able to understand the trend of progress and the reasons therefor. The "great men" no longer stand out so prominently, so totally apart from the rest of mankind; but perhaps their influence is greater.

Another and most potent cause of progress among the masses is of course the sense of direction already taken. If we have advanced so much toward certain ideals, we are the more ready to take additional steps, even without reference to those ahead. This, however, is true only when some advance has already been made, and is not a means of initiating reform. It also, unfortunately, is so blind a force that it is not rarely the means of leading a nation over the precipice, rather than to the summit of the mountain.

It will be observed that I have made the last diagram kite-shaped and have

spoken of it as "skew." It could be made so, and often has in past times, by a process quite different from that just suggested, namely that of cutting off the heads of the more advanced. This would lead to a similar homogeneity, but *without* the factor of progress, or rather, with progress *backwards*.

It will also be remarked that the tail behind does not necessarily result from the process of education; that this process could affect the worst advantageously and, while the whole group would become more compact, it would not become skew. This is an exceedingly debatable point; but I have ventured to assume, as indeed I believe, that the advantages of education would be felt most by the "average man," and that the very poor minds would fail to be similarly affected, just as the very good ones. In this case the stragglers would straggle even more than before, and we might have an increase of crime and lunacy, for the very reason that more persons were out of joint with the world. This would be a disadvantage, but certainly with this compensating advantage, that the worst minds would not have so much influence to the detriment of the mass.

Finally, we have to ask, what are the real causes of progress after all? If reformers cause reform, it is equally true that reform causes reformers. In other words, the existence of the leader is, biologically speaking, absolutely dependent on the mass behind. He is but the nose on its face, as it were.

Progress in human society may come about in two ways, which in actual fact will be combined. It may result from variation of the germ-plasm, that is to say, actual and fundamental change in the make-up of the individuals; or it may result from acquired characteristics.

That the germ-plasm varies, with resulting variations in the individuals developing, is well known. Among animals and plants, this variation is the normal cause of change or progress. Among

domesticated and cultivated forms, the selection of suitable variations has been most potent in transforming races, so that the cabbage and the turnip, for instance, have little resemblance to their wild ancestors. Has progress of this sort occurred within historic times in the human species? It certainly has, in respect to certain diseases. owing to the elimination of the unfit. It has, also, as the result of the mingling of races; the English nation is no doubt a conspicuous example of it. These, however, are secondary considerations, compared with the effects of the accumulation of social wisdom and the resulting possibilities in the way of education. It is impossible to say if, and how much, the average newborn child of America to-day is better than the new-born children who were its ancestors in the tents of the ancient Britons, the Gauls, or the Goths. One may suspect that the difference, after all, is slight, for the number of generations since savagery has been very few.

While so much has been done by selection to improve domesticated animals, the king of "tame creatures," man, has been left to go his way unheeded. There has, no doubt, been a large amount of selection of a kind, — that which takes place whenever man and woman wed, as the result of their own free choice. There is a preference for the fit, leaving the unfit often childless, and even coeducation may subserve good biological ends by bringing together the best intellects of the day. Yet all this is often erratic enough, owing to false social standards and poor ideals; so we must welcome especially the better education of women, in the hope that they will raise the rougher sex by establishing new values.

However, whatever may be said of the choice of the fit, there is little doubt that the most conspicuous and practicable advantages will result from the elimination of the unfit. This will be one of the great issues of the future, I doubt not, and it will come to be an axiom that

insanity, imbecility, hereditary disease, and the like, shall not be increased by breeding. In that remarkable skit, *Erewhon*, it is related that the Erewhonians regarded disease as we regard moral faults, and persons showing signs of it were locked up, while those very severely affected were liable to be executed. We may never reach precisely the Erewhonian point of view, but with all kindness and compassion we shall find it necessary to see that those conspicuously defective, while having the best lives they are capable of without harm to society, do not continue their defects into the next generation.

The slowness and difficulty of the alteration of our fundamental natures — if such can be said to have taken place at all in recent times — serve to emphasize the importance and value of acquired characteristics, — in a broad sense, of education. Education, in the hands of man, aided by "social inheritance," has made our modern civilization out of barbarism, and gives us hope for the most backward races. We are tempted to believe that it can do everything; and no doubt it is so far from having reached the limit of its possibilities that we cannot form any idea what those may be. Yet, there must be a limit somewhere, given mankind as it is to-day; and the only way to get more tether will then be to improve the race itself. Already, it does not take sharp eyes to see clogs on the wheels of progress, and it will require the utmost wisdom at our command to prevent an ultimate stoppage or breakdown. In all this, much depends upon our ideals. It is difficult to explain why some of us look forward to endless progress and think of stable equilibrium as a catastrophe. It arises no doubt largely from the fact that progress is all we know; still more from the psychological fact that all consciousness, all real life, as we understand it, is the accompaniment of change. It is curious to recall that the old idea that man was created once for all and would reach a condition

of stability in heaven, was the fruit, not of idealism, but rather of the lack of it; and the picture reminds us altogether too much of the happy condition of the oyster to-day. And is not the oyster happy? Satisfied, practically the same from cretaceous times, it lets the tide of progress flow on, while it is founded on a rock. It is a success, from one point of view, but that is not ours.

In our complicated modern society no citizen, however active, can guard all his interests, much less those of his children and fellows. As Professor Ross has recently well said, there is an ever shifting but wide margin of opportunity in which the criminaloid disports himself, and it is not for the common man to catch up with him. It becomes increasingly necessary to delegate numerous duties to special individuals, and nobody knows this better than the biologist. It may be true that the law gives John Smith power to prosecute the man who puts formalin in his milk, but his baby is probably dead before he discovers it. He can no more keep a private scientific library and laboratory for the purpose of detecting all infringements upon the integrity of the things he buys than he can keep a private policeman to take care of the wandering burglar, or a private arsenal to warn off the belligerent foreigner. Even if he is well trained in science, he cannot chase the criminaloid around every post; he must delegate this work to others specially trained for its performance.

The time will come, I have no doubt, when every county or municipality will employ a considerable staff of scientific men. Some will look after the food-supply, others will examine the water, others the clothing offered for sale, with particular regard to its origin and manufacture. There will be those who will make a study of the children and determine the conditions under which they should work in school; others will investigate trades and manufactures and report anything detrimental to the workers. There will be statisticians and econo-

mists, students of production and distribution, all endeavoring to bring about the best results from human labor. All of these, at the same time, will endeavor to guard the public honor and it will not be tolerated that some are underpaid and overworked because of their necessity, others overpaid and underworked because of their positions of vantage. All this, I hope, will be done more locally than nationally; partly because a national system is apt to become too inflexible, too little responsive to special needs, and partly because the average, as represented by the nation, will never be so good as some of the parts, and the more progressive and enlightened communities should be able to take full advantage of their good qualities. On the other hand, it will doubtless be considered justifiable for the nation or the state to step in and clean up localities which are especially backward or corrupt, regarding them as public nuisances. While all this is going on in every township, there will be other scientific men employed to work on the general problems which underlie all the practical applications just indicated. Some of the researches will occupy many men for many generations, others will be more brief or circumscribed; but all will redound to the intellectual and material prosperity of the people. Facilities for work of all kinds will be freely provided, and the rich man will be, not he who *has* most, but he who can *use* most, and to the best ends.

The revivification of science will go hand in hand with the new birth of the arts. With leisure on the one hand and imagination on the other, men will come to a fresh appreciation of beauty; new values will be created and human life immeasurably enriched. Envy, hatred, and malice will not be destroyed, but most of the wickedness of modern life will perish from lack of motive or opportunity. When or how this will all come about, we do not know; say, if you please, that it is but a golden dream; I reply that it is at least a dream worth dreaming.

OUR GREAT-GRANDMOTHERS' NOVEL

BY AGNES REPPLIER

"Soft Sensibility, sweet Beauty's soul!

Keeps her coy state, and animates the whole."—HAYLEY.

READERS of Miss Burney's Diary will remember her maidenly confusion when Colonel Fairly (the Honorable Stephen Digby) recommends to her a novel called *Original Love-Letters between a Lady of Quality and a Person of Inferior Station*. The authoress of *Evelina* and *Cecilia*—then thirty-six years of age—is embarrassed by the glaring impropriety of this title. In vain Colonel Fairly assures her that the book contains "nothing but good sense, moral reflections, and refined ideas, clothed in the most expressive and elegant language." Fanny, though longing to read a work of such estimable character, cannot consent to borrow, or even discuss, anything so compromising as love-letters; and, with her customary coyness, murmurs a few words of denial. Colonel Fairly, however, is not easily daunted. Three days later he actually brings the volume to that virginal bower, and asks permission to read portions of it aloud, excusing his audacity with the solemn assurance that there was no person, not even his own daughter, in whose hands he would hesitate to place it. "It was now impossible to avoid saying that I should like to hear it," confesses Miss Burney. "I should seem else to doubt either his taste or his delicacy, while I have the highest opinion of both." So the book is produced, and the fair listener, bending over her needlework to hide her blushes, acknowledges it to be "moral, elegant, feeling, and rational," while lamenting that the unhappy nature of its title makes its presence a source of embarrassment.

This edifying little anecdote sheds light upon a palmy period of propriety.

Miss Burney's self-consciousness, her superhuman diffidence, and the "delicious confusion" which overwhelmed her upon the most insignificant occasions, were beacon lights to her "sisters of Parnassus," to the less distinguished women who followed her brilliant lead. The passion for novel-reading was asserting itself for the first time in the history of the world as a dominant note of femininity. The sentimentalities of fiction expanded to meet the woman's standard, to satisfy her irrational demands. "If the story-teller had always had mere men for an audience," says an acute English critic, "there would have been no romance; nothing but the improving fable, or the indecent anecdote." It was the woman who, as Miss Seward sorrowfully observed, sucked the "sweet poison" which the novelist administered; it was the woman who stooped conspicuously to the "reigning folly" of the day.

The particular occasion of this outbreak on Miss Seward's part was the extraordinary success of a novel, now long forgotten by the world, but which in its time rivaled in popularity *Evelina*, and the well-loved *Mysteries of Udolpho*. Its plaintive name is *Emmeline; or the Orphan of the Castle*, and its authoress Charlotte Smith, was a woman of courage, character, and good ability; also of a cheerful temperament, which we should never have surmised from her works. It is said that her son owed his advancement in the East India Company solely to the admiration felt for *Emmeline*, which was being read as assiduously in Bengal as in London. Sir Walter Scott, always the gentlest of critics, held that it belonged to the "highest branch of fictitious narrative." The Queen, who considered it a masterpiece, lent it to Miss

Burney, who in turn gave it to Colonel Fairly, who ventured to observe that it was not "piquant," and asked for a *Rambler* instead.

Emmeline is not piquant. Its heroine has more tears than Niobe. "Formed of the softest elements, and with a mind calculated for select friendship and domestic happiness," it is her misfortune to be loved by all the men she meets. The "interesting languor" of a countenance habitually "wet with tears" proves their undoing. Her "deep convulsive sobs" charm them more than the laughter of other maidens. When the orphan leaves the castle for the first time, she weeps bitterly for an hour; when she converses with her uncle, she can "no longer command her tears; sobs obliged her to cease speaking;" and when he urges upon her the advantages of a worldly marriage, she—as if that were possible—"wept more than before." When Delamere, maddened by rejection, carries her off in a post-chaise (a delightful frontispiece illustrates this episode), "a shower of tears fell from her eyes;" and even a rescue fails to raise her spirits. Her response to Godolphin's tenderest approaches is to "wipe away the involuntary betrayers of her emotion;" and when he exclaims in a transport, "Enchanting softness! Is then the safety of Godolphin so dear to that angelic bosom?" she answers him with "audible sobs."

The other characters in the book are nearly as tearful. When Delamere is not striking his forehead with his clenched fist, he is weeping at Emmeline's feet. The repentant Fitz-Edward lays his head on a chair, and weeps "like a woman." Lady Adelina, who has stooped to folly, naturally sheds many tears, and writes an "Ode to Despair;" while Emmeline from time to time gives "vent to a full heart" by weeping over Lady Adelina's infant. Godolphin sobs loudly when he sees his frail sister; and when he meets Lord Westhaven after an absence of four years, "the manly eyes of both brothers were

filled with tears." We wonder how Scott, whose heroines cry so little and whose heroes never cry at all, stood all this weeping; and, when we remember the perfunctory nature of Sir Walter's love-scenes,—wedged in any way among more important matters,—we wonder still more how he endured the ravings of Delamere, or the melancholy verses with which Godolphin from time to time soothes his despondent soul.

In deep depression sunk, the enfeebled mind

Will to the deaf cold elements complain;

And tell the embosomed grief, however vain,
To sullen surges and the viewless wind.

It was not, however, the mournfulness of *Emmeline* which displeased Miss Seward, but rather the occasional intrusion of "low characters;" of those underbred and unimpassioned persons who—as in Miss Burney's and Miss Ferrier's novels—are naturally and almost cheerfully vulgar. That Mr. William Hayley, author of *The Triumphs of Temper*, and her own most ardent admirer, should tune his inconstant lyre in praise of Mrs. Smith was more than Miss Seward could bear. "My very foes acquit me of harbouring one grain of envy in my bosom," she writes him feelingly; "yet it is surely by no means inconsistent with that exemption to feel a little indignant, and to enter one's protest, when compositions of mere mediocrity are extolled far above those of real genius." She then proceeds to point out the "indelicacy" of Lady Adelina's fall from grace, and the use of "kitchen phrases," such as "she grew white at the intelligence." "White instead of pale," comments Miss Seward severely, "I have often heard servants say, but never a gentleman or a gentlewoman." If Mr. Hayley desires to read novels, she urges upon him the charms of another popular heroine, Caroline de Lichtfield, in whom he will find "simplicity, wit, pathos, and the most exalted generosity;" and the history of whose adventures "makes curiosity gasp, admiration kindle, and pity dissolve."

Caroline, "the gay child of Artless Nonchalance," is at least a more cheerful young person than the Orphan. Her story, translated from the French of Madame de Montolieu, was widely read in England and on the Continent; and Miss Seward tells us that its author was indebted "to the merits and graces of these volumes for a transition from incompetence to the comforts of wealth; from the unprotected dependence of waning virginity to the social pleasures of wedded friendship." In plain words, we are given to understand that a rich and elderly German widower read the book, sought an acquaintance with the writer, and married her. "Hymen," exclaims Miss Seward, "passed by the fane of Cytherea and the shrine of Plutus, to light his torch at the altar of genius;" — which beautiful burst of eloquence makes it painful to add the chilling truth, and say that *Caroline de Lichtfeld* was written six years after its author's marriage with M. de Montolieu, who was a Swiss, and her second husband. She espoused her first, M. de Crousaz, when she was eighteen, and still comfortably remote from the terrors of waning virginity. Accurate information was not, however, a distinguishing characteristic of the day. Sir Walter Scott, writing some years later of Madame de Montolieu, ignores both marriages altogether, and calls her Made-moiselle.

No rich reward lay in wait for poor Charlotte Smith, whose husband was systematically impecunious, and whose large family of children were supported wholly by her pen. *Emmeline, or the Orphan of the Castle* was followed by *Ethelinda, or the Recluse of the Lake*, and that by *The Old Manor House*, which was esteemed her masterpiece. Its heroine bears the interesting name of Monimia; and when she marries her Orlando, "every subsequent hour of their lives was marked by some act of benevolence," — a breathless and philanthropic career. By this time the false-hearted Hayley had so far transferred to Mrs. Smith the

homage due to Miss Seward, that he was rewarded with the painful privilege of reading *The Old Manor House* in manuscript, — a privilege reserved in those days for tried and patient friends. The poet had himself dallied a little with fiction, having written, "solely to promote the interests of religion," a novel called *The Young Widow*, which no one appears to have read, except perhaps the Archbishop of Canterbury, to whom its author sent a copy.

In purity of motive Mr. Hayley was rivaled only by Mrs. Brunton, whose two novels, *Self-Control* and *Discipline*, were designed "to procure admission for the religion of a sound mind and of the Bible where it cannot find access in any other form." Mrs. Brunton was perhaps the most commended novelist of her time. The inexorable titles of her stories secured for them a place upon the guarded book-shelves of the young. Many a demure English girl must have blessed these deluding titles, just as, forty years later, many an English boy blessed the inspiration which had impelled George Borrow to misname his immortal book *The Bible in Spain*. When the wife of a clergyman undertook to write a novel in the interests of religion and the Scriptures; when she called it *Discipline*, and drew up a stately apology for employing fiction as a medium for the lessons she meant to convey, what parent could refuse to be beguiled? There is nothing trivial in Mrs. Brunton's conception of a good novel, in the standard she proposes to the world.

"Let the admirable construction of fable in *Tom Jones* be employed to unfold characters like Miss Edgeworth's; let it lead to a moral like Richardson's; let it be told with the elegance of Rousseau, and with the simplicity of Goldsmith; let it be all this, and Milton need not have been ashamed of the work."

How far *Discipline* and *Self-Control* approach this composite standard of perfection it would be invidious to ask; but they accomplished a miracle of their

own in being both popular and permitted, in pleasing the frivolous, and edifying the devout. Dedicated to Miss Joanna Baillie, sanctioned by Mrs. Hannah More, they stood above reproach, though not without a flavor of depravity. Mrs. Brunton's outlook upon life was singularly uncomplicated. All her women of fashion are heartless and inane. All her men of fashion cherish dishonorable designs upon female youth and innocence. Indeed the strenuous efforts of Laura, in *Self-Control*, to preserve her virginity may be thought a trifle explicit for very youthful readers. We find her in the first chapter — she is seventeen — fainting at the feet of her lover, who has just revealed the unworthy nature of his intentions; and we follow her through a series of swoons to the last pages, where she "sinks senseless" into — of all vessels! — a canoe; and is carried many miles down a Canadian river in a state of nicely balanced unconsciousness. Her self-control (the crowning virtue which gives its title to the book) is so marked that when she dismisses Hargrave on probation, and then meets him accidentally in a London print-shop after a four months' absence, she "neither screamed nor fainted;" only "trembled violently, and leant against the counter to recover strength and composure." It is not until he turns, and "regardless of the inquisitive looks of the spectators, clasped her to his breast," that "her head sunk upon his shoulder, and she lost all consciousness." As for her heroic behavior when the same Hargrave (having lapsed from grace) shoots the virtuous De Courcy in Lady Pelham's summer-house, it must be described in the author's own words. No others could do it justice.

"To the plants which their beauty had recommended to Lady Pelham, Laura had added a few of which the usefulness was known to her. Agaric of the oak was of the number; and she had often applied it where many a hand less fair would have shrunk from the task. Nor did she hesitate now. The ball had en-

tered near the neck; and the feminine, the delicate Laura herself disengaged the wound from its covering; the feeling, the tender Laura herself performed an office from which false sensibility would have recoiled in horror."

Is it possible that anybody except Miss Burney could have shrunk modestly from the sight of a lover's neck, especially when it had a bullet in it? Could a sense of decorum be more overwhelmingly expressed? Yet the same novel which held up to our youthful great-grandmothers this unapproachable standard of propriety, presented to their consideration the most intimate details of libertinism. There was then, as now, no escape from the moralist's devastating disclosures.

One characteristic is common to all these faded romances, which in their time were read with far more fervor and sympathy than are their successors to-day. This is the undying and undeviating nature of their heroes' affections. Written by ladies who took no count of man's proverbial inconstancy, they express a touching belief in the supremacy of feminine charms. A heroine of seventeen (she is seldom older), with ringlets and a "faltering timidity," inflames both the virtuous and the profligate with such imperishable passions that, when triumphant morality leads her to the altar, defeated vice cannot survive her loss. Her suitors, reversing the enviable experience of Ben Bolt, —

weep with delight when she gives them
a smile,

And tremble with fear at her frown.

They grow faint with rapture when they enter her presence, and, when she repels their advances, they signify their disappointment by gnashing their teeth, and beating their heads against the wall. Rejection cannot alienate their faithful hearts; years and absence cannot chill their fervor. They belong to a race of men, who, if they ever existed at all, are now as extinct as the mastodon.

It was Miss Jane Porter who successfully transferred to a conquering hero

that exquisite sensibility of soul which had erstwhile belonged to the conquering heroine, — to the Emmelines and Adelines of fiction. Dipping her pen "in the tears of Poland," she conveyed the glittering drops to the eyes of "Thaddeus of Warsaw," whence they gush in rills, — like those of the Prisoner of Chillon's brother. Thaddeus is of such exalted virtue that strangers in London address him as "excellent young gentleman," and his friends speak of him as "incomparable young man." He rescues children from horses' hoofs, and from burning buildings. He nurses them through small-pox, and leaves their bedsides in the most casual manner, to mingle in crowds and go to the play. He saves women from insult on the streets. He is kind even to "that poor slandered and abused animal, the cat," — which is certainly to his credit. Wrapped in a sable cloak, wearing "hearse-like plumes" upon his hat, a star upon his breast, and a sabre by his side, he moves with Hamlet's melancholy grace through the five hundred pages of the story. "His unrestrained and elegant conversation acquired new pathos from the anguish that was driven back to his heart: like the beds of rivers which infuse their own nature with the current, his hidden grief imparted an indescribable interest and charm to all his sentiments and actions."

What wonder that such a youth is passionately loved by all the women who cross his path, but whom he regards for the most part with "that lofty tranquillity which is inseparable from high rank when it is accompanied by virtue." In vain Miss Euphemia Dundas writes him amorous notes, and entraps him into embarrassing situations. In vain Lady Sara Roos — married, I regret to say — pursues him to his lodgings, and wrings "her snowy arms" while she confesses the hopeless nature of her infatuation. The irreproachable Thaddeus replaces her tenderly but firmly on a sofa, and as soon as possible sends her home in a cab. It is only when the "orphan heiress," Miss

Beaufort, makes her appearance on the scene, "a large Turkish shawl enveloping her fine form, a modest grace observable in every limb," that the exile's haughty soul succumbs to love. Miss Beaufort has been admirably brought up by her aunt, Lady Somerset, who is a person of great distinction, and who gives "conversaciones," as famous in their way as Mrs. Proudie's. — "There the young Mary Beaufort listened to pious divines of every Christian persuasion. There she gathered wisdom from real philosophers; and, in the society of our best living poets, cherished an enthusiasm for all that is great and good. On these evenings, Sir Robert Somerset's house reminded the visitor of what he had read or imagined of the School of Athens."

Never do hero and heroine approach each other with such spasms of modesty as Thaddeus and Miss Beaufort. Their hearts expand with emotion, but their mutual sense of propriety keeps them remote from all vulgar understandings. In vain "Mary's rosy lips seemed to breathe balm while she spoke." In vain "her beautiful eyes shone with benevolence." The exile, standing proudly aloof, watches with bitter composure the attentions of more frivolous suitors. "His arms were folded, his hat pulled over his forehead; and his long dark eye-lashes shading his downcast eyes imparted a dejection to his whole air which wrapped her weeping heart round and round with regretful pangs." What with his lashes, and his hidden griefs, the majesty of his mournful moods, and the pleasing pensiveness of his lighter ones, Thaddeus so far eclipses his English rivals that they may be pardoned for wishing he had kept his charms in Poland. Who that has read the matchless paragraph which describes the first unveiling of the hero's symmetrical leg can forget the sensation it produces?

"Owing to the warmth of the weather, Thaddeus came out this morning without boots; and it being the first time the ex-

quisite proportion of his limb had been seen by any of the present company excepting Euphemia" (why had Euphemia been so favored?), "Lascelles, bursting with an emotion which he would not call envy, measured the count's fine leg with his scornful eye."

When Thaddeus at last expresses his attachment for Miss Beaufort, he does so kneeling respectfully in her uncle's presence, and in these well-chosen words: "Dearest Miss Beaufort, may I indulge myself in the idea that I am blessed with your esteem?" Whereupon Mary whispers to Sir Robert, "Pray, Sir, desire him to rise. I am already sufficiently overwhelmed!" and the solemn deed is done.

Thaddeus of Warsaw may be called the *Last of the Heroes*, and take rank with the *Last of the Mohicans*, the *Last of the Barons*, the *Last of the Cavaliers*, and all the finalities of fiction. With him died that noble race who expressed our great-grandmothers' artless ideals of perfection. Seventy years later, Disraeli made a desperate effort to revive a pale phantom of departed glory in *Lothair*, that nursling of the gods, who is emphatically a hero, and nothing more. "London," we are gravely told, "was at Lothair's feet." He is at once the hope of United Italy, and the bulwark of the English Establishment. He is — at twenty-one — the pivot of fashionable, political, and clerical diplomacy. He is beloved by the female aristocracy of Great Britain; and mysterious ladies, whose lofty souls stoop to no conventionalities, die happy with his kisses on their lips. Five hundred mounted gentlemen compose his simple country escort, and the coat of his groom of the chambers is made in Saville Row. What more could a hero want? What more could be lavished upon him

by the most indulgent of authors? Yet who shall compare Lothair to the noble Thaddeus nodding his hearse-like plumes, — Thaddeus dedicated to the "urbanity of the brave," and embalmed in the tears of Poland? The inscrutable creator of Lothair presented his puppet to a mocking world; but all England and most of the Continent dilated with correct emotions when Thaddeus, "uniting to the courage of a man the sensibility of a woman, and the exalted goodness of an angel" (I quote from an appreciative critic), knelt at Miss Beaufort's feet.

Ten years later *Pride and Prejudice* made its unobtrusive appearance, and was read by that "saving remnant" to whom is confided the intellectual welfare of their land. Mrs. Elwood, the biographer of England's *Literary Ladies*, tells us, in the few careless pages which she deems sufficient for Miss Austen's novels, that there are people who think these stories "worthy of ranking with those of Madame D'Arblay and Miss Edgeworth;" but that in their author's estimation (and, by inference, in her own), "they took up a much more humble station." Yet, tolerant even of such inferiority, Mrs. Elwood bids us remember that although "the character of Emma is perhaps too manœuvring and too plotting to be perfectly amiable," that of Catherine Morland "will not suffer greatly even from a comparison with Miss Burney's interesting Evelina;" and that "although one is occasionally annoyed by the underbred personages of Miss Austen's novels, the annoyance is only such as we should feel if we were actually in their company."

It was thus that our genteel great-grandmothers, enamoured of lofty merit and of refined sensibility, regarded Elizabeth Bennet's relations.

THE AMERICAN TRAMP

BY ORLANDO F. LEWIS

PERHAPS the most striking thing about vagrancy in the United States is that we know so little about it. It results naturally that our treatment of vagrancy is rarely consistent. It follows also that we are often indifferent as to both the extent and the treatment of vagrancy. Our concern for vagrancy is prone to limit itself to computing for the moment the probable orbit of the tramp who happens to knock at the kitchen door, or who "touches" us on the street for a dime to get to his "sister across the ferry." In the absence of ample or accessible facts and figures about tramps and vagrancy, our viewpoint remains strongly individualistic and opportunist, as the following quotations from recent considerations of our "tramp problem" will show.

The Psychological Viewpoint.

In the *Atlantic Monthly* of May, 1907, the Contributor tells of wandering one day in search of copy. Upon the grassy banks of Salt Creek he ran across Jack the Hobo, waiting for his shirt to dry. Jack was on his back; the shirt hung limply from a branch above.

"I wisht you 'd seen the rivers I seen," muses Jack. "I seen places where you would n't never want to do nothin' all day, but just lay there, smellin' them flowers and listenin' to them birds. I come out here to wash my shirt. I start out to work on Monday, takin' a job to cut grass. Maybe I work all day Monday; maybe I don't. Some weeks I stick out till Tuesday, or even till Thursday or Friday, but I get to feelin' uneasy. Bimeby I can't stand it no longer. 'Hell!' I say to myself, 'I just got to wash my shirt. That's what's the matter with me.'"

"Then I come out here and build me a

camp fire, and cook something to eat, and lay down on my back, and just enjoy till I think that shirt of mine is dry. Maybe it takes a day; maybe two days — more likely it is close to a week before I feel real sure that shirt is dry enough so it's safe to put it on again. Then I go back to town and take a job, till I think it needs washin' again."

In this idyl the Contributor, believing he sees revealed the true meaning of the ancient nomadic craving, leads us, as readers, to dream of the Golden Age of Vagrancy.

The Sociological Viewpoint.

In Minneapolis, in June, 1907, an annual national conference of charities and corrections was held. Several sessions were devoted to the consideration of vagrancy, its extent, and its treatment. It was conclusively shown that the tramp question has become a national problem. Railroads representing more than half the total mileage operated in the United States and Canada were cited as officially reporting to the conference that the illegal use of railroads by tramps is a grave and constant danger to passengers, employees, and to the vagrants themselves. Most railroads, especially trunk lines, are much troubled by tramps, who steal rides, pilfer, rob stations, build fires in box-cars, place obstructions on the tracks, interfere with signals, stone trains, and at times injure and even kill employees. A representative of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad stated his belief that the financial loss to railroads from vagrancy would total at least \$25,000,000 for the year.

The annual reports of the Interstate Commerce Commission show an appalling list of killed and injured trespassers on American railroads. More trespass-

ers are annually killed than the combined totals of employees and passengers annually killed. Since representative railroad officials estimate that from one-half to three-fourths of killed and injured trespassers are tramps, the annual death roll is gruesomely significant. The injured vagrants do not wait to be counted, if they can avoid it, and therefore the statis-

tics on injured trespassers are not valuable for comparison with those of injured employees and passengers. The following table shows the various ways in which trespassers are killed, the relative frequency of the various kinds of fatal accidents, and also the total deaths and injuries reported during the five years ending in June, 1905.

1901 — 1905

Kind of Accident.	Killed.	Per cent.	Injured.	Per cent.
Collisions	243	1	372	2
Derailments	190	$\frac{1}{2}$	303	1
Parting of trains	36	$\frac{1}{4}$	63	$\frac{1}{4}$
Locomotives or cars breaking down ..	16	$\frac{1}{5}$	49	$\frac{1}{5}$
Falling from trains	1947	8	3149	12
Jumping	2286	9	7218	28
Struck:				
At highways	1157	5	1241	5
At stations	1658	7	1713	7
At other points	15,256	64	8611	34
Other causes	1185	5	2517	10
	23,974		25,236	

The following table gives us the chance to compare the proportion of trespassers, trainmen, and other employees, passen-

gers, and other persons killed on American railroads for the five years ending June 30, 1905.

Killed.	1905		1904		1903		1902		1901		5 Years.	
	No.	%	No.	%	No.	%	No.	%	No.	%	No.	%
Trespassers	4865	52	5105	52	5000	52	4403	53	4601	57	23,974	53
Trainmen	1990	21	2114	22	2070	21	1674	20	1537	18	9,385	22
Other employees	1183	12	1302	13	1338	14	1108	14	956	12	5,887	13
Passengers	533	6	441	5	355	4	344	4	277	3	1,950	4
Other persons	862	9	839	8	842	9	831	9	857	10	4,231	8
Total	9433		9801		9605		8360		8228		45,427	

We have the idea that our American railroads kill many passengers. Yet almost ten trespassers are killed to every passenger killed. We believe that the trainman takes his life in his hands; yet more than twice as many trespassers annually sustain fatal accidents. When we read that in five years 23,974 trespassers were killed by railroads, and 25,236 trespassers injured, we wonder that there should be left living a single Jack the Hobo to wash his shirt. In these five

years there were more trespassers killed than there are inhabitants in Bangor, Maine, or Burlington, Vermont. Were this army of the dead lying but three feet apart along the tracks in ghastly regularity, they would stretch out for nearly fourteen miles. At a brisk walk, it would take four hours to reach the end of the line. And were all those reported injured in the last five years lying but three feet apart, we should be obliged to walk for more than four hours more, before we

reached the end of this second line. The Baltimore and Ohio representative said that many railroads maintain private "tramp graveyards," in which are buried many of the unknown dead, without inquest and with expedition. Question: How many city graveyards could be annually filled with the unrecorded, unreported vagrant dead?

The Viewpoint of the Press

The press is almost unanimously in favor of rigorous treatment of tramps; remedies for vagrancy are less often suggested, most newspapers believing that the buck-saw and the hardest of wood are sufficient to cure the evil. On July 31, 1907, the Chicago *Herald* thus spoke editorially: "There are several great American jokes, but none is more reliable than Weary Willie." (Shall we read, for Weary Willie, Jack the Hobo?) "It seems however that he is not all joke. Sometimes he piles up ties on the track to enjoy the dramatic situation caused by a wreck. Sometimes, as when men returning from the harvest fields of the Northwest with their wages are killed for their money by their more vicious and criminal fellows, the funny hobo thus elevates himself to the loftier position of robber and murderer."

Let us choose a second clipping from hundreds sent to the writer during recent months. On July 14, the Philadelphia *Press*, commenting on numerous recent assaults by tramps in rural communities, said editorially, under the title, "The Shadow on the Roadside," "For the past two weeks the newspapers have each day printed one instance, and often two, of women walking on country roads in and about Philadelphia, or in the rural districts of Eastern Pennsylvania or Southern New Jersey, who have fled in terror from some tramp or vagrant." (Can it be Jack the Hobo, returning from washing his shirt?) "Tramps continue to multiply. Roads grow more unsafe. No rural countryside can afford to patrol its roads. In the end a state patrol

will end this shadow on the roadside by arresting every tramp in sight."

As these lines are written, the clipping bureau sends in a news dispatch from Pittsburg, stating that the Pennsylvania Railroad has just sent out to country justices of the peace, borough burgesses, and all officers of the law a request that they assist in putting down the tramp evil by punishing those caught stealing rides on trains. "The recent accident at Ridgeway, Pa., where five trainmen were frightfully mangled by a tramp burglar who defended himself with a bottle of nitro-glycerine, has set the Pennsylvania Railroad hard at work on tramp-extermination, and the appeal to-day asks that magistrates give all tramps the law's limit."

Let us look at some of the headlines of press "stories," taken at random from newspapers between July 15 and July 31, 1907.

Macon, Ga. 'Tramp Terrifies Kathleen, Ga.

Council Bluffs, Ia. Fifteen Tramps Evicted from Single Train Last Night.

Trenton, N. J. Farmers Bemoan the Lack of Tramps at Harvest Time.

Syracuse, N. Y. Police Took Twenty Tramps.

New York. Sleepy Hobos Ask Freedom of Parks.

Niagara Falls. Furniture Stolen from Freight Cars by Tramps.

Dallas, Tex. Work a Cure for the Hobo.

Milwaukee, Wis. Farmers Deport Grafting Hobos in Freight Car.

Pittsburg, Pa. Tramps Loot House after getting Shelter.

Elkhart, Ind. Only Two Tramps Killed in Big Four Wreck.

Chicago. Cleanly Hobo Steals Bath!! Only Living Specimen of That Class Sought by Police.

The Hobo's Viewpoint

As illustrating the attitude of mind of the thinking tramp, I cite the following opinion from a noted friend of tramps,

a man who indeed has frequently "hit the road" as a hobo. "Vagrancy is not a national problem in the sense in which you declare it to be; it is a railroad problem. Penalize the railroads every time they kill or carry a tramp, and the railroad companies will solve the railroad phase of the vagrancy problem without any cost to the community or to the state. If a vagrant were paid for his work while in jail, when he comes out he might have enough money to pay his transportation, and would not have to beat the railroad company. He would have enough money to buy himself good clothes, and would not have to beg them. I can prove by reliable, accurate statistics that more than fifty per cent of the vagrants would work if they could get work."

And then, for the time being, we feel that it is not Jack the Hobo who is at fault, but society itself, which offers to the vagrant unequal opportunities, unjust imprisonment, and plenty of unguarded chances for him to be maimed or to be killed.

Our Lack of Perspective.

The above quotations show that vagrancy is a serious social problem with wide and varied ramifications. They also show that our efforts to check the "tramp pest" are generally spasmodic, half-hearted, and ineffective. Our seriously undertaken remedies tend to be temporary or visionary. Abroad, a generation of careful study of German vagrancy has developed hundreds of roadside relief-stations, wayfarers' passports, home-inns for over-night, labor registries intertwining many parts of the empire, and voluntary and compulsory labor colonies. In the United States, even a generation ago, the national conferences of charities and corrections were already discussing the tramp, but the country still passes him on, railroads him out of town, condemns him to a short-term sentence in jail, often with farcical labor, or rejoices to have him "out of sight, out of mind," at the price of a dime or a nickel.

We have little perspective in dealing with the tramp. We underestinate him as a menace to property, health, and morals, and we overestimate him as a subject for the funny papers or as a harmless bird of passage. We are prone to give the "poor fellow in hard luck" another chance, or we reflect that after all the difference between the globe-trotter and the tramp is that the latter has n't the price of the ticket. Is it not likely that most of us are more amused at the discovery in a certain police station that an arrested tramp had a tin patch in his trousers than we are horrified and aroused by the tale of the vicious tramp who blew up that Pennsylvania train mentioned above? It is not that we are callous; we simply have not gained the sense of proportion.

How humorous, perhaps, that in Acton City, Missouri, one day, forty pints of whiskey smuggled into the jail left "vags too drunk to be tried!" But how many of us ponder upon the jail conditions that permit such smuggling and such debauchery? And how many boys and young men were perhaps awaiting trial in that jail at the time, still innocent in the eyes of the law, yet exposed to this debauch?

In Middleton, New York, some months ago, "A No. 1," the gentleman tramp, excited admiration because he claimed to have traveled nearly half a million miles, at an actual expense for railroad fares of only \$7.56. But what of the thousands of crippled human wrecks of railway vagrancy that live in our almshouses at public expense, or beg their daily bread at the cost of the individual citizen? What of the private graveyards along the railroad's right of way, where the tramps lie who were not so fortunate as "A No. 1" in escaping a crunching death beneath the wheels? And how many of the Middletown admirers saw the statement made by "A No. 1" in York, Pennsylvania, some days later, advising the youth to stay at home. "Roving is an incurable habit. Once a tramp, always a tramp. For every kindness done

me, I can remember twenty mean acts; for every meal given, a hundred cross refusals; for each fair, warm summer night, ten cold, bitter, long winter nights. For every mile stolen on trains there is one narrow escape from death; there are many weary ones over hot, dusty roads."

What is Vagrancy?

The time has come for us to study this national problem seriously and consistently. What is vagrancy? One is tempted to call vagrancy at present the state of being legally nothing else. Its characteristics are largely not positive, but negative. Before a magistrate, the positive fact that "it is no crime to be poor" often outweighs the charge against the vagrant of having no visible means of support. Of course the absence of visible means of support is but symptomatic of an intention to derive a livelihood from the labor of others. The laws of many states, striving for a definition of vagrants that will include all sorts of intentionally idle, wife-deserting, penniless, scheming, "undesirable citizens," create blanket definitions, lacking precision, and even placing the arraigned vagrant in the light of a persecuted martyr, just because he apparently has not committed any definite misdemeanor.

The vagrancy law of Massachusetts, quoted below, is one of the best in this country. "Vagrants are idle persons who, not having visible means of support, live without lawful employment; persons wandering abroad and visiting tippling shops or houses of ill-fame, or lodging in groceries, out-houses, market-places, sheds, barns, or in the open air, and not giving a good account of themselves; persons wandering abroad and begging, or who go about from door to door, or place themselves in the streets, highways, passages, or other public places, to beg or receive alms, and who do not come within the definition of tramps" (cited below). "They shall be deemed vagrants, and may be sentenced to the Massachusetts Reformatory or the State Farm, or shall

be punished by imprisonment for not more than six months in the house of correction or workhouse."

Massachusetts defines the tramp practically as the vagrant's alien brother, "the man from nowhere." "Whoever, not being a minor under seventeen years of age, a blind person or a person asking charity within his own city or town, roves about from place to place begging, or living without labor or visible means of support, shall be deemed a tramp." The law furthermore makes the riding upon a freight train of a railroad *prima facie* evidence that the person is a tramp.

Sentences and Imprisonment.

Our laws make vagrancy a misdemeanor, and punish by short sentences. Suspended sentences are common. Ten nights in a bar-room are too often followed by ten idle days in jail, or by running the "loafer" out of town. At Duluth, Minnesota, on August 10, "Wallace was given ten days in the workhouse, with the condition that the sentence be suspended if he would leave town immediately." Sentences are pronounced, to take effect twenty-four hours later, if the man is still to be found. The Associated Charities of Lawrence, Kansas, report that "the custom here with vagrants is, (1) arrest; (2) fine; (3) as they have no money they are put to work on the rock pile; (4) no guard; (5) vagrants run off; (6) which is what is planned."

President James J. Hill of the Great Northern writes that he believes the passing-on of vagrants, or their imprisonment under short sentences, to be absolutely wrong. "The only penalty that can wipe out or sensibly reduce vagrancy is enforced labor. The stone heap and work on the public highways are the best remedies against roving vagrants." General Manager Yohe of the Pittsburg and Lake Erie says that "the jail is merely a place where vagrants clean up and rest at the expense of the taxpayers."

Minimum sentences or suspended sentences are common; first, because the

potential criminality of the vagrant is not sufficiently appreciated, and secondly, because perhaps it seems more just that "ninety-nine guilty should escape than that one innocent person should suffer." A common plea before the judge is that the vagrant has a job to go to the next morning. Crowded police courts, throwing off business much as the ten-cent lunch-house projects its customers' orders during rush hours, cannot wait to verify such statements, but must often give the vagrant the benefit of the doubt. The willingness to work which is professed by the unemployed vagrant cannot be tested in court. Theoretically the jail or the workhouse tests this willingness, but only upon imprisonment. Indeterminate sentences to hard labor, with a five-day minimum, for instance, for those who will "say nothing and saw wood," are not yet frequent.

Moreover, it costs money to keep tramps in jail, the "good money of the taxpayers." Why should the town pay the tramps' board-bills? They do not belong to the town; the railroads give, then let the railroads take away. And so, along the Big Four lines, some town authorities warn vagrants not to get off the trains, and along the C. B. and Q. some town officials even assist tramps aboard the trains, to facilitate their departure. False economy and civic unneighborliness cause the vagrant to be run out of town — and into another town. The Associated Charities at Bellingham, Washington, report that all the Puget Sound cities arrest their vagrants and then make them move on. Vagrants inflict themselves upon the next city as long as possible, making the rounds of all the cities, and the only thing attempted is to keep them on the move. "Nobody here seems able to solve the vagrancy problem."

The Lodging-Places of Vagrants.

If on the road the vagrant is often a criminal, a menace to property, and sometimes to life, in his lodging-places he does not cease to be dangerous. The

farmer's wife hesitates to refuse food to the demanding tramp, lest the vagrant return at night, sleep in the barn, and fire it on his departure. In the cities, the ten- and fifteen-cent lodging-houses are often notoriously menacing to the city's health, safety, and morals.

The sanitary conditions of such lodging-houses are frequently wretched. Mr. E. T. Lies, formerly of the Chicago Bureau of Charities, reported in 1905 (and conditions change little from year to year in the cheap lodging-houses), that "some Chicago lodging-houses charge a nickel for shelf, floor, or plank, assembling thus the lowest form of beggars or thieves. In half of the one hundred and sixty-five houses, the sanitary conditions call for immediate radical action by state or city health authorities. Filth of every description; foul and bug-infested mattresses and bedding; absolute darkness in the inmost sections of private rooms; seriously defective plumbing; lack of privacy in toilet facilities; absence of baths — these prevail.

"The unfortunate man, forced to sojourn in them for a while, may enter sound and strong, and come out condemned to death. The infection he and his fellows carry around the city and state may mean death to many more. Six hundred and seventy-nine consumptives had to go from a portion of the Chicago lodging-house district in the last five years to the Cook County Hospital, most of them in the dangerous stages of the disease. Ventilation is so poor in the lodging-houses that a man sleeping in them night after night becomes saturated with the thick, noxious exhalations, so that he is physically unable to resist disease, and his vital energy for thought and work is slowly sapped away."

Mr. Lies's observations can, in the main, be duplicated any night in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, or Washington. On August 20, 1907, I visited the notorious Bismarck lodging-house in Mulberry Street, New York, finding there men in drunken stupor, sleeping with

their clothes on, upon canvas hammocks stretched from beams; the atmosphere of the room was intolerable. One rusty, filthy sink served for perhaps fifty "guests." The toilets were inadequate and foul. No towels or soap were at hand. "What do you expect for seven cents a night?" asked the proprietor. "These men furnish their own towels! On the ten-cent floor, downstairs, there are four towels an hour in the morning." Think of four towels for perhaps twenty-five men, when the average man sleeping in these lowest-priced lodgings is so dirty that one towel should be a minimum supply per person! On previous visits to this tramps' hostelry, I have found scores of drunken men stretched stupefied upon the floor, sleeping here and there amid filthy rags and half-eaten food.

In cities where the Board of Health is particularly lax in its supervision, overcrowding is common. Mr. H. K. Estabrook of the Philadelphia Society for Organizing Charity reported that on November 19, 1905, he counted one hundred and twenty-one lodgers in a house licensed to receive forty-three lodgers. "The man in charge said he usually had over a hundred. Fourteen men were on cots, crowded into one room; eight sat on chairs; all the others lay on the floor, or on shelves around the walls; there were two or three tiers of shelves above the floor; forty-seven men lay in the cellar. For a cot, ten cents is paid; for space elsewhere, five cents. The attitude of the Board of Health was toleration and indifference."

The Missions and the Vagrant.

Is it strange that after a night's stupefied sleep in such quarters, the first and often overpowering craving of the lodger is for a drink? In what condition is he to undertake the search for work, or to work if he has found employment? How futile and ineffective must often be the reclamation efforts of missions and charitable societies, in the face of the debilitating, demoralizing effects of the common lodg-

ing-houses of the cheapest class! Missions nightly exhaust their energies in exhortations to the class that is "down and out" to be saved by faith; yet those missions which distribute bed-tickets to the converts are generally but sending them back to these very lodging-houses, where the foul atmosphere, the uncleanness, and the moral contamination tend to ruin the physical and the spiritual man.

The mission has a distinct place in charitable work for the homeless, in conveying religious stimulus to overcome temptation,—a field purposely avoided by most charitable societies. The use of meal-tickets and bed-tickets to attract "down-and-outers" may result in occasional actual converts; the practice certainly results in creating the so-called "mission rounder," in fostering mawkish, hypocritical testimony, in antagonizing relief societies, and in clouding the vision of the mission-leaders themselves. Missions often maintain curbstone bread-lines and free midnight coffee-stands, on the theory that hundreds of homeless men are nightly starving upon the streets. Yet this free treat keeps from the night's bed and from the day's work the man who is thus tacitly urged to depend upon the bounty of indiscriminate charity. Mission efforts to save men's souls are often pitifully regardless of the necessary physical and industrial salvation that must go hand in hand with any enduring religious conversion. To dole out the suggestions of a square meal, in bread and coffee, and to stop there, invites the criticism of being a ridiculous commentary upon salvation. In the spring of 1906 I found on the top floor of the largest mission in Washington, a foul-smelling ten-cent dormitory, which, later in the evening, would be filled with homeless men, many of whom, while I was standing there, were undoubtedly in attendance on the mission meeting on the lower floor. "Let's get out of here," said the plain-clothes man who was accompanying me from police headquarters. "This is the limit for smells!"

The Efforts of Organized Charities.

The aid given the homeless by charity organization societies in our larger cities is naturally more consistent than that of indiscriminate charity. Recognizing that every able-bodied man should earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, the "charities" regard lodging and meals as but means to an end, instead of the great central deed of charity itself. The homeless applicant is directed to hospital or dispensary or convalescent home; transportation to home or work is often furnished him, if investigation proves that it is more advantageous that he should be elsewhere. Temporary employment in woodyard or industrial building is available to every able-bodied man; if he is not able-bodied, or is unaccustomed to manual work, meals and lodging are given, while the reports of visitors, or of coöperating societies in other cities, are awaited.

One of the latest undertakings of two of the largest charity organization societies in this country has been the establishment of special employment bureaus for the handicapped, which aid those suffering from physical or social disability to obtain a respectable livelihood. The special employment bureau of the Charity Organization Society of the City of New York placed, during September, 1907, sixty persons, of whom fifty-two found permanent employment.

The homeless applicant for aid is regarded as socially sick; almost without exception he is in much need of sagacious direction, adequate relief, and often of radical treatment, if he is to be restored to the ranks of industry; hence the systematic use in our larger cities, of visitors, investigators, letters, telephone, telegraph, and even of the cable, in affording adequate diagnosis and adequate treatment to homeless wanderers.

Yet all charitable societies testify to the unwillingness of many homeless applicants for relief to be thus aided through careful diagnosis. The same applicants

would submit to a thorough medical examination, but the necessity of a similar social diagnosis is not apparent to them, and often not to the persons who direct them to the charitable societies. A large proportion of able-bodied applicants are not willing to work in return for lodgings, meals, or cash. There is often a frank assumption that the charitable society exists to dole out money, clothes, and groceries, "and no questions asked." Street-giving to mendicants encourages this attitude of mind. The insistence by the charitable society upon a disciplinary "quid pro quo" leads to widely circulated rumors among the homeless and the vagrants that there is no real charity in the "charities," and that the officials do nothing but enjoy large salaries. "Charity," to many homeless men, means as much of something for nothing as can be obtained; charity to the charitable society means something for something, results for money spent, restoration to industrial efficiency, treatment of the case until results are had, unless the applicant ceases to appear.

Refusal of the applicant to do his share is very frequent. The Joint Application Bureau of New York, maintained by the Charity Organization Society and the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, to aid and advise homeless persons, has during the last four winters distributed about sixty thousand cards on the Bowery, at bread-lines, and in lodging-houses, giving to the homeless men of New York a frank offer of effective aid and assistance in the ways above indicated. Yet only a scant two per cent of the cards were presented at the Bureau. Of the persons applying, the strikingly large proportion of sixty-three per cent made only one call.

Hence woodyards and the accompanying wayfarer's lodges, where men may receive bed and board in return for work, can be at the most but temporary or deterrent measures in relieving or solving the general problem of vagrancy and homelessness. Occasionally a wanderer's

reform may, at a crisis in his life, be distinctly traced to the methods of the charitable society, but far too many of the homeless are willing simply to pass through the Bureau, the woodyard, or the lodge, and out again into the unknown. The intentionally idle find it easier to beg in our cities than to work. Eighteen hundred and sixty-three beggars, arrested in 1905 in New York City by officers under the direction of the Charity Organization Society, revealed when searched \$4099.34, an average of \$2.20 per person. Two beggars had over \$500 upon their persons; seven hundred and fifty-seven had no money; eleven hundred and four had sums ranging from one cent to \$500. These mendicants were arrested while plying their trade, not when the day's work was over. What would have been the grand total then?

What We Should Do.

We are at present making and perpetuating vagrants by inconsistent and inadequate methods of dealing with them. We regard them in turn as humorous or terrifying. They furnish copy for weekly jokes and for daily headlines. Abroad, long-tried efforts have been made to relieve the unemployed, of which class the vagrant is the substratum; in this country, passing-on, short or suspended sentences, jail-idleness, demoralizing lodging-houses, indiscriminate charity, and unenforced laws, all tend to perpetuate and render more acute our problem.

The conditions here outlined are but certain phases of the vagrancy problem, but these conditions are such as to be readily recognized, and they can be changed when we make up our minds to change them. Here are certain very apparent cases of society's neglect. We cannot say that society is wholly responsible for vagrancy, for about vagrancy we know too little. We cannot say that the tramp is the product of his own free will, for we know really very little about him. But we can say that conditions which demoralize, or cripple, or kill, or infect

with disease a human being, shall be remedied and done away with. That, it seems to me, is society's first duty in the better treatment of vagrancy.

Briefly, then: vagrancy must be recognized as a national problem, and for the present the treatment of vagrancy should be deterrent. Able-bodied vagrants must work, or be imprisoned at hard labor. It follows that opportunities for temporary work must be provided for the vagrant who is willing to work in return for food and shelter. The wayfarer's lodges of the city must become suggestions for similar small lodges (dubbed "tramp-houses" in Massachusetts) in rural centres. Vagrancy laws must be enforced, if adequate; amended, if inadequate. Sentences of vagrants should be cumulative, to deter repeaters, or those who gladly winter in jail, and vagrants trespassing on railroads should be arrested and imprisoned at hard labor.

Greater coöperation is necessary between towns and railroads in prosecuting vagrants. The cost of the prosecution and maintenance of vagrants should be made a state charge. Railroad-trespass laws should be adopted, or strengthened and enforced. Special state police officers should be appointed to aid in prosecuting vagrants. In cities troubled with vagrants and beggars there should be at least one special mendicancy officer, in plain clothes. Beggars are wary of a blue uniform or a helmet. The Department of Health in city or state should prescribe adequate rules to govern the maintenance and supervision of common lodging-houses. Missions giving food and lodging to destitute men should, except in special cases, require a reasonable amount of work in return.

The Future.

These suggestions are not constructive in the sense of advocating new agencies or methods of treating vagrancy. At first we do not so much need new laws as strict enforcement of the laws we have. I have laid stress therefore on the neces-

sity of greater consistency and coöperation on the part of existing agencies, in using means already at hand. Before we advocate far-reaching plans for the future we need to know how many unnecessary vagrants we have at present. Easy-going treatment evidently does not remedy, and it does demoralize; let us try rigorous measures, which are at once humane and disciplinary.

At the last National Conference of Charities and Corrections, the initial steps were taken for the formation of a national vagrancy committee. Its field of work will be as wide as our land. It is probable that among the aims of the committee will be the following:—

Uniform vagrancy and trespass legislation; the abolition of police-station lodgings; the substitution of municipal lodging-houses in the cities, and of so-called "tramp-houses" in rural communities; the improvement of jail, work-house, and almshouse conditions; the separation and separate employment of vagrants in almshouses, apart from paupers; the coöperation of state boards of charity, state lunacy commissions, state prison commissions, and other charitable bodies in effecting these changes; the establishment of state vagrancy committees, to do in the states what the national vagrancy committee will endeavor to do in the whole country; legislation for state compulsory labor colonies, where habitual vagrants may be confined under indeterminate sentences, for long periods of enforced labor; the establishment of state hospitals for in-

ebriates (it is estimated that at least twenty-five per cent of all cases of poverty can be traced to intemperance. Inebriety is curable in early stages, less frequently so in advanced cases); studies and investigations of the causes of vagrancy, including the collection of much statistical information; educational work, through the collection of accurate information about vagrancy, and the wide dissemination of the same throughout the country.

The facts set forth in this article emphasize three things: (1) the extent of vagrancy; (2) its terrible cost in life, health, property, money, and misery; (3) the needlessness of much of it. We must attack the vagrancy problem, both for the sake of the vagrant and for our own protection.

In the *Paris Journal* of August 18, there is a two-column review, based upon an American article in which the loss of life from railway trespass was shown in detail. The review concludes thus:—

"Never would a legislator venture to propose that five thousand vagrants should be annually condemned to death, at an average rate of thirteen per day. We would be horrified at the proposal of such massacres. Yet these massacres happen annually in the United States. They continue to recur from year to year, and it is stated that vagrancy is not thereby diminished. The massacres simply put out of the way a certain number of vagrants who are then replaced by others. This ought to give the criminologists food for reflection."

BY THE SEA

BY ANNE CLEVELAND CHENEY

I

BEAT of the tide, beat of the blood,
O life seems good
This bright, windy weather!
The soul laughs and the sea laughs,
Bravely together;
The whole world spreads out vivid, intense —
Clear-cut and a-shine,
Breath of the brine,
Beat of the tide, beat of the blood,
Life is good — good!

II

The wind is like a lapidary
And cuts the sapphire of the sea
Into trceries and flutings
Most curiously.

Wonder-work, his fine strong fretting,
And without a peer,
The great gem beneath it gleaming
Cerulean clear!

Yonder bar of palest beryl
His high skill hath touched and lo!
By a fleck of foam he turns it
Into cameo.

III

A narrow little lane that goes
Unevenly, between two rows
Of humble cottages — all gray
As mosses long and soft, a-sway
In Southern woods, or webs that stir
From rafters old; a tender blur
Of Old Maid's Pink, and crass, gay green,
Where marsh-grass pricks a path between
The sandy soil; on without bend,
The little road, then at the end —

The sea a-glitter and the sky,
One burning lapis lazuli,
The sand, a haze of amber light,
And one far sail, clear shadeless white!

IV

Dull gray sky, the sand more pallid gray,
White line of the lapping surf and silken swish of the sea;
Gulls plaining sharp, and shadowy slow, slow sail
Gliding in mist away.

Tang of brine and murmur and mystery;
Dreams of the fair lost ships and those that have reached their port;
Of the alien wonders they bring; and rich, haunting, strange,
Myths and songs of the sea.

THE CONSCIENCE AND THE GONDOLA

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

I AM not one who derides that excellent institution, the New England conscience; without it, I do not see how we could ever have had a New England, or where our literature would be to-day. Other countries have their special virtues, but it remained for New England to have a conscience; let us cherish it, therefore, just as if it were as large and overpowering as our writers have loved to pretend. Let us not hold with those who act as if the New England conscience were a morbid pathological symptom, like the overgrown liver of the Strasburg goose.

I respect, too, its offspring, the yachtman's conscience,— which is New England conscience on its mother's side, and man-o'-war etiquette on its father's. Although I do not pounce on uncoiled ropes and coil them up with that fierce passion with which a New England house-keeper attacks the attic during the spring house-cleaning, and while I here confess that I do not feel disgraced forever if I do not make my mooring the first time,

still, I think the yachtman's conscience is a fine and noble thing, though often arbitrary in its workings, and occasionally somewhat artificial in its punctiliousness.

Still, the conscience impresses me less than it did before I saw it at work in a foreign country. I had imagined it a stable quantity, as potent and as up and a-doing anywhere in the world as it is at home.

This is not so. There are forces bigger than it, and I purpose to tell the story of its undoing.

In the first place, Stan would have saved himself much trouble had he realized from the beginning that a craft forty feet over all, twenty-four foot water line, six-foot beam, and drawing four inches of water, should no more be considered a yacht than a toboggan or a snowshoe. Toboggan, snowshoe, and gondola are all highly specialized vehicles of transportation, called into being by peculiar conditions; and as a toboggan should not be confused with a real sleigh, neither

should a gondola be looked on as a real boat; nor do I think Stan would have so considered it, but for his yachtsman's conscience; for while we were in Venice it seemed as if on its mother's side it harked back to some New England house-cleaning grandmother, the kind that ariseth ere it is light—and makes all the rest of the family rise too. It did not wake, the first day. It lay in wait for the moment when we should have a gondola of our own.

We did not imagine in the beginning that we should have a gondola; an unpretentious sandolo, propelled by a beautiful but rascally little boy, seemed to us nearer the kind of boats we were used to, and more in keeping with the humble station in life to which God has called us.

We had hardly said sandolo to each other, when, by some mysterious wireless, news of us was sent forth and half a dozen sandolo boys were yapping under our windows.

"Those sandolos are in filthy shape," Stan grumbled. "They have n't been scraped since the Austrians left Venice. We'll try one, though," he conceded, with gloom.

Our sandolo darted off with its peculiar rocking motion.

"This boat," Stan announced with conviction, "won't be a safe boat for the baby. If we ever send the baby and nurse out alone, I shan't feel comfortable a second." Which, being translated, meant that Stan wanted a gondola like those that passed us, arching their lovely necks proudly, their gondoliers sporting bright-colored sashes. One of these our sandolo hurtled rudely, at which the gondola turned on us sidewise, with, it seemed to me, a proud, wounded look. Stan's eye rested on this gondola with an expression such as I have known it to wear only for a boat he is falling in love with.

"There's no doubt about it," he said accusingly, "sandolos are crank boats. I'm getting too old to take risks."—"Risk your child's life if you like," his

virtuous manner connoted, "I shall not."

We dismissed the sandolo, and Stan went out for a walk. Later, he returned with a glow on his face which means, "I have found a boat I like."

"I've been looking," he said, "at a perfect peach of a sandolo. You ought to see it! You can see your face in it," he added reassuringly, as though a sandolo you could see your face in were less crank than those on which the varnish had worn off.

"How much is it a week?" I asked.

"A week!" Stan echoed. "It's not for rent—it's for sale! And at such a price! You could n't fail to get back on it sometime what you paid for it. The man," he added, with a touch of self-consciousness, "sent his children out in it every day." It is a curious fact that Stan always has more confidence in a boat he owns than in any boat he rents, as if the very fact that a boat belongs to him creates some mysterious bond between them, which causes it to render him some occult allegiance, by which it pledges itself not to drown him or his.

"I don't suppose we could buy a sandolo," he went on, "still—there's no harm in looking at her!"

We went together. She *was* a beautiful boat, and everything that our boats usually were not. She sat there in the little canal and sparkled impertinent and alluring eyes at us.

We neither of us spoke of the sandolo that afternoon, for we both knew if we did its purchase was as good as accomplished; we knew, too, that dearly as we wanted it we could n't afford it, and yet, not to buy it offended our New England principles of economy. Moreover, while we stood in its beguiling presence, Stan had heard my unspoken pleading: "Oh, do buy it, and take the blame of it!"

I make no doubt we should have bought it, if that evening, when we returned home, there had not been drawn up before our riva the most beautiful gondola in Venice. It was a gondola from a Vene-

tian *novella*. Its forward part was overlaid with rich carving of acanthus leaves, interwoven in pleasant design — just enough to give the effect of a little extra splendor; to put this gondola in a class above the ordinary cab-stand gondola.

In it stood a red-faced gondolier. His striped jersey was torn and dirty, and his cap, one of those long, pointed ones worn as night-caps by men in France, lacked a tassel, but there was something appealing about him which made one love him. He seemed like a bedraggled Newfoundland dog, who for want of a master and a proper home has been sleeping in the rain. He looked at us with his faithful dog's eyes, leaning at ease on his oar, in a pose as picturesque as though he had been dressed with a proper sash and hat. He smiled at us trustingly and said in soft Venetian, —

"I have brought the gondola of the Signori."

I turned to Stan. I had expected — and sneakily I had hoped — to see the expression on his face which means that nothing shall stand between him and his desire; which means that he is willing to go without shoes — yes, and make his wife and child go without shoes — rather than give up the boat he wants. Instead, he looked as though he pitied that splendid gondola.

"Here, you," he cried to the man, "behold! Why don't you — why don't you —" He turned to me, his face its frequent impatient red; he does not like to ask me for foreign words. "Margery, what's the word for brass?"

"Metal" was the only translation I could give him.

"— Why don't you clean your metal?" he demanded.

"I have cleaned it," replied the man sweetly.

"Che! Che! Che!" clicked Stan, and wagged his forefinger as he had learned to do in Tuscany.

The man spread his hands and tilted his head in a charming gesture of deprecation. He reminded one of a dog that

begs pardon with the lifting of a floppy paw. His gesture conveyed to us subtly that while he thought he had cleaned his brass, we evidently knew better.

"It's a shame," said Stan, "to see a beautiful boat like that with dirty brass! Think what she'd be like if those dolphins did n't look like a ship's galley just after dinner!"

Here it was that the New England conscience stirred in its sleep.

"I'm going to hire that boat," he asserted, "and get that brass *bright*."

This was no subterfuge to get hold of the boat. Not a sail did I get in her that afternoon. Stan sent the man, whose name was Giuseppe, for what is used in Venice for making brass bright, and growled because it was not the Putz Pomade with which I was accustomed to shine up the brass on our boats at home.

Giuseppe gave the brasses what is known as "a lick and a promise," and stood smiling and obedient before us, waiting to start forth, only to hear Stan say, —

"That's not clean! That's not the way to polish brass! Give here!" and for want of Italian words he gave Giuseppe an object-lesson in the art of polishing brass.

I once knew a narrow-built New England woman, who, when I commented on the spotlessness of her house, said drearily, "Yes, I fight it day and night." So Stan "fought it" — he fought it on the dolphins, he fought it on the *ferro*, he fought it on the scroll on the stern. And perceiving that he was not getting the worth of his gondolier's services, he had the cushions and carpet removed upon the riva, and there brushed and beaten. I sat by, gloomy and ill-tempered, while my afternoon of glory was taken from me bit by bit.

"There!" said Stan, the afternoon being finished, "now that gondola looks as it ought to! I'm sorry we can't hire it."

But I have New England blood of my own.

"Can't hire it!" I repeated. The waste of cleaning some one else's gondola affronted me. "We've got to have it."

Stan gave me a look which meant, "The price of this gondola be on your head!"

"Come to-morrow at eight," he commanded.

II

I woke up next morning with a joyful fear, like a child at Christmas. Perhaps, after all, Santa Claus had not come! Perhaps, after all, there was no gondola! Stan apparently shared my feelings, for all I could see of him was the back of his pajamas; the rest of him hung perilously out of the window. I hurried to the other window.

"Has it come?" I asked.

Stan turned toward me with a sour scowl. It had. A little way down San Vio lay our splendid gondola, and without its face washed or its hair combed. Giuseppe, unshaven, lay coiled up on its soft cushions and slumbered.

"Look at that brass!" said Stan. "Hey, Giuseppe!"

The word was taken up down the Vio. "Hey, Giuseppe! Your Signori, Giuseppe!" Small boys echoed it from side streets, with, "Hey, Giuseppe!" He was evidently a well-known figure of the quarter. "Asleep again, Giuseppe!"

He sprang to his feet.

"Eccomi! Eccomi!" he cried cheerfully.

"Your metal!" shouted Stan from the window. "Your metal! — I can see dust an inch thick from here on the gondola," — he turned and spoke to me across the space of wall between our two windows, in a tone suggesting that I had failed in my housewifely duties.

"How do you expect that you are going to hold your job if you don't keep your metal bright?" was what he attempted to bawl, in Italian. His tone conveyed to Giuseppe that it would be best for him to begin cleaning the gondola, and suddenly.

Stan began dressing. After each garment he poked a suspicious head out of the window. Now he muttered things to me about the shiftlessness of Italians, and again he threw a warning cry to Giuseppe. When he had finished dressing, he swallowed a cup of coffee and went to his house-cleaning. I found him, after my own leisurely breakfast, rubbing his handkerchief on one piece of brass after another, to see if any dirt came off; and as often as he rubbed, he turned the accusing bit of linen on Giuseppe in stern silence, and Giuseppe, quelled, hastened to the offending spot. This morning he seemed more like a devoted, well-meaning dog than ever. One could imagine his tongue hanging out of his mouth, as he panted after his unwonted exertions. He gave a clever imitation of a man who has realized that the polishing of brass is a serious matter.

But even after the gondola was faultless, the bright morning was still darkened by the dilapidated appearance of Giuseppe.

"That man has got to keep himself cleaner. He's got to wear better clothes," Stan announced.

He conveyed this at once to Giuseppe.

"I'm a poor man," Giuseppe deprecated gently. "In other times I had many clothes — sashes, scarfs — ah, I shone in those days! Now —" he wagged a finger; he had no other clothes, not a rag, was what his finger eloquently told us; and somehow further conveyed to us that his nakedness was no fault of his own — that he had suffered wrongs and injustice.

"I know a shop," he continued, "where clothes for gondoliers abound. If the Signori —"

Stan ignored this suggestion.

"We will go," he commanded peremptorily, "to San Salvatore."

Now, it is a bad thing to be too strong-minded. It wears out the character. We had been strong-minded as we could be all day, and we were so occupied in San Salvatore, in saying strong-mindedly

that it was not our business to provide gondoliers with their clothing, that I, for one, have no more memory of that church than had I never been there; but I am sure, if I were to go into it, strong-mindedness would again rush over me. What I do remember is the inside of a stuffy shop, piled full of blue garments, and another little shop, gay with bolts of bright-colored silk and cotton with which gondoliers make their scarfs and sashes. That's what comes of being too strong-minded. The reaction is disastrous.

As I look back on it now, the score between the East and West stood thus at the end of that first day: one for the West: Stan had got his brass cleaned; five for the East: Giuseppe had his new clothes and several naps. At the time, of course, we were not conscious of the struggle for supremacy which Giuseppe on the one hand, and we on the other, were fighting out. The New England conscience had been victorious in one, and wheedling, soft-spoken, beguiling Italy in the other. Moreover, Giuseppe had seen Stan's passion for cleanliness, and had used his knowledge swiftly and efficiently, and we knew it, though Giuseppe tried to throw the sand of gratitude in our eyes.

III

As I look back, I can well trace that silent battle of which at the time I was not so much as aware. We would begin the day with an apparent victory, for the early morning hours were spent in over-seeing Giuseppe not doing his work. I can see now that we spent our strength too freely in the first part of the day. We felt that we had really accomplished something, and were disarmed, and would let Giuseppe and the gondola take us where they would. Without our knowing it, they were continually winning obscure points in the game. They, and Venice, were undermining that backbone of our strength, our sense of duty. We were content when they took us into obscure little back waters, where the silence

was broken only by the splash of our oars and the melancholy "Poppen-jee!" as Giuseppe warned the empty air that he meant to turn from one deserted water-lane into another as deserted. They carried us past high walls — walls green below, and diversified by crabs, where the canal lapped them; above, rose and saffron, here and there showing patches of deeper rose where pieces of plaster had fallen from the bricks. Through grilled gateways, at the water's edge, we could look deep into gardens which seemed to stretch away into forests. Everything was quiet; there was no sound even of a bird. Enchantment brooded over us. Then suddenly, out of the silences, Giuseppe and the gondola carried us under some populous bridge, where two files of Venetian women in black shawls passed ceaselessly. The sound of the noisy Venetian people would again come to us for a moment. Then silence again. The enchantment of the enchanted city was upon us.

In silence we passed by beautiful old palaces, whose defaced escutcheons pleaded with us to remember how glorious their dwellers once had been. We passed the beautiful iron gateway of a garden, where one frail autumn rose mirrored its brave little head in the canal. It was such a venturesome little flower, and so poetical in the midst of the decay, that I turned to Stan for sympathy. He spoke:—

"This son of a sea crab has n't shined the *ferro* to-day!" he said.

But while such skirmishing for position was continual, it is the decisive actions which stand out in my mind. The most important one began soon after we came, when, late one afternoon,

"Giuseppe," Stan commanded, "go out to the lagoons beyond the Giudecca."

I recognized the tone of the skipper. Unconsciously I slipped into my familiar attitude of able seaman, and forebore to ask why, as I should have done had we been in a thing on wheels.

"I think," Stan was good enough to

explain, "it would be nice to see the sunset."

As we slid out into the canal of the Giudecca, Stan turned and watched Giuseppe.

"There's not so much to rowing a gondola," he said. "In principle, it's not unlike a canoe. A man who can use a single paddle ought to get the hang of this thing in a short time."

We threaded our way among the big fish-baskets and nets of the Giudecca, and out into the sunset beyond. Giuseppe knew all about sunsets and forestieri. He made us fast to a post favorable for watching the august spectacle, curled himself up, and went to sleep. It was the usual routine.

To the right and left of us, at a little distance, were other gondolas. Most of them contained lady artists, who had come out to paint for the millionth time in history another variation of that well-known picture, *Sunset on the Lagoons*. Well, one cannot wonder that it should so often have been painted, and it was all that everybody has said about it, and I was losing myself, as every one must, in the first wonder of it, when Stan sprang to his feet.

"Giuseppe," he said, "cast off that rope. I believe," he went on, "that I can row this craft out here where there's plenty of room."

He picked up the oar, and let it fall into the curious little contrivance that the gondoliers so amazingly use as an oarlock, dipped the oar into the water, and bent his body strenuously forward. The next moment the gondola had whirled around like a top, and my back was turned toward the sun. The oar, conscious that an untrained hand held it, sprang derisively from the crotch, and I had the satisfaction of seeing an experienced oarsman do what I had never been permitted to do under pain of derision — "catch a crab."

I mentally added to my knowledge of boats this little observation: crabs, in gondolas, are caught forward, not back-

ward. Stan also added this piece of knowledge to his boatman's lore.

He picked himself up and looked at the oar sternly. His disapproving eye traveled to me. I tried to make myself as inconspicuous as possible. If I budged or spoke, I knew the crab would turn out mysteriously, as had so many of our small accidents, to be my fault again. Venice disappeared; the lagoons vanished. Again I was the shivering cabin-boy, trying to evade the wrath of the "old man."

"Get back in there!" Stan spoke sternly to the oar.

"If the Signore —" Giuseppe suggested.

"Enough," said Stan. "I know how to row a boat."

With this he spun the gondola around again. Again the oar, indignant at its unskillful handling, flew out. This time Stan did not fall; he was making progress. By the time the gondola had spun round in its tracks for the sixth time, the oar no longer came out.

"Ha!" said Stan triumphantly, "I'm getting the hang of the thing."

"To go forward," suggested Giuseppe, "the Signore should —"

With the air of conferring a favor, Stan permitted Giuseppe to take the oar. The gondola responded to its master's hand. With its clean, effortless motion, it leaped forward. Stan watched Giuseppe attentively.

"Give here," he commanded Giuseppe. "It's just like canoeing; you turn your oar at the end of a stroke," he announced triumphantly.

"If the Signore will go *piano, piano* — less force at first —"

Stan gave a less vigorous stroke to the boat and progressed sideways a foot.

"Hold your left hand so," advised Giuseppe. The voice of the instructor penetrated his usual deferential tones.

"The left hand should be further down," commanded Giuseppe, as Stan caught another crab.

Then, for the next ten minutes, I wit-

nessed what I had never dreamed I should see — Stan meekly permitting himself to be instructed in boat-lore by a lazy, red-faced Italian boatman, who did not know the main sheet from the top-s'l halyards. Up to that moment, it had not occurred to me that my husband had anything more to learn about boats. I had looked upon him as omniscient. Without putting it into words to myself, I had fancied that he had come into the world knowing how to sail a boat. I had fancied that he had learned how to row before he could walk.

As I watched Stan being instructed by Giuseppe I realized that a real lover of boats is willing to learn anywhere and anyhow. Still, it hardly seemed fitting that I should witness this, and I turned my eyes away from Giuseppe and his pupil. It was then I noticed that the boat was steadily progressing sideways, crab-fashion. We were bearing down slowly, tranquilly, persistently, upon the gondola of a lady artist. I looked at Stan. He was engrossed in his oar. Giuseppe's eyes were fixed on Stan. From time to time, he offered suggestions.

What happened shows how lacking in judgment is the able seaman. It had been impressed on me never to offer suggestions to the commanding officer, so I sat there, pusillanimously silent, while our gondola slowly sidled down on that of the lady artist. It was the thousandth case, when I should have given warning, but even up to the final thump, it did not seem possible to me that such an impossible thing could happen as that Stan should not know where we were going.

It was not much of a collision, — just a thumping of the two sides of the gondolas. My husband turned a displeased and astonished head on me.

"When you had so little to do," he exclaimed, "nothing to do but keep watch!" — he did not finish.

Guiltily I made our apologies to the painter. We fended off, while Stan said to Giuseppe, before joining me, "Well, I

think I did very well for the first afternoon." We all ignored the fact that we had progressed some two hundred feet in a lateral direction.

He tried again the next afternoon, and for several afternoons; and at last the time came when the boat obeyed him so far as to move forward in a comparatively straight line. One day he even succeeded, during the half of an hour, in laying a straight course along the line of five posts, and then he rested his oar and took his place beside me. I had expected a burst of triumph, but what Stan said was, —

"It's no use, Meg, I can't do it. It takes a lifetime for these fellows to learn. In the course of six months or so, I might be able to strike a two-knot gait on the lagoon without hitting a mudbank, but I never could carry a boat into a canal, and there's no use trying. I give it up."

I look upon that as one of the pathetic moments of my life.

Henceforth Giuseppe took on a new importance. He could do something about a boat that Stan could not. We could not be independent of him. Stan could be *padrone* of his gondola; he could direct Giuseppe where to go, but he could not be skipper; he could not show him how to go there. He gave in with an amiability that filled me with pity. We never discussed his sorrow. He chafed under it until the day came when Giuseppe suggested that Stan should learn the forward oar, which, he said, was much easier. I had another moment of pathos in the eagerness with which my husband accepted this suggestion, and it was impossible not to exult with him when he mastered that oar completely at the first lesson. In the return of my husband's good spirits, I was grateful to Giuseppe — even after I found out that the brunt of brute work in a gondola falls on the forward oar: it is that which does most of the pushing; the rear oar has the light, skilled labor of steering.

The tactfulness of Italy had won another point. Giuseppe had satisfied his

employers and won comparative repose for himself.

This contest between the gondola and Stan was the decisive battle. The Venetian boat had secrets that it would confide to no foreigner; only a Venetian would ever know by what trifling little flip of the oar a forty-foot craft could be moved four inches this way or that, sideways or forward or backward or cat-cornered, at the will of the gondolier. Nor could any gondolier impart that knowledge; it was a part of him, instinctive as walking. Indeed, the steering of a gondola through crowded canals is a series of little perfect miracles, a continual *tour de force*, and one that any gondolier — and here is the amazing part of it to us — can perform without apparently taking thought of what he is doing. He can exchange badinage with a friend on the riva, while he is going through as intricate and delicate a series of manoeuvres as a performer on the tight-rope; he can turn his head around and explain in pointed Venetian his opinion of the ancestry of a bargeman who has narrowly escaped crushing him, while his oar causes his gondola to escape collision with another by exactly three-quarters of an inch. Though one might try for years to learn it, one could never attain this nonchalant perfection. It is said that there are foreigners who have taken a sandolo or gondola into the canals, but they do it as the dog walks on his hind legs. A foreigner can never master the ultimate secrets of a gondola; he can never learn to guide it when he is thinking of something else.

IV

Meantime, the reason for Giuseppe's nakedness when he came to us slid into our consciousness. It was his red nose, for one thing, and the good-humored railery from servants at many palace windows; for it seemed to us that there was not a palace in Venice whose signori had not at some time employed Giuseppe.

His pleadings for his wage in advance also told us much. When we emerged from a church, Giuseppe, a few seconds later, emerged from the near-by *trattoria*. After each of our absences, his face grew redder.

It was evident — everything pointed to it — that It had interfered with his work in the other hundred and fifty positions from which Giuseppe had been discharged, but we tried to pretend that in our case It would not interfere. Nor did It; we did not let It. We learned some things about the blind eye, Stan and myself, in those weeks. When our gondola went very slowly, — "The wind is against us," I would say; and when it knocked off its tar against the stones of Venice, "He is no longer a young man," apologized Stan, not realizing how this was sapping our moral strength, so that finally, when It did interfere with his work, we had no resistance left.

One morning Stan looked out of the window as usual. Far down the Vio we could see the gondola. It was empty. Its carpet had not been spread; the *tende* were not put up.

"He has n't come," said Stan.

"I hope he's not sick," I mitigated. In the background of my mind lurked the real explanation of his absence. I knew that It lurked in Stan's too. But here Stan plumbed for me the depths of his fall. Far from indignant, —

"Well, I rather hope he won't come to-day," said my husband blithely. "It's time we took some of those walks that we've been talking about so long. You can't really know Venice without walking a lot."

To the suggestion of the *cameriera*, "So Giuseppe has —" she lifted an airy hand to her mouth with a gesture of drinking — we turned blank faces.

After we had spent two days in "learning to know Venice," Giuseppe appeared in our apartment, bleary-eyed and voluble. I noticed that he did n't take off his hat. He had had, he explained, a terrific pain in his stomach; he spared neither

gesture nor metaphor to explain to us how terrific this pain had been. It had been the grandfather of all pains. No one else had ever had such a pain as his; but weak and trembling as he was, he, the faithful Giuseppe, had hastened back to his post.

"A drink would do your stomach good," Stan suggested, knowing all the time, in his New England soul, that he was helping a fellow-creature on a career of slackness. But as he spoke his eyes traveled up and down his gondolier's blouse; and as Giuseppe turned to bow his graceful Latin greeting to me, he revealed a shameless mend, that began at his collar and ended at his waist.

"What's the matter with your blouse, Giuseppe?" Stan demanded.

"My blouse?" asked the unconscious Giuseppe. "It is newly cleaned. It is effulgent."

"Has there perhaps been a hole in it?" pursued Stan.

"A hole?" inquired Giuseppe. "Ah! Behold, it is true—there has been a hole! Ah!" he protested, "those scoundrels of shopkeepers, to sell a blouse with a hole! I go to confront them with it." He backed toward the door.

"Giuseppe!" called Stan.

Giuseppe ceased his backward course.

"Hang it!" Stan flung to me, "that rip was n't there when we bought it."

Well I knew it had n't been there. It had been freshly caught together with stitches of the kind that save nine. And here was Stan almost willing to be convinced that it had always been there!

"It does n't do to push these Italians too hard," he apologized—he seemed actually to be protecting Giuseppe from my wrath. He compromised with his dying conscience by suggesting that it was customary to remove one's hat when in the house.

Giuseppe's hand flew to his head. With surprise he found that his unprincipled hat, with inanimate perversity, had somehow contrived to remain upon his head. He snatched it off.

"Scusi, scusi, Signori!" he murmured, and the involuntary courtesy of Italy coerced him into bowing low. There bobbed up from behind his head something white, and as he stood straight again, a curl like that of an 1830 belle dangled from behind his ear.

It was not of hair; it was of cotton batting, and the other end of it was stuffed into a long, jagged crack in Giuseppe's scalp. He saw our bewildered looks, and flung his hands out sidewise.

"Now," he said, with virtuous intonation, "I will tell the truth to the Signori. Yes, I will tell it to them. The hole in my blouse did n't come from the store. I knew it all the time. But Giuseppe is kind-hearted. Does he talk of unpleasant things in the company of ladies? Never! He does n't come to you crying of what has befallen him; no; rather than that, he risked the shame of impoliteness, keeping his hat on his head. Signori, a great misfortune befell your Giuseppe. A little more," his eyes grew moist, "and you might never have beheld him again. Signori, a knife it was that made the holes in my blouse and in my head,—the knife of a drunken friend. Oh, Signori, how sharp is the knife of a drunken friend!"

He paused.

"Signori," he continued in the tone of one telling a commonplace tale, "I sit in the *trattoria*. I sit and eat my *pasta*. Enters a friend of mine, whom I have not seen for a year. When last I saw him, he went away taking with him my watch, a watch of the value of twenty lira, given to me by grateful padroni. He and my watch and chain of value disappeared together. When I see my friend, I say to him: 'Jail-bird and the son of jail-birds,' I say to my friend, 'robber of honest men's jewelry, restore to me my watch!'"

Giuseppe's tone was one of unctuous courtesy.

"My friend, who is a robber and a murderer, tells me that I never had a watch and chain—there, in the *trattoria*, where many know I have had a watch and chain! I say to my friend,

'Shameful one, you were born in the court-yard of Zanipolo;' and, Signori, being in drink, this angers him—zipp, zipp! Giuseppe falls."

"Well, well, Giuseppe," Stan cut him short, "get the gondola ready."

"Signori," said Giuseppe, "loss of blood has made me weak. If the Signori would give me pay in advance—"

Stan's hand traveled to his pocket. I looked out of the window, ignoring the incident. Half an hour afterwards, Giuseppe, having renewed his strength, helped us into the gondola. During the afternoon he grumbled accounts of his battle to us. From time to time, from behind me, I would hear the words, "Zipp, zipp! and Giuseppe—poor, faithful Giuseppe—Giuseppe falls!"

I wish I might omit the humiliating sequence, but truth compels me to state that that evening the street on which the back-windows of our apartment gave was filled with shouts. We tried, Stan and I, over the evening lamp, to ignore the fact that our names were called, and that it was Giuseppe's voice which clamored for us. But even this decent reticence on our part was denied us, for Iola, our little maid, came pump-pumping up the stairs on some errand.

"Oh," she said, "listen to Giuseppe! Hey, but he roars! A proper beast is Giuseppe! He cries aloud down in the *calle* that the Signori have not paid him. That is what comes, Signori, of paying him two days in advance."

I looked at Stan. He looked away.

"Yes, he has spent the money of two days in advance in the wine-shop of my aunt. Now he will again get himself into debt, and there will be another canal closed to the Signori. Giuseppe dares not pass *trattorie* where he owes money. Did the Signori not know? That is the reason it takes the Signori so long to arrive at the Rialto. Giuseppe can go here, but not there." She illustrated with expressive gestures. "There are many *trattorie* in Venice, and in almost all Giuseppe owes money. Soon the Signori

can only go on the Grand Canal and the lagoons."

A loud burst of noise from the *calle* took Iola to the window.

"Ah, listen!" she said. "Giuseppe says he will work no longer. He discharges the Signori! My uncle comes out—he kicks Giuseppe!"

V

The reader will please next observe my husband, the punctilious yachtsman, the advocate of man-o'-war discipline, proceeding down the Grand Canal in a gondola. He is rowing the forward oar himself. The back oar is rowed, perhaps you think, by a new and sober gondolier. It is not; it is rowed by Giuseppe. Moreover, the dolphins are dull and the *ferro* is rusty. Giuseppe's face is red, and he mutters to himself as he rows. But I maintain that it was the gondola's fault that we took Giuseppe back, for she "stood in" with Giuseppe shamelessly, in spite of the fact that he did not keep her brasses clean, or brush off her carpet. The day after the row Giuseppe and the gondola appeared, ignoring all unpleasantness. They did it magnanimously, as though it were we who had made a scandalous noise in the *Calle del Pistor*. We paid no attention to them as we passed them on our walks, our dignified silence conveying to them that we were done with them forever. They both spent the day slumbering peacefully by our riva. Whenever we passed they would come to life with "Eccomi! Eccomi! Signori." They bowed touchingly to our blank faces whenever we came out or went in.

The fourth day Giuseppe frisked up to us blithely.

"*Per favore*, Signori," he said. "My pay!" He had the air of delicacy that one has when tactfully reminding people of a just debt. "And," he concluded, "if the Signori will give me money for the candles, I will also see that the gondola is tarred. Excuse me for calling the Sig-

norì's attention to it, but the gondola is in a disgraceful condition."

He pointed to the gondola, which lay in San Vio sulking.

"As long as the Signori said nothing about it, I said nothing; but the time is come when Giuseppe can no longer keep silence. Duty demands that Giuseppe shall say to the Signori, 'Scusi, Signori, but it is my duty to remind the Signori that they owe it to their gondola to provide candles for its blacking.'"

I shall always believe that some second sight caused Giuseppe to hit upon the one thing that would have made Stan forgive him.

Interested in spite of himself—"Candles for blacking?" Stan asked.

"As the Signori know, candles are required for blacking," Giuseppe repeated, "and of the best. I have already spoken to the gondola-maker behind San Trovaso. He awaits me and the gondola. If the Signori have never seen a gondola blacked, perhaps they would graciously consent to accompany me?"

Of course Stan wanted to see a gondola blacked. Choice was beyond him. He carried off his defeat with a swagger that was borrowed from Giuseppe's own.

"You can come too, if you like," he condescended to me. "Giuseppe, where do you get these candles?"

A boat-yard in Venice is as unlike other boat-yards as Venice is unlike other cities. Every two months, all well-conducted gondolas repair each to its own boat-yard for its grooming. There is a certain familiar intimacy among these establishments. None of them is very large. Each has its own select clientèle. Here a gondola is fairly sure of meeting no stranger; instead, it will come across childhood friends. It may watch new gondolas under construction and learn for whose family they are intended, or to what *traghetto* they are destined. With us, a boat-yard is a place where boats are born, and, alas, a place where many boats die. You may see them any day, withering away with age, tragic spectres of the

boats they once had been. Often they may have been deserted while they were but in the prime of old age by treacherous owners, who put them up the year before, promising to have them overhauled in the spring, and then left them to shrink and die, until one day there is nothing for it but to break their bare, weather-beaten planks for old junk.

Gondolas do not do their dying in the Venetian boat-yards. Now and then one may see a dead gondola hauled up on some riva of the Giudecca, but for the most part, dead gondolas are as much out of sight as is the Campo Santo.

When we arrived at the boat-yard back of San Trovaso, a new gondola was having its smooth planks bent into shape. A torch was being held under it, and as the wood softened, it was bent into even more graceful lines.

Amid the shavings of the shop stood an iron cauldron on legs. A fire of shavings blazed beneath it on the hard earthen floor. It was a casual sort of a fire, and seemed to have wandered to the right spot by chance. To our eyes it looked as if it might wander out from beneath the pot any minute, and lick up the shavings around it, the store itself, and the gondolas in it. Apparently it was only through its own good-will that it remained where it should.

We watched the spectacle, which will always remain a miracle to foreigners, for a few moments.

"These Italians," Stan conceded, "can teach us something after all."

Giuseppe kicked some shavings into the fire and unwrapped his package of candles. A small boy and the owner of the yard gathered with us around the cauldron. Giuseppe threw into the pot the package of two or three dozen candles, and left them to become liquid wax, while the owner of the yard gave our gondola a baptism of fire. He carried a lighted torch over every edge of her sides and bottom. The tar melted and ran off; sometimes the fiery drops fell into the carpet of shavings with which the yard

was everywhere strewn. Why the yard and the gondola were not instantly in flames, I cannot say. I had myself little impulses to rush forward and throw my cloak over blazing parts of the boat, and so, I think, had Stan, for when it was all over he drew a long breath.

By this time our candles were liquid wax, and the padrone poured into it black dust out of a bag and stirred the mass around with a stick. It was a forbidding, oily soup, as repulsive to see as black mud near an oil-factory. A small boy appeared, with a large handful of waste; he dropped it into the mass and squeezed it. The stuff oozed unpleasantly from between his fingers and streamed down into the pot. He made for the gondola, and the padrone and Giuseppe followed with the cauldron. During the half-hour that followed, the bottom and sides of the gondola were thoroughly sponged over. It was all done with a perfection of technique, — no hesitation anywhere; every one knew his part. If one loved a boat, one could not but like the men who so well knew how to treat her. It was accomplished, too, with the greatest economy of time and labor.

"Gad, that's simple!" said Stan, and he turned an approving gaze on Giuseppe.

It was in this fashion that the gondola and Giuseppe got around us again. We

had been taken behind the scenes of a gondola's world, and had been shown something that we knew we would always be glad that we had seen, and through Giuseppe. Besides this, everything that one does for a boat attaches it to one. As we got into our shining gondola Stan turned to me:—

"After all, you see, he really does care for his boat in the essentials. He may not go in for form, any more than a fisherman does, but the main thing is, he cares for the things that count."

So I knew Giuseppe had been forgiven; I also knew he had not only been forgiven for this time, but that he had been forgiven in advance for all future misdemeanors. As long as we should stay in Venice, that gondola and no other should take us to and fro, and it would be propelled — when it was propelled — by Giuseppe. Venice and a gondola and Giuseppe had combined against us; they had fought us on their own ground, using their own subtle methods of warfare, and had beaten us. We belonged to them as long as we stayed there, — yes, and for longer. We had hired them in the beginning, and had striven to change them according to our ideas of the fitness of things, but in the end they owned us, and so will continue to do as long as the memory of them stays with us.

THE STATESMANSHIP OF STEIN

II

BY ANDREW D. WHITE

WHILE laying foundations for a better civic system, Stein was obliged to devote immediate and intense thought to the military system. The old Prussian army organization had been, under Frederick the Great, the wonder of the world; and to uphold it as a model had become a tenet of military orthodoxy on both sides of the Atlantic, but above all in Prussia. In spite of the revelation of power given to an army by national feeling and by the awakened consciousness of personal rights, as seen in the French Revolution; in spite of the new light and life thrown into military science and military practice by Napoleon, the leaders in Prussia clung to the old system, boasted of it, and threatened to overwhelm Napoleon with it.

But things had changed since the great Frederick conquered Soubise at Rossbach. The French soldiers of the new revolutionary epoch, feeling themselves citizens of a great republic and apostles of human rights, were very different from the poor creatures of the previous century, who had been sent out to die in battles demanded by the intrigues of Louvois or the whims of Madame de Pompadour; the French marshals, trained in the campaigns of the republic and empire, were very different from poor old Soubise; the command of Napoleon was different indeed from orders issued by Louis XV.

All this had passed unheeded in Germany, and the whole Prussian military fabric, which it had taken nearly two centuries to build, collapsed at Jena. The fact was that, judged by any good modern standard, the old Prussian military system was thoroughly vicious. The

fatal weakness of absolutism was shown in this system no less than in the civil administration: a genius like Frederick the Great could do wonders with it, but the men who succeeded him on the throne were powerless to use it to any good purpose.

The officers were chosen, with rare exceptions, from the nobility; all the military talent and ambition in the rest of the nation were virtually excluded; promotion went by seniority or favor; birth went before merit; the better class of officers were thwarted by pedantry; the ordinary class was grossly ignorant; the soldiers were either peasants' sons, torn from their homes, or the scum of German or foreign cities, huddled together by recruiting officers; the soldier's career was hopeless, — the usual term of service twenty years, and no promotion above the ranks. Degrading punishments were in constant use; blows with a stick could be inflicted on any veteran at the whim of a petty lieutenant, and for such slight offenses as a misplaced strap or a broken button.

The whole formed an organized system of injustice which touched the vast majority in their dearest interests. This injustice, in the time of Frederick the Great, was of little account: his people regarded it as the inevitable and natural condition of things; but ideas of right were now in the air, and had even reached the cottages of the German boors. The peasant class, which paid the bulk of the taxes, paid also the main tribute of blood; the middle class, which also bore heavy burdens, was excluded from all military honors; the least honor was for those who labored most, the most for those who

labored least. Long-standing exemptions of districts, towns, and persons — which once had some reason, but now had none — only added to the general sense of injustice. And substitution was allowed: the rich man's son could buy exemption; the poor man's son could not escape. The great mass of antiquated peculiarities in army organization were retained as sacred, — the stiffness, the martinetism, the brutality; the only wonder is that soldiers so treated and trained did not come to regard their country as really their worst enemy.

The first feeling after Jena was that somebody had blundered, but it was soon clear that everybody had blundered. Scapegoats were, of course, sought, and they were near and plenty; the first step that was universally demanded was vengeance upon indifferent, incompetent, beery, sleepy, cowardly officers, who had delivered up important commands, fortresses, towns — sometimes without striking a blow. Many were disgraced; some sentenced to imprisonment and death; but thinking men soon saw that the fault lay deeper, and among those who searched into the causes of the catastrophe most deeply was Stein. It was this search which led him to propose the measures calculated to develop a people no longer to be treated as "dumb, driven cattle."

The immediate need was for military reform: the whole military system must be recast, and at once. For this, Stein had the best ally possible — General Scharnhorst; and about Scharnhorst stood a body of exceedingly able and patriotic men, like Gneisenau, Boyen, and Grolmann.

Scharnhorst seemed to have stepped into those worst days of Germany out of the best days of Rome; he was a divine gift to his country, like Carnot in the dire trouble of France, or Lincoln, Grant, Stanton, and Sherman in the darkest days of our own Civil War. He was broad in views, simple in tastes, quick in discerning essentials, firm, incorruptible,

and, above everything, devoted to his country. By the general body of officers about him he was looked down upon, for he was one of the few Prussian officers of peasant descent. More than this, he was considered a theorist, his real worth being known to few, — but among those few was Stein.

Into his plans for military regeneration Scharnhorst threw not only his whole mind, but his whole heart and soul. Plan after plan he carefully elaborated and discussed: plans for reconstructing the army, for providing a reserve, for developing a militia; all this in the face of enormous difficulties, — the indecision of the King, the suspicion of Napoleon, the poverty of the country, and the inertia of influential people wedded to the old system by self-interest or dread of change.

The fundamental idea of Scharnhorst's whole system was that every citizen is bound to defend the state; that there shall be few exemptions and no substitutes; that the state has a claim on all the talent within its borders. From this followed the duty of all young men to bear arms; the advancement of officers and soldiers not through influence, but by enterprise, bravery, and character. The recruiting of soldiers abroad was given up; only on rare occasions was a foreigner admitted to service in the army. The plan of Scharnhorst and Stein was that the army should be a school for the whole nation, — a school in the virtues of soldier and citizen. The germs of the whole military system as it exists to-day, with its active service, its reserve, its Landwehr and Landsturm, now began to appear.

But to carry out this whole idea at once was impossible, for the spies of Napoleon were everywhere, and no one noted the slightest indication of a desire to regain liberty and independence so keenly as he. Seeing this movement, which showed the German feeling for liberty aroused by the Spanish uprising, Napoleon forced on Prussia a new treaty, supplementary to the Treaty of Tilsit, which new treaty, be-

sides other degrading conditions, bound Prussia to keep down her army to forty-two thousand men.

Tyranny had now to be met by cunning. Many of the exterior features of the old system had to be preserved as a disguise. The plan was adopted of giving soldiers leave of absence after a period of thorough drill, and taking fresh recruits in their places, so that the whole body of young Prussians might pass through the army. Everything was done to evade the keenness of the French spies: regiments were marched to exercise, leaving large numbers of sound men in barracks or hospitals; and at last, while nominally keeping up an army of only forty-two thousand men, Scharnhorst had trained and inspired a hundred and fifty thousand.

Troubles arose, too, from the suspicions not only of the French, but of the Prussians themselves. Nervous men, impatient men, frivolous men, were constantly in danger of precipitating a catastrophe. Selfishness and prejudice were also active, and the pressure of individual and family influence against the new system was at times enormous; the routine men in the army raged against Scharnhorst, and to show the depth of their scorn called him "schoolmaster."¹

The poverty of the country was also a great hindrance, and for months the artillery in Silesia could not exercise effectively because Napoleon's satraps had carried off their powder. For five years Scharnhorst, one of the most open, manly, and frank of men, had to double and turn, concealing his plans and acts, like a hunted criminal, until, at the beck of Napoleon, the King was forced to disgrace him, to remove him from his higher position to a lower, virtually to drive him from the service.

But the great work could not then be stopped, and to these beginnings are due,

in great measure, not only the glories of Leipsic and Waterloo, a few years later, but of Düppel, Sadowa, St. Privat, and Sedan. Scharnhorst, with Stein advising and strengthening him, thus began the military system which Moltke completed.

But while Stein stood firmly and hopefully by his great colleague, providing for the wants of the nation and laying plans to baffle Napoleon, he was still occupied with the civic system and with the reorganization of the general administration. Having taken measures for the abolition of monopolies, — the mill monopoly, the millstone monopoly, the butcher, the baker, the huckster monopolies, and a multitude of others; and having rooted up, as far as possible, all barriers against the admission of women to various trades and occupations for which they were fitted, his main strength was thrown into administrative reform. This, in many respects, was the greatest work of all, though he did not remain in office long enough to complete it.

The general administrative system of Prussia had become a muddle like all the rest. There were councils, chambers, directories, departments, cabinets, ministers administrative, ministers territorial, generally working in accordance with outworn needs or ideas, or with the appetites or whims of the persons who happened to sit on the throne. A strong king, like Frederick the Great, did mainly without them; a luxurious king, like Frederick William the Fat, left them to lumber on chaotically; a mediocre king, like Frederick William III, unable to see his way in this jungle, knew no other plan than to lean on a little coterie of favorites, and to avoid any decision as long as possible.

The local administrations were of like quality. Out of these Stein began developing something better. He made no attempt to change suddenly the nature of the people: whatever had helpful life in it, he endeavored to preserve, and, especially, he sought to restore some features introduced by Frederick William I,

¹ For most interesting and instructive details of this struggle, see Treitschke: *Deutsche Geschichte im 19ten Jahrhundert*, Erster Theil, Zweiter Abschnitt.

which, under Frederick the Great, had been lost sight of.

The edict drawn up under his direction proposed to give to the administration of affairs the greatest possible energy and activity, and yet to put all in direct relations with the central government. The whole plan was wrought out carefully and logically; large as a whole, precise as to details, it combined all Stein's experience, his knowledge of men, his boldness, his caution.

Preliminary to all this was the creation of a Council of State, made up of fitting men from the royal family, ministers, privy councilors of distinction, former ministers, heads of bureaus and of departments; but a far more important change was one which in these days seems exceedingly simple, but which in those seemed almost impossible, — the assignment of a small number of ministers to the main subjects of administration throughout the whole monarchy. These ministers were mainly of the interior, finance, foreign affairs, war, and justice; and, with a few other officials of great experience, formed a cabinet to decide on various weighty and general matters, — with the understanding, which now seems axiomatic, but which then seemed chimerical, that no clique of favorites should stand between the Cabinet and the King.

Various departments, each with a minister at its head, have been added since Stein's day, — a Ministry of Trade and Commerce, a Ministry of Agriculture, a Ministry of Ecclesiastical, Educational, and Medical Affairs; but his simple system, as a whole, remains as he planned it.

For historical and patriotic reasons, he rejected the example of the French Revolution, and allowed the old territorial divisions to remain, with proper officers, each with functions which could be discharged for the good of the country, but without injury to the new system. The general local system was also carefully studied, and reforms were begun in

accordance with experience and sound sense. Stein had expected, indeed, to go further into the lower local organization, but he was too soon driven from office. His successors attempted to deal with it, injuring it in some respects, improving it in others; but taken as a whole, his was a great and fruitful beginning, and it has grown into that system which has made Prussia the most carefully and conscientiously administered nation in the world; — doubtless with sundry disadvantages: with too much interference and control, with too little individual initiative, but, after all, wonderfully perfect. At the present time, one of the most interesting studies for a close political thinker would be a comparison between this system, which seems to hold that government best which governs most, and our own, which, in theory, holds that government best which governs least.

Stein's object was to secure, in the whole administration, unity, energy, and responsibility. His correspondence and his papers show that he intended later to propose a parliamentary system, with two houses, in which the better national spirit could be brought to bear on the discussion of general affairs and on the enlightened support of the monarchy. Royal edicts put in force his plans as far as he had developed them during the latter months of 1808, but anything further was prevented by a catastrophe. During the whole year Napoleon was striving to free himself from the fearful complication of his affairs. Up to this time, his conquests had been comparatively simple and easy. Austria, Prussia, and Italy were beneath his feet, and he had now attempted a policy of conquest in the Spanish Peninsula. Here came the first capital folly of his career. Spain was ignorant, corrupt, priest-ridden, but it was not a collection of ill-compacted governments like Germany; it was, with all its faults, a *nation*, and its uprising against Napoleon's effort was the beginning of the anti-Napoleonic revolution. At every important point in Spain Napoleon's marshals were worsted,

and at Baylen came a great disgrace: for the first time in his history, one of his armies was forced to capitulate. In the Portuguese part of the Peninsula, where the British forces aided those of the population, he encountered the same desperate resistance. The Emperor's brother was obliged to flee from the Spanish throne, and finally the great conqueror himself found it necessary to put himself at the head of his army against the Spanish people; but, though for a time he broke down all opposition, this revolt in Spain gave a new idea to all Europe, — the idea that, after all, a people, if united, could throw off his tyranny. Nowhere did this thought spread wider or strike deeper than in Germany, and among those most profoundly influenced by it was Stein.

In the midst of his labor for municipal reform, administrative reform, military reform, Stein devoted himself to impressing this Spanish example upon the leading men of his country, especially by letters, and finally one of these letters fell into the hands of Napoleon. It had become especially dangerous for any man, no matter how high in place, to incur the wrath of the great conqueror; but how great the danger of Stein became has only recently been revealed. For, within the last ten years, the world has received a revelation of the Napoleonic tyranny, in Germany especially, which enables us to see what unbridled autocracy means and to what dangers Stein exposed himself in opposing it. Under the second French empire, there was formed, about the middle of the nineteenth century, a pretentious commission, presided over, finally, by Prince Napoleon, the son of Napoleon's youngest brother, King Jerome, which published, in a long series of volumes, what claimed to be Napoleon's complete correspondence. But it was soon found that this correspondence had been carefully expurgated, and since that time various investigators have given to the world letters which the official committee omitted. There could be no more

fearful revelation of the tyranny engendered by unlimited power. The conqueror had come to regard any resistance to his plans, or even to his wishes, as a crime worthy of death. The whole world had long known how he had ordered the Duc d'Enghien to be executed at Strasburg for a crime of which he was guiltless, and how he had ordered the bookseller Palm, at Nuremberg, to execution, for having in his possession a simple and noble patriotic pamphlet; but these letters recently published by Lecestre, Brotonne, and others have shown that this cruelty had become, especially after his reverses, a prevailing principle with him.

In these letters we find the great conqueror treating his brothers, whom he had placed on thrones, as mere lackeys, with utter contempt, and with not the slightest recognition of their duties toward the peoples whom he had called them to govern. His letters to them are frequently couched in such terms as no self-respecting man should use toward a lackey. Among the letters also appear simple offhand instructions to his commanders in various parts of Germany, which are really orders to commit murder. As a rule, the moment the spies of the Emperor report any person as troublesome, there comes back a virtual order to punish the offender with death. Orders to shoot this or that troublesome patriot in Germany or Spain are frequent, but perhaps the climax is reached in a dispatch to Junot, to whom Napoleon writes that no doubt the General has disarmed Lisbon, and adds, "Shoot, say, sixty persons."¹

It was in this frame of mind that Napoleon read Stein's intercepted letter, and his wrath became at once venomous. At first it was somewhat dissembled, probably with the hope of bringing the

¹ For examples of these letters showing Napoleon's rage provoked by opposition, see Lecestre: *Lettres Inédites de Napoléon*, An. viii — 1815: Paris, 1897, *passim*; and especially for the letter to Junot, page 136. Also de Brotonne: *Lettres Inédites de Napoléon*, Paris, 1898.

culprit more easily within striking distance. The notice of it in the *Moniteur*, September 8, 1808, was merely contemptuous; but this was the prelude to more severe measures against Prussia, and three months later, Napoleon, from his camp at Madrid, issued his decree placing the German statesman not only under the ban of the Empire, but under the outlawry of Europe.

Beginning with a contemptuous reference to him as "a person named Stein," this decree proceeds with a notice that his property of every sort in all parts of Germany and in France is confiscated, and it ends with an order to seize him "wherever he can be caught by our own troops or those of our allies." This edict was posted in every part of Germany, and even in Poland. Though Stein, from the first discovery of his letter by Napoleon, must have seen its inevitable result, he braved all dangers. His heart was set on the edict for administrative reform, and to this he devoted himself, until, on the 24th of November, the King was at last induced to sign it. And still Stein lingered to render other administrative services, until his family and friends, in utter distress, prevailed upon him to consider his own safety, and possible future services to his country. On the night of January 5, 1809, he took flight in a sledge from Prussia into the snowy mountains of Bohemia, and for three years, amid privations, illness, and suffering, though constantly active, was, by the world at large, unheard-of. There seemed to come to him as complete an effacement of personality and influence as to Luther during his stay in the Wartburg.

Stein's escape was made none too soon. The simple fact was that in him Napoleon recognized a man who understood the Napoleonic policy thoroughly; who knew, down to the last details, the whole story, not only of the Treaty of Tilsit, but of Napoleon's violations of it, and of that wholesale plunder, without warrant of the treaty, which Germany was forced

to endure during the years which followed it. More than this, the conqueror recognized in Stein a man whose German patriotism was invincible; one who saw the vulnerable point in the Napoleonic system of conquest, as Napoleon himself must have begun to see it at Madrid when the official proclamation against his enemy was issued; one who had the gift, also, of inoculating others with his patriotic spirit. Therefore it was that Napoleon, who had at first urged him upon the King of Prussia as a man whose financial talent and genius could develop the nation for the better support of the French armies, now made him an outlaw, and would certainly, could he have laid his hands upon him, have put him to death.

This was no ordinary case of outlawry, and it brought results which the conqueror little foresaw. It gave Stein a hold on the German heart which all his vast services had failed to gain. It secured him recognition as a leader throughout Europe, from royal palaces to the huts of peasants. It inspired phlegmatic men with indignation, and prosaic men with eloquence. Of this there is a striking example to be found in every well-furnished library. About the middle of the nineteenth century, Privy Councillor Dr. Pertz, eminent for close historical research, director of the Royal Library at Berlin, gave to the world his *Life of Stein*. It was in seven octavos, closely printed, a collection which Carlyle would have blasphemed as the work of the arch-fiend Dryasdust; but which, though minute and painstaking almost to a fault, betrays a wholesome enthusiasm. Throughout the whole seven volumes the erudite Privy Councillor restrains himself; but when he reaches this period in Stein's history, there comes the one outburst of eloquent indignation in the whole vast work. Having given the text of Napoleon's edict, dated in his camp at Madrid, the historian gives scope to his feelings as follows:—

"At the quarters of the French troops

at Erfurt, at Magdeburg, and at Hanover, the population read with astonishment and sorrow this declaration of war whereby the conqueror of Marengo, Ulm, Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland, and Tudela, the sovereign of France, Italy, Holland, Switzerland, half of Germany and the whole of Spain, singled out one defenseless man from the innumerable numbers of his contemporaries and branded him as his enemy for life and death. But this measure of blind passion, far from reaching its purpose, turned against the man who devised it. Napoleon's hate pointed out to his enemies their main hope. Innumerable men then read Stein's name for the first time, but this outlawry at once surrounded his head with the halo of a martyr. The hearts which in all parts of Germany longed for freedom had found their living leader. He became instantly a personage on whom downtrodden peoples far outside the boundaries of Prussia placed their hopes and expectations; and, that the mightiest of this earth might stand in awe of eternal justice, from this 'person named Stein,' six years later, went forth the thought of a European outlawry to which the Emperor of a hundred days was to yield."¹

But a dark veil hung over this retributory future. The mighty of the earth, whether French or German, considered this outburst of the conqueror's hate as a decree fixing Stein's entire future. And the hatred of Napoleon was by no means the worst thing that Stein had to encounter; even more galling to his spirit was the opposition of the German courtiers and nobles, and especially of those who had taken positions under the Napoleonic régime; by these the bitterest epithets were lavished upon him. It became common among a large number of the court and government officials to declare him the worst foe to monarchy. From time to time, Napoleon followed

up the decree of outlawry by charging him with Jacobinism; and not only in Prussia, but throughout Germany. At the Austrian capital, Stein's efforts to uplift the lower orders of the Prussian people gave strength to this charge. His idea of appealing to the national feeling was declared to be more dangerous than the worst tyrannies of Napoleon; a large body of influential men and women devoted themselves to everything which might thwart his efforts, and some of them kept Napoleon informed regarding him, thus helping to bring on the catastrophe. Seeley, in his *Life of Stein*, hesitates to believe this, but no one can look over the pages of Pertz and Treitschke without becoming convinced that many of Stein's German enemies were capable of going to any length in betraying him.

In the midst of this personal catastrophe, he was constantly meditating not merely means of raising the German nation against the Napoleonic tyranny, but new reforms which should strengthen the people for the coming struggle. Just before leaving office, he presented to the King a summary of his views, which has passed into history under the name of "Stein's Political Testament." In this his wish to crown the whole edifice with a legislative system, and to bind the whole together with a constitution, is made clear. As he had changed the rural population from serfs to freemen, the dwellers in cities from ciphers to citizens, and the whole administration from a worn-out machine to a vigorous, living organism, so it now became clear that he wished to change the old Prussian despotism into a limited monarchy, tempered by a national representation, such as came to Prussia forty years later, after the revolutions of 1830 and 1848.

For the time being all these patriotic efforts were brought to naught by what Napoleon considered Stein's unpardonable sin: his crime in detecting and discussing the vulnerable point in the Napoleonic system, the heel of Achilles. He it was who more than any other had de-

¹ See Pertz: *Leben Steins*, vol. ii, pp. 319, 320. It is a curious fact that Pertz himself first heard of Stein when he read Napoleon's proclamation placing him under the ban.

tected and accentuated in his private letters to leading German patriots the significance of that Spanish national uprising against Napoleon in 1808, and thus for the first time had given Europe an idea of the way in which Napoleonic tyranny could be overthrown. To meet this action by Stein, Napoleon was by no means content simply to drive him from office and threaten his life; the next move was to extort a new treaty from Prussia, grinding down the North German people more wretchedly than ever before.

During Stein's flight, and, indeed, during his whole outlawry, he remained, in spite of the ruin of his family and the fate which menaced him, calm, thoughtful, and determined as ever. The three years which he passed in Moravia and Bohemia he used to the best possible purpose: though never noisily active, he continued to be the trusted guide and counselor of the men who were to bring in a better future for his country. The influence of his invincible patriotism steadily increased. Napoleon's new war with Austria, that of 1809, was now clearly drawing on. Had Stein remained in the ministry at Berlin, Prussia would probably have acted energetically and promptly with Austria against the invader, the course of European history would have been different, and six years more of war on the largest scale, and myriads of lives, would doubtless have been spared; but, though Stein left many good men and true in the ministry at Berlin, they had not that strength with which he had been wont to overcome the King's fatal indecision, and Austria was left to her fate.

There was, indeed, one moment when his own distress and the apparent hopelessness of Germany and of Europe before its oppressor led him to other thoughts. Interesting to an American is a letter written by him in 1811: in this he says, "I am heartily tired of life and wish it would soon come to an end. To enjoy rest and independence, it would be best to settle in America, — in Kentucky or Tennessee; there one would find a splen-

did climate and soil, glorious rivers, and rest and security for a century, not to mention a multitude of Germans; the capital of Kentucky is called Frankfort."

But this mood seems to have been only momentary, and he soon gave himself to his work for his country as earnestly as ever, always without haste, but without rest, in unison with the best men in Prussia and Austria, — still their most influential leader.

Great men, animated by his example, rebuilt the foundations of the Prussian state at many points. William von Humboldt reorganized the whole system of public instruction, gave new life to higher education, welded together the best ideas of the foremost thinkers of his time, and crowned all with the University of Berlin, which remains to this day the foremost in the world. Fichte issued his *Addresses to the German Nation* (*Reden an die Deutsche Nation*), which gave new heart to the whole oncoming array of manly youth. Schleiermacher preached his sermons, which, casting aside the mere husks and rinds of ordinary orthodoxy, developed not sickly cowards, merely or mainly anxious to save their own souls, but men willing to strive for good as good, — willing to die for their country. Arndt wrote his *Spirit of the Times* (*Geist der Zeit*), which ran through fifteen editions, and, at a later period, his great song, *Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?* stirring an enthusiasm for German unity and liberty which would-be oppressors have ever since found irresistible.

More and more Stein, proscribed and a fugitive, became a centre of thought: "where he was, was the head of the table." His famous successor in the Prussian government, Hardenberg, went to meet him secretly in the Silesian mountains, advised with him, and soon Stein's ideas took shape in new reforms, constitutional and financial. The old religious endowments, Catholic and Protestant, which had absorbed so much treasure, were subjected to heavy forced loans; dead capital was thus made living, and

trade and industry relieved from a weight of taxation which was crushing out all business life. A representative system, local and general, was more and more distinctly foreshadowed, and, animated by Stein's example, Hardenberg even outran Stein's counsels; in all of Prussia where he had direct control, he exerted himself to transform the peasants from renting tenants into owners of the soil.

Meantime, new catastrophes came. Austria, unsupported by Prussia, endeavored to stand against Napoleon, and, at last, despite official stupidity and sloth, exhibited, especially in the Tyrol, a resisting force never before seen in her campaigns, a national spirit akin to that which had struck Napoleon so severe a blow in Spain, an energy which inflicted upon him, at Aspern, his first great defeat by Germans. Had Stein been at the side of the wavering Frederick William III, Prussia might now have joined in the struggle; but before the Prussian King could make up his mind to give his help Austria was overcome at Wagram, and Stadion, as prime minister, was forced to give way to the arch intriguer, Metternich. Now comes apparently the culmination of the Napoleonic epoch. Metternich marries a daughter of the Austrian House to Napoleon, and thus ushers in upon Europe another long series of sacrifices and sorrows, with that heart-breaking policy of intrigue, political immorality, and reaction, which outlasted Napoleon by more than thirty years.

In these darkest hours Stein never lost heart, but one great change was wrought in him,—he became less and less a Prussian and more and more a German. He would not yield to the oppressor of his country, and, being no longer safe in Austria, he again became an exile.

In Napoleon's hand were now all the great nations of Continental Europe save one. Alexander of Russia, despite his shameful concessions at the Treaty of Tilsit, shrank from the further iniquities into which Napoleon attempted to draw him; and, as Napoleon allowed no dis-

sent from his plans, war drew on between these two great powers. Therefore it was that, just as King Frederick William had sought Stein's aid after the downfall of Prussia, so now Emperor Alexander sought Stein at what Europe generally considered the approaching downfall of Russia. Personal prudence counseled Stein to lie quiet, to allow himself to be forgotten, to wait for better days. It was dangerous indeed for him to throw himself against Napoleon, even in Russia. Russia then, as now, was poor, her policy tricky, her officials corrupt, her ruler weak. Napoleon, the greatest conqueror the world ever saw, was at that moment passing over her frontier with more than half a million soldiers, apparently invincible, and should Stein engage himself actively against Napoleon in Russia, a French triumph would bring him to the scaffold, or at least to exile in Asia. How Napoleon treated those who troubled him—whom he affected to despise—was seen in the orders for drumhead court-martial, which were now sent more frequently than ever to his agents throughout Germany; how he would certainly have treated Stein could he have laid hands upon him is seen in the Emperor's letters to his minister, Champagny.

But with Stein this weighed nothing. He immediately joined Alexander at his headquarters, and the Emperor at once tendered him high position in the administration of finance or of public instruction. But all this Stein declined, declaring frankly that his main purpose was to act in the interest of Germany. His mission as regarded Russia was to keep up the courage of the Russian Emperor; his special effort as regarded Germany was to arouse her to arms, so as to cut off Napoleon's army from France. Stein took the lead in this effort, corresponded more actively than ever with German patriots in every part of Europe, spurred or curbed patriotism, as there was need, answered sophists, summoned Arndt to his side and inspired him to

write those calls to patriotism which stirred the hearts of the whole German people.

Yet still, throughout Germany, a large party at the various courts, though they dreaded Napoleon much, hated Stein more. His appeals to the people still seemed to these so-called conservatives revolutionary. Their necessary result was an infusion of life and thought into the people which might first, indeed, be directed against the new French oppressor, but which would afterward, probably, be directed against their old German oppressors. Foremost in holding these views was the old Emperor of Austria, and his most trusted minister, Metternich.

In Russia the opposition to Stein was of another sort, but hardly less serious. Napoleon's successes had spread terror through the court. The awful sacrifices of Russian soldiers during the French invasion, which were hardly less than those of Napoleon's own troops, filled the leading Russian families with dismay. The steady march of the French, winning battle after battle, and finally entering Moscow, gave the party of peace at any price most cogent arguments; led by the Dowager Empress and others of the imperial household, this party became clamorous. Napoleon, foreseeing his own danger, and knowing Alexander's wavering character, sent him the most seductive messages and used the most enticing arguments; again he held out the lure of a virtual division of the civilized world between the two Emperors.

Against all this pressure Stein stood firm, and, more than any other, kept Alexander firm. His statesmanlike eye saw Napoleon's real position, and he made the Russian Emperor see it; he roused the courage of the Russian patriots, and chilled the ardor of the sympathizers with France. But, important as it was to leave no stone unturned against the enemies of his country, at court he was still the sturdy baron of the old German Empire — utterly refusing

to become a mere courtier. Such frankness, straightforwardness, and fearlessness as his has never been seen in Russia, before or since. On one occasion the Empress Dowager, the mother of Alexander, received a lesson from him, in the presence of the court, which to this day remains one of the wonders of Russian history. After the battle of Borodino, the Empress, in a temporary fit of enthusiasm, cried out, in Stein's presence, "If now a single French soldier shall escape from the German borders, I shall be ashamed to confess myself of German descent." The court chroniclers tell us that Stein immediately became red and white by turns, marched up to the Empress, stood firmly before her, and said, in the hearing of all present, "Your Majesty is most unjust to speak in this manner of so great, so true, so bold a people as that to which you have the good fortune to belong by birth. You should have said, 'I am ashamed, not of the German people, but of my own brothers and cousins, the German princes. Had they done their duty, never had a Frenchman come over the Elbe, Oder or Vistula.'" Any one acquainted at all with the Byzantine submission exacted at the Russian Court can understand the consternation spread by these plain words; but, fortunately, the Empress, having something left of her better German ideas and training, answered, "Sir Baron, you are perhaps right. I thank you for the lesson."

The whole conduct of Stein at this period, and indeed, throughout all the last years of his official life, was due not merely to his hatred for the oppressor of his country, but to a deep faith that Napoleon's career was a challenge to the Almighty, and that therefore it could not continue. Stein noted well the sacrifices which Napoleon, without fear or remorse, had demanded of the nation which worshiped him. The number of his subjects who during his reign had laid down their lives to exalt him was something over two millions. This devotion

meant the annihilation, during every year that the empire continued, of nearly two hundred thousand lives, and these the most vigorous and promising lives which France could offer. This, Stein saw, could not last; and he had a deep conviction that even if it could last it was so monstrous a crime against the Divine Majesty that it must surely be punished.¹

There can be no doubt that to Stein, more than to any other human being, it is due that, after the burning of Moscow, Alexander refused to enter into any further negotiations with Napoleon; and this refusal it was that brought Napoleon to ruin. The conqueror relied on the pliancy of Alexander, as he had seen him at Tilsit and elsewhere, but he had not reckoned on the firmness inspired by the greatest of German patriots.²

Now came the great question of questions, What shall Russia do? It was the supreme moment — the time of all times. The advice of the elegant diplomatists about the Czar, headed by his Imperial Chancellor, was that she should patch up a peace, curry favor with Napoleon, and thus secure large additions of territory at the expense of Prussia and Turkey. The danger of

Germany was imminent; the danger of the renewal of that old alliance of the French Emperor and the Russian Czar at Tilsit, made more effective than ever to plunder the German people and to blot out German nationality — in fact, to make Prussia a second Poland. Stein, more than any other man, averted this danger; drove the leading intriguers out of the Emperor's councils; filled his imagination with the idea of becoming, not a robber of Germany, but the savior of Europe. Since Richelieu made the weakling Louis XIII a champion of French unity and a leader against Austrian tyranny in Europe, never until now had a statesman exhibited such power to turn a great sovereign to his own noble purposes. Events conspired to aid him. Stein's worst enemy in Prussia, General Yorck, who, with a Prussian auxiliary army, had been dragged by Napoleon into Russia, took advantage of the Moscow catastrophe; and, in spite of the King's loudly proclaimed disapproval, turned against Napoleon, risked his life for high treason, and, for a time, bade defiance to the nominal orders of his own sovereign, Frederick William III.

Stein was no less bold than Yorck. The Russians having conquered that large region centring at Königsberg, all so dear to Prussia, Stein took a commission to go, virtually as a Russian viceroy, into those Prussian frontier provinces; ruled them, raised them, in defiance of their Prussian sovereign, against Napoleon, who was that sovereign's nominal ally; and worse than this, committed the unpardonable sin in the Prussia of that time by calling together without orders, or even the permission of the Prussian King, a parliament which should make provision for war against the French oppressor.

This was a crowning audacity. King Frederick William and his bureaucrats, though they profited by it, never forgot it. Stein received honors afterward from Prussia, but was never recalled into the Prussian service. To Frederick William

¹ For other striking examples of Stein's boldness of speech before the mighty of the earth, see Pertz, vol. iv, pp. 152, 153. For the reckoning of French lives lost under the Napoleonic Empire, see a careful statement in Alison: *History of Europe*.

² It seems to me clear that Professor Seeley, admirable as is his *Life of Stein*, wrote under academic limitations which prevented full appreciation of Stein's influence at this crisis. His argument that "public opinion" kept the Emperor Alexander up to the required pitch of firmness must seem to one acquainted with official life in Russia utterly inadequate. Two official residences in Russia during trying times have shown me that "public opinion" in that country, down to the present moment, has always been the opinion of the Czar, if he is man enough to have an opinion; and if he is not, "public opinion" is the feeling of some exceptionally strong man or clique. At the period now referred to, Stein was by far the strongest man in Alexander's councils.

he seemed the most dangerous of Germans. To Napoleon, he was certainly the most dangerous; for never, even at the climax of his power, did the Emperor omit a chance to cast a slur upon him, to express his hatred of him, to call him a Jacobin reformer, as dangerous to Hapsburgs and Hohenzollerns as the French Jacobins had been to the Bourbons.

So it came that, while the German monarchs, their ministers, and their favorites, were obliged to avail themselves of Stein's vast abilities as an organizer, they never forgave his appeals to the German people and his efforts to uplift them. Even during the days after the King and his greatest statesman were once more nominally united, his Majesty of Prussia took pains not to invite Stein to dinner; and when the old statesman lay in the attic of a hotel at Breslau, apparently at the point of death from fever, did not even take the pains to inquire after his health, or even to send him a kindly message.

The first struggles of Prussia and Russia against Napoleon after the Moscow collapse resulted doubtfully. Austria and Saxony stood aloof, doing everything possible to bargain with Napoleon at the expense of Prussia. The most amazing offers were made him by Austria and her allies, if he would give up his idea of reestablishing the empire of Charlemagne. At the Treaty of Reichenbach, Austria, in concert with Russia, and, indeed, Prussia, offered to leave him at the head of an empire greater than any other in Europe by far, — an empire comprising France, Italy, Belgium, Holland, German kingdoms and principalities on the Rhine, and much beside. But Napoleon refused, and now not only Russia and Prussia, but Austria, turned against him, Great Britain aiding them most effectively. The world was weary of Napoleon's tyranny, and in 1813 all Germany rose in alliance with the three great military monarchies on the continent outside of France. Stein and those

who wrought with him had created a German people; Scharnhorst had given it a military training; Arndt, Schleiermacher, Fichte, Jahn, and hundreds of others, nay, thousands of others, had inspired it with a determination to conquer or die. Napoleon, having refused the very moderate terms of Austria, and having invaded Germany with a new army, was at first successful, but this renewed Germany pressed on against him. "The battle of the nations" was fought at Leipsic, and he was driven backward.

To unite Europe for this effort, Stein had to make a great sacrifice. He had urged on Germany a levy *en masse*; but the Austrian government would not listen to him. For there was still dominant the old fear that the people, once called to rise against the French Emperor, might learn its strength and rise again later, against the Austrian Emperor; therefore it was that Stein's counsels, just at the moment when they were most valuable, were set aside, and he was obliged to see the lead given to creatures like Metternich.

But while the allies would allow him no place where his counsels would be heard, they were forced to give him a more important place in administration than any other minister had ever held in Europe. They created a great central commission to administer the provinces of Germany, outside of Prussia and Austria, and to restore order and good government in them just as fast as they were retaken from Napoleon. At the head of this commission they placed Stein. His administrative work now became colossal; he was even nicknamed "the German Emperor;" indeed, there were those who seriously proposed to restore the old German Empire and place him permanently at its head. He was called upon, not only to govern Central Europe and France as they were reconquered, but to reorganize all this territory: to divide it into manageable provinces; to appoint its rulers and counselors; to draw from it supplies of money and troops for the

allies; and among ten thousand other things, to care for those wounded in the struggles which now ensued, of whom thirty-four thousand were left on his hands after the battle of Leipsic alone.

Reigning princes waited in his ante-chamber, but the sturdy old baron treated them with scant courtesy. He could never conceal his contempt for most of them, and as a rule, his treatment of them was much like that which Bismarck gave their successors fifty years later at Versailles. The German princelings of Stein's time had mainly preferred luxury to honor; had shown themselves ready to serve Napoleon or the allies, as might be for their immediate comfort or advantage. Stein's manly dignity permeated his whole thinking, in simple things as well as in great. A territorial magnate, ranking next to royalty, the Grand Duke of Weimar, attempting to make a filthy joke in a company where the great minister was present, Stein rebuked him with severity and directness. All present were appalled at his boldness, but his "High Transparency" of Weimar was thereby forced to change his style. On another occasion a lofty personage, whom Stein had caused to be thrown into prison on account of fraud in dealings with the government, having obtained a pardon of the King and come to him, Stein drove him forth from the house with his uplifted stick. At a dinner in Berlin, a great noble whose name was soiled with scoundrelism being announced, Stein, in spite of all remonstrance, left the house, declaring that he would never sit under the same roof with such a creature.

Outside of Austria and Prussia, his nickname of "Emperor" was, during that period, the expression of a reality. New dangers arose. Napoleon's heir was the Austrian Emperor's grandson, and at various times Austria showed a willingness to preserve Napoleon's sway in France, restricting him within her natural boundaries, which were then

supposed to reach to the Rhine; but Stein's influence, absent though he was from the central council which seemed to control policies in those days, constantly kept the Emperor Alexander firm against all this, and when Paris was at last taken by the allies, it is not too much to say that no other man had done more to promote this result. Yet no great man at that period was mentioned so little. Europe resounded with the names of the three monarchs, of Metternich, and of Talleyrand, but this sturdy old statesman, infinitely higher in character and in service than any other, was hardly ever heard of.

Afterward, indeed, as thinking men and impartial historians reflected upon the events of that great period, justice began to be done him. Well does one of the greatest of modern jurists declare, in words carefully weighed, that "the heroic determination in 1812 and '13 to bring a victorious Russian Army from the frontier and to unite it with the unchained might of the German people, to push it, with the rejuvenated Prussian Army, toward the West, and by these and the allied armies to drive Napoleon from position to position and out of Germany, was the work of a genius. For history it is no longer a secret that the genius which brought this expedition of Alexander from the boundaries of Siberia to the hill of Montmartre was the genius of Baron vom Stein. Thereby he reached the summit of his historical mission."¹

At the Vienna Congress, which followed the abdication of Napoleon, Stein exerted himself for German unity and a proper position for Prussia, and of course, was opposed by Metternich, Talleyrand, and all statesmen of their sort. At Napoleon's return from Elba, Stein's voice was potent among those who put him under the ban, and, at last, ended his career. During the whole Vienna Congress Stein labored on as best he might for a substantial German unity

¹ See Gneist: *Die Denkschriften des Freiherrn vom Stein*.

resting upon a constitution; he would have restored the German Empire, would have introduced deliberative assemblies, and would have brought into them the germs of something very different from the old "Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation," which had, indeed, come to naught before Napoleon had given its quietus. But Metternich was too firmly seated, and the influence of Austria on the petty interest of the lesser German princelings was irresistible. The Federation was created, which dragged on through years of humiliating politics, until it was ended by Bismarck. Stein also tried to have Alsace-Lorraine restored to Germany, but in this too he failed, and it was reserved for Bismarck to realize his idea, at the cost of myriads of precious German lives, half a century later.

French tyranny having at last been driven from Germany, Stein was no longer listened to, and retired from politics, — regretting the great work left undone, but happy in the great work accomplished; seeing clearly that serious evils were to follow from the reaction, but with a calm faith that better counsels would finally prevail. To the end of his life, he continued to maintain that same independence and fearlessness which led Scharnhorst to say that Stein and Blücher were the only two men he had ever met who feared no human being. One high position was indeed offered him by Prussia, — that of its delegate to the Frankfort Diet. But his strong good sense forbade him to accept it. He saw that with reactionary forces then dominant, and especially in view of Austrian jealousy of Prussia, no further progress was at that time to be made. Instructive is it to reflect that in this position, which Stein refused, Bismarck first gave to the world an earnest of the powers by which, finally, he was to acquire for a new German Empire those provinces of Alsace and Lorraine which Stein had sought to restore to the old Empire.

Another tribute to the old statesman

seems strange indeed. It was perhaps the greatest of all testimonies to his character and ability, for it was nothing less than an offer of the presidency of the German Diet at Frankfort, and of all men in the world, it came from the man who had been his most troublesome German enemy, — Metternich. Needless to say that Stein declined it, as he declined various other honors coming from sources which he distrusted.¹

To the end of his days he remained the same determined hater of all whom he thought evil or unpatriotic, the constant friend of all whom he considered true and intelligent lovers of the country. His old house near the ruins of his ancestral castle still stands, and its most interesting feature is the tower which he attached to it as a monument to the great triumph of right and justice in which he had aided, and as a receptacle for the portraits and other memorials of men who had stood by him in the great war for German freedom.

Two houses has the present writer visited which have revealed to him what a true patriot, cherishing justice and right reason, may accomplish even when apparently deprived of all power. The first of these is this old house of Stein at Nassau. From it, in his latter days, went forth his letters to Von Gagern and others who were leading in the struggle for right reason in Germany. The other is the house at Monticello from which Thomas Jefferson, during the long years after he had laid down official power, sent forth his letters to James Madison and others, which did so much for right reason in the United States.

There was much to stimulate these final efforts of Stein. King Frederick William III of Prussia, in his time of trouble, had given a solemn promise to establish a constitutional government; but, when

¹ For Metternich's offer, see Seeley, vol. ii, pp. 409, 410, where will be found also a most curious letter from Metternich to Von Gagern written after Stein's death, and containing a remarkable tribute to him.

peace and prosperity returned, reaction set in, and the royal advisers, entangling him in sophisms, led him virtually to break his word. Against this line of action Stein wrote constantly and earnestly. The assassination of Kotzebue by Sand aided reaction, as assassinations generally do; but Stein remained moderate and liberal, still urging a constitution and representation for Prussia, with a beginning, at least, of free institutions in Germany. He was not, indeed, a liberal in the modern sense. The constitution which he then urged would have been monarchic and aristocratic; but embedded in it would have been provision for a large representation of the people, and in this would have been germs sure to develop into a far broader system of self-government. He was no "fool reformer." He knew how to estimate the facts and possibilities about him. He did not expect fruit on the day the tree was planted; enough for him to plant a good tree — sure to grow.

It became clear to him that his counsels were, during his time, not to be followed, and he returned in his last years mainly to historical studies. But he found important sources inaccessible, and so came into his mind the idea of establishing a society to care for the German archives, to rescue and preserve the more precious documents of German history from oblivion, and to publish them. Thus was begun the publication of the greatest historical work which any nation has ever undertaken, the *Monumenta Germaniæ*; to this he subscribed a sum very large in proportion to his modest fortune, and from 1819 to the present hour this great work has been continued in furtherance not only of scholarly research, but of German patriotism.¹

Although he had resigned all hopes of leadership in German or Prussian counsels, and indeed all wish for leadership,

in view of the limitations imposed by men then dominant, he was, from time to time, called upon to make important reports and to give weighty counsels; and in one of these, to the Crown Prince, afterward King Frederick William IV of Prussia, the old statesman made an admirable argument for provincial institutions and administration, as opposed to a centralized bureaucracy. Even in his modest dwelling, so remote from temporarily great men and courtiers, he never ceased to serve his country, and in his last years he took a useful part in the deliberations of the states of Westphalia.

His religion was simple and manly. As his greatest English biographer remarks, "There is no cowering, no terror, no fear of the future. Everything that relates to the saving of the soul is absent." He was a sincere Christian and took it for granted that if his soul was worth saving it would be saved. On the 29th of June, 1831, he died, — died as he had lived, a great, true, Christian man; not what is usually called a philanthropist, not a partisan, not the bannerbearer of any momentary outburst of sentiment, but a clear-headed, strong-hearted laborer for right and justice as the foundations of national greatness.

As a legacy to the German people, and indeed, to mankind, he left the record of his labors; but perhaps even more effective than this record, the remembrance of his character. Perhaps in no human being save our own Washington has the value of *character* as a great force not to be described, but to be felt, been proved so quietly yet so evidently. The same great jurist who in carefully measured terms has shown us that to Stein, more than to any other German, and indeed, more than to any other man, was due the final removal of the Napoleonic incubus from Europe, speaks of Stein as follows: "His greatest service in the reform of the administration was derived from his high character and his morally clean, unselfish, experienced and forceful convictions. This carried his measures against the op-

¹ For a full and interesting statement of the work upon *Monumenta Germaniæ* in training eminent German historians, see Paulsen: *Die Deutschen Universitäten*, pp. 69, 70.

position of the provincial nobility and the great body of courtiers. Even Frederick William III had accepted Stein's ideas before Jena, but his adhesion to these ideas, when they were carried out, was due to his trust in Stein, a trust which Hardenberg could not arouse."¹

No less due to his great character was the confidence which led the autocrat of all the Russias to confide in him against all the power and all the temptations of Napoleon, and which caused the leaders of Europe, even though distrusting Stein's belief in popular rights, to unite against the universal tyrant. More than to any other, the ideas which began the new Germany were due to this quiet, strong, faithful, persistent, self-respecting statesman, and they were due to him by virtue of one of the noblest characters which human annals can show.

The old statesman was buried near the rock from which he had taken his name. Over his grave was written an epitaph as follows:—

HEINRICH FRIEDRICH KARL IMPE-
RIAL BARON VOM UND ZUM STEIN,

born October 27th, 1757,

died June 29th, 1831,

lies here;

The last of his knightly race which had ruled
on the Lahn for seven hundred years;

Humble before God, high-hearted before men,
an enemy of untruth and of injustice,
highly gifted in truth and honor,
unshaken in proscription and exile,
the yielding Fatherland's unyielding son,
in battle and in victory a soldier for German
freedom.

"I have a desire to depart
and to be with Christ."²

Some forty years later, at that old rock, in the presence of leading statesmen, thinkers, historians, and poets of Germany, and among them the King of Prussia, who, now that Stein's main ideas had at last done their work, had become the emperor of a united Ger-

many, there was unveiled a statue of the great statesman; and upon its base was the old well-known play upon his name which had long before been a popular saying: "*Des guten Grundstein, des Bösen Eckstein, der deutschen Edelstein.*" (A cornerstone of goodness, a stumbling stone for evil, and a precious stone to Germany.)

Suitable honor was also done him, at last, in the capital of the Prussian monarchy, destined to become the metropolis of the German Empire. In front of the palace of the Prussian legislature stands, in bronze, a noble monument by perhaps the greatest of modern German sculptors. It represents Stein at his best, — firm, foursquare to all the winds that blow. About him stand colossal statues typifying the virtues which he summoned to the uplifting of his country, and about the base are sculptured a series of the greatest scenes in his life, by which he wrought so powerfully to save Prussia, Germany, and European civilization.

Nor was this all. These two monuments had been erected under the two sons of Frederick William III, Frederick William IV and William I; but it was reserved to the great-grandson of the ungrateful sovereign to erect a final memorial. For, in these later days, the present Prussian King and German Emperor, William II, having given to the city of Berlin the long line of statues on either side of the Avenue of Victory, representing the succession of princes, — thirty-three in all, — who have ruled Prussia during nearly a thousand years, each of these sovereigns having on either side colossal busts in marble of the men who did most to strengthen his reign, he has placed beside the statue representing Frederick William III the bust of the great statesman — to whom that King owed so much and gave so little.

But, better than monuments of marble and bronze, better than eulogies which the foremost German orators have been proud to deliver, is the monument which will ever stand in the heart, and the eulogy

¹ See Gneist, as above, page 16.

² For the translation given by Seeley, the present writer has substituted one taken down on the spot, which seems in some particulars more exact.

which will forever rise to the lips of every thoughtful German whenever the name of Stein shall be spoken. He was the second, in point of time, of the three great German statesmen since the Reformation.

The first of these was Thomasius, mainly a publicist, between whom and the other two it is impossible to make any comparisons, his work being in fields and by methods so utterly different from theirs. As to a comparison between the latter two, the world at large will doubtless award the first place to Bismarck. His work was on the whole more amazing and his triumph more impressive; but, on the other hand, it must be said that Bismarck had at his command forces which, in the freedom war against Napoleon, were wanting to Prussia, and among these a sovereign, William I, standing firmly by him from first to last, despite all intrigues and opposition, Moltke, the greatest soldier since Napoleon, Roon, the greatest of army organizers, an immense army in the most perfect condition, and finally, an uprising of German feeling fully equal to that which Stein had done so much to arouse against the Napoleonic tyranny.

But against the vast and impressive victories of Bismarck should be arrayed the fact that Stein's work was really more profound, more varied, more devoted to all sorts and conditions of men. In Bismarck's work, while there is at times a foresight and force almost preternatural, there is nothing which shows such depth of philosophic insight into the very heart of modern politics as Stein's idea of creating self-respecting men out of downtrodden serfs, self-respecting citizens out of despised burghers, and a vast nation endowed with parliamentary institutions. In this respect Stein is the superior of Bismarck; the only Europeans who have equaled him in this depth of thought and breadth of vision as regards the foundations of

modern society are Turgot and Cavour.

Moreover the characters of the two great modern Germans present striking differences. Both could be irritable, and even overbearing, on occasion; both could be humorous, witty, and even fascinating; but as regards straightforwardness, directness, and respect for popular rights, Bismarck is not to be compared with Stein. Nor is there anything which shows in Bismarck such wonderful powers of administration as that which Stein exercised when, in the rear of the great combined armies of the allies, he organized the territories as they were gained, first in Germany, and then throughout France, raising troops, raising money, caring for the wounded, settling vexed questions between territorial rulers, and proving himself to rank, in administration, with Cæsar and Napoleon. It must also be confessed with some regret that the final years of Bismarck were infinitely less worthy of a great man than were those of Stein. Quietly settled upon his ancestral estate on the river Lahn, doing everything possible to promote the better development of Prussia and Germany, accepting neglect without complaint, Stein seems, it must be confessed, infinitely more dignified than Bismarck, who displayed, after his retirement, defects of his vast qualities over which those who admire him most will most gladly draw a veil.

While then, Bismarck, by the extent of his work, by its variety, by the evident result of it in the creation of the new German Empire, and by its boldly dramatic character, will always be exalted in the popular mind as the greater statesman, no thinking man who has studied closely the decline and rise of Germany during the nineteenth century can fail to award to Stein a place close beside him, equal as regards services to German nationality, superior as regards services to humanity.

(The End.)

TROLLEY-CAR ORNITHOLOGY

BY ESTELLE M. HART

IF one may profitably study botany from a car-window, a fact which was set forth in an entertaining and widely-read article in the *Atlantic*, not many months ago, it has also been proved to the satisfaction of the present writer, that at least enough of ornithology may be studied, while whizzing through the country on a trolley-car, to add materially to one's enjoyment — if he be ornithologically inclined — and at least something to his fund of knowledge.

In the note-book in which for several years I have kept a record of the birds seen each month, I find over thirty varieties recorded under the heading, "Seen from the N. and H. Trolley."

The particular trolley-road referred to is in central Connecticut, and the particular portion over which I oftenest travel, and from which my notes were taken, is a stretch of track extending a distance of ten miles, from one town to another.

The road runs partly on public highways, but for much of the distance out across the fields, and at one point through a bit of woodland.

It is a delightful little journey to take, on which one may get a succession of pleasant views, of wide meadows, of fine old trees standing out in groups here and there, or in dignified procession following the lines of distant roads, with glimpses of villages and scattered houses, and, far away, outlines of blue hills against the sky; but it is a route offering no especial advantages to the ornithologist.

There is no water in sight, though there is a swamp of small extent. We cut across the corner of an old orchard, there are places where for some distance the track is bordered by low bushes, there are the fields, and the little stretch of woodland, still mercifully preserved from the clutches of the real-estate agent, but, all

things considered, one might reasonably expect to see as great a number of birds on almost any suburban trolley-route, as on this.

Try noting the birds on your ordinary routes, you trolley-riders, if you have n't already, and see if you are not surprised at the variety of bird-life that will come so easily to your attention, and at the interest the observation of it will bring to you. Just to recognize the birds is a pleasure, and more of their habits can be noted from a rushing trolley-car than one would at first thought deem possible.

I never could decide with certainty, in the days of my youth, when a piece of frosted cake stood for a blissful experience, whether to "keep the best till the last" or to eat my frosting first, while my appetite was at its keenest. I am inclined to think that I found the latter principle the more satisfactory one to work on, as a rule, and so now, in offering my tempting list of birds seen from the trolley, to those who care to read about them, I find myself inclined to begin with the rarest one that I have noted.

It was late in the afternoon of January 24, 1904, — a cold, gray day, — that, as we entered the woods, a flash of black and white and bright yellow suddenly caught my eye, and there flew along beside us, for a distance of eight or ten rods, a bird that filled my soul with amazement and delight.

I had never seen one at all like him, and I could scarcely believe my eyes. I got a good look at him. He was about the length of a bluebird, the upper parts dark with olive tints, the wings and tail bright black, the former showing a broad band of pure white and probably other lesser bands. The clear yellow color was underneath, and there were touches about the shoulders also.

I could hardly wait to get home to look him up in my bird books. I was n't sure in what group to try to place him, he was so entirely foreign to my imagination, but recalling his shape, I steered for the finch family, and there, among the grosbeaks, I found him clearly described — the evening grosbeak, a "bird of central North America from Manitoba northward," the records said, and one that had never but once appeared as far south and east as Massachusetts, and that in the winter of 1889-90.

True, it was marvelous that I should have seen such a rare visitant here in Connecticut, but I knew I could n't be mistaken, and, within a week, I was rewarded for my credulity by reading in a local paper that several evening grosbeaks had recently been seen in a neighboring town, for the first time on record. It was a very cold winter and they were probably driven out of their usual course by the extreme weather.

That is the only *very* rare bird that I have ever seen on my trolley-trips.

I count it great good fortune, however, when, once in several seasons, I catch a glimpse of brilliant color where a scarlet tanager, perching quietly on the branch of a tree, shows like a frosted leaf amid the green. He is not rare in the general region, but seldom seen near the trolley tracks or the highway.

So, too, I count the times when I see the veery or the hermit thrush. My record, extending over nearly ten years, has their names but two or three times, though they have doubtless been near, flitting softly among the low bushes, where my eyes have n't seen them.

It adds zest to one's observations to think that some shy, rare visitant may at any time be awaiting one's coming.

There are, however, from early spring to late October, a goodly number of birds to be depended upon on every journey.

The crows are always in evidence, summer and winter, and are by no means undecorative as they shine out, glossy black, against a blue sky, or drop to fields

of snow beneath. Meadow larks, too, I have seen in some years, during every month, though I am not sure of them usually in January and February.

In early March I know in just what field the crow blackbirds will be walking about with arrogant steps and creaking like rusty pump-handles, — do they imagine that they are singing? — and that soon, in the bit of swampland, will be seen the red-wings.

The old orchard is a delight to the eyes, from blossom-time till late fall sees the last red globes of fruit disappear from the trees; and the birds appreciate it, too.

Here come the first robins, and among the trees, in early May, heavenly bits of color show where the bluebirds are flitting about; and here, too, as soon as the blossoms come, are gay flashes of orange, where the Baltimore oriole, blithest of bird-visitors, is drinking a merry health to all the world, from the dainty cups of the apple-blossoms.

Orchard orioles, handsome fellows, too, but much less conspicuous in their coats of chestnut and black, I see occasionally, during the season.

Not far away is a great barn, and phœbes fly out from under the eaves, and soon barn swallows may be seen darting in and out of the wide-open doors, and off across the fields. We see many swallows: tree-swallows, by the hundreds, sit in lines on the telegraph wires, facing the wind, their breasts shining white in the sun.

Meadow larks become abundant in April, the white spots on their tails marking them plainly, as they sail off in flocks of half a dozen or so across the meadows. Soon tame little chippies sit on the fence-rails, and song sparrows pour their hearts out in song from low bushes, on sweet May mornings. Vesper sparrows flit ahead of us; they are never quite so sure of our entire friendliness as the song sparrows seem to be. The white quills in their tails distinguish them from their similarly-colored cousins.

Late in May the kingbirds become extremely common, and remain our most

frequent neighbors, excepting perhaps the meadow larks, until early fall. They are sleek, handsome birds, with their glossy backs and the pretty white trimming that edges their tails so neatly. Not infrequently they entertain us for quite a distance by chasing a crow, always a ludicrous performance to watch, the enemies are so unevenly matched in size. As far as I have observed, the little antagonist always comes out ahead, — at least he always keeps on top, — flying just above the crow, and darting down to peck at his enemy's neck or back; but as we usually see him, he looks as if he might be a member of a Peace Conference.

It is always delightful to catch a glimpse of a brown thrasher or a catbird among the thickets, and always tantalizing not to be able to stop to listen for their songs.

Sometimes I see a long brown bird flying stealthily from bush to bush, or perched absolutely motionless among the branches of an apple tree; that is the yellow-billed cuckoo, with his soft coloring of olive-brown on the back, and with the peculiarly lovely white fluffiness of the feathers on the sides and breast.

Occasionally, refined and elegant cedar waxwings come in flocks to a group of evergreens which we pass. Goldfinches bound happily over the fields when seeds are ripening, and an occasional yellow warbler adds a bit of lovely color.

Sometimes, in June, a bobolink flies a race with us, and then there is excitement throughout the car — even people who do not recognize themselves as bird lovers turn a sympathetic eye toward that incarnate spirit of happiness; and we can hear him sing, too, even above all the rattle and whizz and hum of the car itself.

"Don't he sing just like a cherubim?" one enthusiastic woman exclaimed, the last time that a car full of people was treated to an exhibition of his vocal and athletic powers.

I see nothing prettier, throughout the

year, than the indigo birds, which are not at all uncommon and do not seem in the least disturbed by the commotion that we make in passing.

I have in mind a picture quite pretty enough for a valentine (and not at all unsuitable) of a pair of indigo birds sitting close together on the top rail of a fence, in the utmost contentment. Did they know how becoming they were to each other — he in his gleaming, iridescent blue coat and she in her dress of a particularly sunny shade of golden brown? Nature never arranged a prettier combination of colors, I know.

Among the larger birds which I see the flicker is the most common. I have practically learned all of the markings of the flicker from the frequent glimpses I have had of him from the trolley. When he flies off across the fields, the big white patch on his back is very noticeable, and when we pass close by, while he clings to the trunk of a tree in the wood, the scarlet patch on the nape of his neck and the beautiful markings of the wings and tail can easily be seen, and even the golden lining of the wings, when he suddenly takes flight.

I learned to know the sparrow-hawk, too, from the glimpses I caught of him from the trolley. His colorings of russet brown and grayish blue above, with bright touches of black and white, and the creamy buff beneath, are very beautiful.

I see him, usually, sitting upon a bare twig, watching for his prey — probably a harmless grasshopper in the field below.

A flash of steel-blue and a great crested head proclaim the presence of an occasional kingfisher; what he can be expected to find in our waterless region, I always wonder. He is the halcyon-bird of the ancients, and indeed I count it a halcyon day myself when I catch sight of one.

Sometimes there is a flash of blue through the air, and a bold, bright bird, with crest erect, jumps heavily (I know of no other word that expresses his man-

ner of alighting) on a branch of a hemlock tree, and surveys the world with a haughty glance.

Ah, my blue jay, I can't help having a certain admiration for you, in spite of your bad reputation among other birds and bird-fanciers; there is something very fascinating about your dashing, reckless air, and how handsome you are against the dark hemlock green!

I note him oftenest in winter, and then I welcome flocks of juncos, plump little gray fellows, flying merrily about the thickets, and nuthatches, creeping head downwards on the trunks of the orchard trees, and chickadees, looking as if they were blown about the apple-branches, so lightly do they perch and fly.

These, then, are the thirty and more birds that I have noted on this one little trolley-route; and if I transfer, and take an excursion of a few miles in another direction, I may easily add to my list. On this extended route, I may be sure, on almost any morning of early summer, of three varieties of vireos, the yellow-throated, the red-eyed, and the warbling. When we stop in a village street to make connections with another line, we may be pretty certain to hear at least two of these vireos, and possibly all three. The yellow-throated is easiest to see, partly on account of his more pronounced markings. The red-eyed is quite as tame, I think. I know of nothing that will cure a fit of the blues quicker than the cheery philosophy of the yellow-throated vireo's song, persistently repeated, "*Cheer'-up, cheer-red', cheer-up'*"

A little farther along on the same route,

I know a clump of bushes where I can be almost certain of catching a glimpse of a tricky sprite, peering out through a little black mask, and calling, "*Witchery, witchery, witchery*"—the Maryland yellow-throat, that; and in the elms overhead, I am often rewarded for my little excursion aside, by the sight and song of a rose-breasted grosbeak, a bird I have never seen on my regular ten-mile route, though I am fairly certain of him in May and June, on this other road a few miles away.

There is often solace for would-be travelers in such lines as those of Thoreau :

If with fancy unfurled,
You leave your abode,
You may go round the world
By the old Marlboro' road.

So when I read soul-stirring accounts of bird-rambles in distant states, or of bird-songs heard under foreign skies, I cheer myself up, knowing that I may not easily have such experiences myself, with the thought that on a ten-mile trolley ride, starting from my own door, I may be sure of the sight of at least more than a dozen charming feathered friends, on any summer day, and that there is always a chance of adding a rare one to my list.

I never forget that once I *almost* saw a Blackburnian warbler in a bush. That is, I probably really saw him, but it was such a tiny, confusing flash, only the most uncertain impression of black and white and orange, that I did not dare make a note of it in my conscientiously kept record-book; but on any May morning, I may really see that Blackburnian warbler!

THE CASE OF GREEK

BY ALBERT G. KELLER

To a lover of Greek who is not at the same time a professed follower of that branch of learning, the case of Greek is a complex one. Herein he differs from both enemies and partisans, who can settle the case at short notice; for hostility and devotion are alike simple, while the balancing of affection and reason is always hard. A man does not have to know Greek over-much to be its lover or even its partisan; some of the strongest graduate sentiment in its favor comes from men who probably no longer know the alphabet, — a fact which causes no little astonishment to one who is aware that they have left more than one *vade mecum* of this field of intellectual travel to the shelves of the second-hand bookseller. Nor does one require an intimate acquaintance in order to be Greek's enemy. Unintelligent judgment may lead straight-away to either pole. Few of us who are not professional Grecians know very much about Greek; for which reason we fear that if we essay any criticism we shall be speedily reminded of our incompetence from some quarter. But this is not right if we are candid, any more than it is fair to discount the Greek professor's opinion a hundred per cent, on the ground of *parti pris*. Things are pretty nearly balanced off in this matter. No doubt it is irritating to receive criticism from a source little respected; but, on the other hand, if the Greek professor had been less haughty in waving off criticism and critics, and more intent upon seeing the case of Greek in candor and with mind receptive, his cause would get a better hearing. Few of us can recall admissions of error or of insufficiency in the subject-matter or the teaching of the classics. But this attitude is probably passing with the shrinking of a formerly

unquestioned prestige, just as it has been forced to pass among the clergy. At any rate, there is no reason why admittedly ignorant lovers of Greek should not state the case as they see it.

Most of us who are of this persuasion would like to see a change in the way Greek is taught, believing that, if this is possible, there will result, for individuals and for the race, a diffusion of much intellectual treasure which at present stands a chance of being walled up. And we arrive at this conclusion through a retrospect of our own experiences. These differ according as we traverse different walks of life, and each man has his own; but they converge into a general type. The dominant viewpoint of what is to follow is that of one interested in the social sciences; but there is no doubt, to judge from the recollection of a good many informal talks with others, that some generalization is safe.

Probably the case of Greek, which must rest, like all human things, upon its utility in the broad sense, may be most conveniently treated if cultural worth and practical value are arbitrarily set over against each other. Such a distinction is not possible except for purposes of analysis, of course, but it is the more in point because these two aspects are continually confused by both assailants and defenders. The purely practical values of a knowledge of Greek are concrete enough, and the overlapping in our distinction is mainly that of the cultural over the practical; it is asserted not infrequently, for instance, that cultural training acts as a practical advantage, operating as a solvent upon the narrowness of specialization, and making the investigator more of a man. This is unequivocally true; if Greek were the only influence

making toward this end our sons and daughters should learn it at any cost. But this contention may be set aside for the present, except in so far as what there is to say about Greek as a purely cultural influence, affording wealth to the mind and spirit alone, may bear indirectly upon it.

First, then, in the interest of perspective, it must be realized that Greek is not the only cultural influence, nor yet the greatest, as some of the ill-advised of its partisans would, at least by implication, have us believe. Cultural agencies are incommensurable; each is itself and no other. Hence, to assign the palm to any one is to attempt to dictate tastes and inclinations. Music deserves fully as high a place as Greek; and so does art in its several forms. The latter days have contributed something to the world. Sophocles and Euripides, noble as they are, have nothing to replace the richness of Goethe's thought, or indeed the beauty of his poetical execution; Thucydides cannot compete with modern historians. A great many of these ancient things look grander because seen afar and by reason of the almost unconscious taking into account of the setting of their time. They are, relatively to their time, very great indeed, but in considering the equipment of to-day we must deal in to-day's appraisals. The rude stone axe was itself a marvel in its time. Not that the Greeks cannot present that which is of perennial worth and beauty; but there must be discrimination if there is to be truth. In any case it is bootless to compare culture-factors; the only result that emerges from the labor is that all are important, and each in its individual way. All must pass across the stage before him who would be culturally complete. But this, considering the brevity of human life and the feebleness of the human mind, is impossible. The question then arises as to the comparative cost in time and effort required to secure to one's self the maximum of profit possible.

But this consideration too is ideal; no

man's power of selection is so wide. Even Goethe was weak in science and of undeveloped taste in music. The only object of bringing such an aspect to the fore is to show the inaptness of the claim of any one discipline to be supreme. In practice, the choice made must be from the curriculum of some higher institution of instruction; and, narrowing this down to meet our own case, from that of an American college as the typical higher school. Formerly there was no choice except of colleges; and in the time-hallowed trinity of Greek, Latin, and Mathematics was all salvation to be found. That was about all there was to teach. When, now, this was superseded and choice came, it lay first between Greek and the "modern" studies. These were modern languages, first of all. That they are the cultural equals of the Greek is conceived to require no proof. The rest are mainly history and the sciences, or, since the historians confess themselves led to scientific method in order to give any value to their subject, they are the sciences alone. It is mainly against science, as by some natural antipathy, that the classicist of the past has vented his displeasure, and the unhalting advance of all its branches has occasioned some bitter words from classicist as from theologian, that were, to say the least, untimely and, in the interest of dignity, better left unsaid. A goodly portion of these words and prophecies have had to be eaten subsequently, and there have been an uncomfortably large number of pleased onlookers, still smarting from former castigation, who would not turn their eyes away during the repast.

Assuming that French and German literature must be taken together to equal the cultural value of Greek, — and if this be done it must also be borne in mind that you can acquire French and German while you are getting a modicum of Greek, — the two modern languages possess the added advantage of opening to the inquiring mind a vista of opportunities of a cultural nature which Greek

could never afford. For through them one gets access to the present and past thought of practically all modern peoples except his own. This leaves to French and German a *plus* over the ancient languages which is increasingly better realized, and which, unless the world falls upon arid millenniums, can but augment with time. Of this something more will be said further on.

Turning to the sciences, we reach the region *par excellence* of debate.¹ Nothing has been said hitherto of the comparative cultural value of scientific studies and those of Greek, or of literature in general. It has been assumed by some non-scientists that, because science has been turned to so many tasks whose accomplishment has bettered the lot of the race in respect to material things, these studies are utilitarian (in the narrow sense) only. This being the case, they are "banausic." This view any scientist would be drawn to combat, and conceivably he should be allowed to appear, however *ex parte* his arguments might be, in the case of such a general negation of

¹ When a scientist tries to express his opinion regarding the classics, he is not infrequently identified at once as an adherent of the views of Herbert Spencer as set forth in the famous volume on Education. No one who is at all familiar with Spencer, unless it be in a wholly uncritical way, can fail to recognize, together with his astonishing abilities, his equally striking limitations. So that while he may admire and profit greatly by the above-mentioned work, he is careful not to pin his faith to it as an inspired utterance. This polemic was perfectly timely in its day and was called for, if the world was to see values more correctly as time went on: that it overstated the case in favor of the sciences was but natural, facing as it did the entrenched dogmatism of the classicists and metaphysicians. It represented reaction, and was the more vigorous as the inertia of the period was more pronounced. Its real effectiveness, as measured in some degree by the irritation of the objects of its attack, forms no true criterion of its fairness or abiding value. It is a work of historical importance first of all, and is permanently valuable only in its clear and keen statement of some of the perennial problems of all education.

cultural influence. But nobody who is entitled to a hearing believes this latter any more.

There are narrow specialists in the sciences, as in the classics, but taking several of the sciences together, if objection be made to any single one,—say, geology, astronomy, biology,—the sum of culture, whatever meaning short of the most restricted be given that term, which they vouchsafe, is not small. It helps a man little, as he walks the fields knowing nothing of the lower organisms and of their life, or as he watches the stars merely surmising their identity and movement, to stay his inquiring mind by recalling Alcibiades, or Medea, or Nausicaa, or even Prometheus. He may wonder at the stately beauty or the graceful charm of uncounted passages in the Greek, and that broadens his nature and expels at least for a time the commonplace,—*das Schaudern ist der Menschheit bester Theil*,—but he marvels no less, if he be but partially instructed, and no less to the refinement of his spirit, at the stately beauty or the graceful charm of Nature's ways. No one thing is alone cultural and broadening, though it is genially so hailed by thorough and devoted love.

Thus far the argument has striven to uphold the rights of other disciplines than Greek to the title of culture-agents. It would seem foolish to discuss the claim of Greek to superiority were it not so often uttered or implied. But there are also those who, with equal self-absorption and narrowness, or hostility, deny to Greek any claim to a high place in the temple of learning. Our argument is as little disposed to admit detraction as exaltation; and there are, besides, reasons a-plenty why, if unimportance is to be assigned to any subject, it should not be Greek. Those who assert its inferiority are seldom competent to pass judgment, and if they are, they will often be found to have confused the issue by fixing attention upon the comparative cost of the acquisition of Greek—a question which is

theoretically beside the point, and to which we shall presently come.

As has been remarked, one does not have to know very much Greek to become a lover of Greek. Probably those of us who are half instructed, and think we get a great pleasure from the little to which we have access, can form no real conception of the experiences of one who can really "read Greek," of his profit from that language and its literary riches. But we have our good reason for asserting its cultural influence even in diluted form. Greek literature is certainly what the college vernacular would call "the real thing." If a man can no more than read Homer, and that with assiduous plying of the lexicon, he can draw on riches of a unique type. Matthew Arnold has attempted to show wherein the charm of Homer lies; he catches what he can of the indefinable impression, as of the childhood of the world. And let Keats say how deeply, even through a medium not too faithful, the antique bard impressed himself upon the modern unschooled poet. Similarly with Æschylus and the younger tragedians, with Theocritus, Pindar, Sappho, Anacreon: to each his charm, peculiar to himself. And if we were to desert the absolute criterion and name those famous in their own day only, or who have exerted powerful influence upon subsequent thought without being of present importance except historically, many more would join the roll. It is here intended, however, to confine attention to those whose qualities cannot be reproduced in another tongue, those to know whom one must read their language at least fairly well. The painstaking collegian can get a taste of all the best of the Greeks if he manages well and makes considerable sacrifices elsewhere in his preparation; whether he will do this latter, or ought to be asked to do it, is a separate question.

There is no diversity of opinion among those competent to have one as to the high cultural value of the Greek. To deny it is on a par with denying the high

cultural value of conversance with the theory of Darwinian evolution. But a *verneinender Geist* is not always purely malicious, nor entirely bereft of reason for his cynical remarks. Sometimes the doubt invades the mind of even the lover of Greek, as to whether his valuation is not too high, being influenced by considerations that apply to that which is in a foreign language, and further in a foreign "dead" language. Is it all that it seems? How much of the charm is subjective? This matter is susceptible of a rather detailed development, and perhaps psychologic analysis, and certainly deserves a word here.

One often notices that when a college student has got his modern language through the eye mainly, or alone,—and this is the way he usually does it,—the foreign terms do not summon actual concrete objects directly before his mind. They are held in temporary suspension in the brain while they are being correlated, through the native terms, with those objects. *Cheval*, for example, means *h-o-r-s-e*, not a quadruped with equine characteristics, except by a sort of time-taking secondary intension. As one comes to associate the terms more directly with that for which they stand, supposedly the interval of recognition is shortened; but where the foreign language is not intimately known and colloquially used, it is doubtful if there does not linger some unreality about the translated terms. The thing itself is seen through a sort of prismatic medium; its exact form and location are distorted and displaced, and outlines are nebulous and with a color-fringe. There is a flashing interval for idealization. Homely terms and ideas lose their humdrum quality.

And the more remote the foreign language is from one's own, and the more diverse of type the life to which its terms refer, so much the greater chance for idealization; so much the greater necessity for it, and so much the greater failure of apprehension if it be absent. In the mediæval tales the glamour of romance

blinds the eye to much that is sordid and mean; one simply does not see it. And if this is true of mediæval things, says the objector, how much more so of ancient ones as approached through "dead" languages. There is a good deal of force in this observation.

How many, even of Greek scholars, habitually think of the thing, the object, when they read? Certainly they do not teach one the art of so doing. Some objects they cannot visualize except through a mental process of some complexity, entailing suspension of the term for a considerable time. As an instance in point, take a term like *chiton*: inasmuch as there is nothing in the English language corresponding to that word, because there is no similar object in English dress, the mind must recall vase-paintings, illustrations, or the like, and could never in that way arrive at so crass a concept as, for instance, *shirt*. How much more poetic is *tunic* or some other term of equal unhomeliness! Now, says the objector, you Greek enthusiasts idealize the other things just the way you do the clothing. You deal in girdles and clasps, not belts and pins. You see a value and beauty that are in your own eyes. Such a point is worth notice because there is a truth behind it; one might labor it, especially in its general bearing, but it is not, for our present purpose, necessary.

There is an answer to this challenge right at hand, and perfectly apt when one is discussing the cultural value of Greek, and that is: What of it? The flavor of old wine is not the less delicious because age has brought to it what it did not have at first, and what the vintner could not give. Our values are now-values. If a homely term may attain, by traversing the alembic of a thousand or two of years, a greater attenuation and more delicate content, let it be so; too few of human affairs fall out that way.

But yet let us render full justice to our apparently captious critic. The enthusiast's tendency is to assign the Greeks a

life too high and ethereal for his own world, and there are reckless devotees whose ravages in the reputation of classical studies are deplorable. (A sociologist is familiar with the type.) They tell the man of science, with ecstatic mien and moistened orb, that the Greeks had nothing to learn in his field, they make a blanket-claim for Hellenic anticipation of the ages' progress, they rave over Greek preëminence in architecture and art, in gymnastics of body and mind, in loftiness of life and soul, and so on, to cause the discreet to grieve. These *vates* are often old enough to know better. A good book and a portly might be written on what the Greeks did not know of the macrocosm and microcosm, but have been credited with knowing.

Where the collegian, the later cynic, gets his views is, first of all, in the classroom, and especially during the early years of his Greek study. He is there fulsomely introduced to certain stock fetiches and caused to bow before them. The tutor, he thinks, must know better than he: that passage in Cicero is wisdom, not pedantry; this one is the characteristic self-assurance of the great man, not pitiful self-conceit. The classic writers are never crude of grammar; if it seems that they are, or that their style is hopelessly and irrationally involved, a good and sufficient reason may be found in the list of exceptions under Rule 324, or under the piquant and admirable style-variations, *hysteron-proteron*, and so on, in articles so-and-so of the grammar. The ancient writers are too often mere examples or illustrations of that grammar. If an English author's sentences should back limply into the arena as some of those of Thucydides do, if he left clauses hanging hopelessly in air, where is the editor who would tolerate him?

All this the uncritical mind of youth may sense, but only inchoately; the reflective graduate sees it and feels that he has been duped. This persuasion, held in however slight a degree, colors his whole purview of the classics. It is a great and

prime error to teach even the masterpieces uncritically and from the lowly attitude of genuflection. Even Homer nods; the ancients admitted it; and if the moderns wish to outdo mediæval scholasticism in abjectness before authority, it is at a cost. The most enthusiastic lover of Shakespeare regrets certain passages, and wishes that there were no clock in *Julius Cæsar*; the staunch admirer of Wordsworth balks at "the very pulse of the machine." Uncritical adulation of the ancients cannot endure such contrasts in the next classroom.

All this obscures and minimizes the real cultural value of the Greek and lends justification to the scoffer. In general, Greek teaching does not succeed in developing the cultural content of its subject, for it fixes attention upon a few traditional aspects, and whiles away upon the means attention, patience, and effort that should be expended upon appropriating the ends.

But avoiding any further discussion of the absolute or relative worth for culture of any one discipline or group of disciplines, reflection would now be invited upon the topic of the comparative cost of Greek as compared with other agencies for cultivating the mind. And here is the vital, and also reasonable, objection to Greek as now taught. It underlies all that has here been said or will be, and, in a sense, renders all discussion mere *Spielerei*. The language simply is not acquired by any percentage of college graduates worth mentioning. If the lower half of every class were to be excluded from count, yet the vanishing proportion hardly emerges into sight; and if, then, in fairness, those also are excluded who have been making a profession of the Greek, the percentage of graduates who can use the language, even humbly and on a few easy authors, is reduced practically to nil. And yet a respectable part of four to seven years has been spent for such halting results. This is an ominous arraignment and a crushing charge, but it cannot be gainsaid. Postponing its

further consideration for a later place, it is sufficient here to call attention to the high relative cost involved in the pursuit of Greek regarded simply as a branch of culture. Most people cannot afford it. Even if these years of study had yielded the results that half the time spent on German, for instance, does assure the conscientious student, it would not be so bad. But still to be unable, after all that industry, to read enough of a Greek poet at a stretch to get his real flavor, — to be unable to understand off-hand some simple quotation used as an epigraph to somebody's book or chapter, — this is in very truth the dregs of discouragement.

But we have delayed over-long, though only touching its borders, upon the cultural side of Greek training. We now approach the practical, and under that head propose to include such cultural influence as contributes to success in other fields. But as this latter is the hardest to be definite about, though one of the easiest to talk about, it is perhaps better to try to clear away other and more direct practical utilities first. The practical value of Greek is naturally attached almost exclusively to the language and what you can get by knowing it; the thrills and haunting moods of the literature do not come into account here.

Let us presuppose a fair knowledge of the language, then, not forgetting, however, the rareness of this acquisition among those to whom Greek has been only incidental, — or, in any case, not a specialty, — and the high comparative cost. Reiteration of the statement may be pardoned, that this is the *crux* of the whole situation; that neglect to consider it utterly stultifies most pro-Greek argumentation. Unless this condition can be bettered, Greek must resign its place among the general studies of the young. There are too many new competitors, and more are coming; and once-existent favoring handicaps are recognized no longer.

The knowledge of the language is, in

general, of small practical utility except to those few specialists to whom language is the material of investigation. Professor Lester F. Ward (who is himself somewhat prolific in the coinage of terms of Greek origin) asserts its value for the understanding and use of terminology. He says that "a knowledge of the structure of Latin and Greek words is essential to the correct use of the current vocabulary of nearly every science, and especially of the biological sciences." But this is a statement, at least so far as it refers to Greek, which can be tested to its detriment by any one who cares to reflect upon the grasp of Greek possessed by scientists of his own acquaintance, or to scan the biographies of a few notables. You can get this term-making done for you, and need not spend years learning to do it any more than in learning to wield the higher mathematics in order to figure out an occasional relation. It is questionable whether the average man could trust his own results in either case.

Greek as a tool of investigation is scarcely more valuable, as will presently appear. In general its claims to utility for the historian or scientist are reducible to the following: specifically, it best fits the scholar for the acquirement of other tongues; and inclusively, it forms the developing agency *par excellence* of the mental processes. The former contention is stronger than some are inclined to admit. No one doubts the indispensability of several modern languages to the modern investigator, and this need can but increase, in default of a "universal" language, as time goes on; few also would deny that the practice gained, under proper training, in Greek syntax and etymology is of great value in the acquisition of other languages of the same stock. There are here, however, two major considerations to be met; first, that the training given is seldom one conducing to other ends than its own immediate ones; and, second, that no sufficient reasons have been presented for denying that an equal or briefer period of time spent

upon Latin or some other language, under adequate direction, would yield the same result. It is under the best professors only that training is planned, not upon local but upon far-sighted and catholic lines; preparatory teachers and college instructors do not often have the time, education, or breadth of outlook to do this. There is a great deal to be said, in the interest of both Greek and the student, in favor of beginning Greek in college.

The question of the value of Greek in the acquisition of other related languages is really a special one under that of the value of Greek as a mental discipline in general. The assertion of its supremacy here is again the out-of-date call to fetish-worship. It is valuable, but so are other branches, for the purpose in hand; it has defects of a serious nature as a mental discipline, though these are mainly survivalistic in the pedagogical system, and so remediable, at least in some degree. Its strongest claim is perhaps its difficulty; its complexity and consequent capacity for precision of expression render it an excellent disciplinary agency for him who gets any control of the medium. But these can yet be spared without catastrophe, as any thing and any man can be spared, and the world still go on under satisfactory — or, to judge from prevailing analogy, more satisfactory — substitutes. Of course it is unfair, as must be admitted, to balance Greek, here as elsewhere, against any other single available language, if there be taken into account the time and effort now necessary to penetrate even its outer precincts. It does not alter this contention even if one admits that Greek affords certain combinations of mental exercises not to be met with elsewhere.

But there is a reverse side to a training based upon the classics, as any one knows whose line of specialization has diverged from early absorption in them. As to whether certain undesirable qualities are inherent in such training, opinions may well differ; the question awaits an an-

swer, and that through demonstration. But it is certain that the attitudes and mental processes acquired in orthodox classical study are not of much use elsewhere; and the reason is that such study is not alive, or is not made so. In the classics all is cut and dried, and reverence for authority is the conventional attitude. "If," said one active and noted professor of the classics, "a man has health, energy, and industry through a long life, he may hope to cover part of the ground already traversed before him." It all goes back to the fathers. One somewhat admires this system, settled and articulated, as he marvels at that of the Roman church, and for much the same reasons. The structure is grand, austere, aweight with the prestige of generations. But it does not breathe the spirit of the present age, and its acolytes can blame only themselves if they are not content to be left in cloistered peace. There is no fault to be found with an ideal of calm and tranquil erudition, quiet refinement, and serene unworldliness; it appeals to one in the stress of life, at times with an almost irresistible charm. It is a noble existence, but it is rare, and should be so. The youth of this age do not take to it, and should not, for it is anachronistic. And, being so, it is positively detrimental to the majority to be taught its ways as a training for the life of the present age.

Under the classical system of past generations the collegian has learned to take things for granted and upon authority, and to approach them uncritically. He is engaged in the main in a study of words, and the ideal held before his youthful strivings is the *discipulus*, able, with the aid of lexicon, grammar and notes, to extract the information, often obscure, insipid, or long antedated, from certain lines and pages, and recite thereon. The net influence of such training has been too often the inculcation of intellectual dependence, timidity in the exercise of individual judgment, distrust of one's own conclusions, and a general haziness and uncertainty of mental opera-

tions. There is no need of the modern scholar's labor-saving methods and appliances, because too often the work is in itself the end. Collection and collation of data, classification and critical discrimination — what need of these?

Having come to graduate work in history or science, after a typically classical course, there is trouble in store for him who hopes to use his preliminary training to further his later ends. Historical and scientific investigation call for qualities of mind and results of mental discipline which the classical régime has not fostered. Between the end of college training and the beginning of real usefulness in the new field, between preparation for life-work and that life-work itself, there must and does occur for many a promising young man a great mental and moral shock, accompanied by the necessity of taking a new start. Not only that; there is a period of broken standards and superseded criteria, with all the misery which that implies. Naturally this is a matter of degree; but teachers who have been much thrown with advanced students of a non-classical specialty, particularly with those who have, during a highly creditable undergraduate course assimilated most faithfully the classical training and "method," have too often been witnesses of ineffectual and bewildered attempts to regain lost bearings. The young man knows his work is crude and ineffective, but he does not know why; surprised and disgusted, his disappointment often takes the form of self-recrimination and distrust. The situation is rendered the more blind and torturing if, as is so often the case, he sees less studious companions falling in successfully with the new order of things. The college senior year, which generally awakens the less prudent to a sense of vanishing opportunity, often shows an astonishing advance in the quality of work in extra-classical subjects performed by erstwhile indifferent men. They see for the first time, in history or science, a species of learning that is understandable

and full of life-interest; they catch the swing better, having little to unlearn, and not seldom cause heart-burning in their one-time easily prevailing rivals.

After an indefinite period devoted to this weary waste of vital energy, matters begin to mend for the discomfited; probably after one gets definitely out of the old grooves, a formerly acquired habit of steady and careful industry tends to advance its possessor with greater strides and with fewer interruptions than would otherwise be the case. But, having reached with pain a new orientation, he does not feel inclined to assign any special educational value to the classics, until through the lapse of time a truer perspective is gained and there is leisure to con the actual treasures which, albeit with great expenditure of effort, he has retained from his college days.

These remarks are naturally better applicable to the system of required classics than to that of the present day, and one who grew up under the old régime can scarcely place himself in the position of the free chooser. He feels that the latter has got a better education and is apter for the struggle of life, without visible cultural disabilities. But, assuming a retroactive power of choice, it is but fair to estimate the sacrifices incurred in securing what training in Greek one has. This is the question of comparative cost looked at from a slightly different angle. When one had completed the largely required course of ten or fifteen years ago, he emerged from college self-distrustful in modern languages, short on history, law, and economics, and devoid of even the rudiments of certainly half or three-quarters of the sciences. Music and the fine arts he knew not. He had covered certain courses in English literature, that oasis for saint and sinner alike, but had had no systematic practice in expressing himself in his native tongue. He found his Greek and Latin, it might be added, empty of the values asserted for the teaching of such expression; rather did

they inculcate the involved and Johnsonian style, together with a shamefaced leaning toward trite classical allusion. How much of this gaping hiatus in education, four to seven years at three to five hours a week, plus preparation for the same, would have bridged, may be left to individual judgment.

The question presents itself something like this to the student of the social sciences: Would I trade my Greek, considered both culturally and practically, for biology, for zoölogy, or for geology, let alone a combination (which would be a fairer equivalent) of these or similar other sciences? A positive affirmative leaps to the lips. Upon reflection it is sustained. You go over in this reflection some such line of thought as the above, and in addition you scrutinize the value of Greek as an aid in research — for it is that to a student of human societies in a degree far surpassing its importance in most other sciences. But it is of small advantage, after all, to read Aristotle, Plato, or even Homer, in the original, you feel. You may miss certain fine points and sacrifice some accuracy through dependence upon a translation; but if you do essay the original, the constant plying of the lexicon eats up time, strength, and patience, for relatively insignificant increments of superiority in your results. In fact you doubt, when you finally set down your reference to the original, whether it is not done more out of latent pedantry and a desire to get credit for unusual labors than because of the special weight of your opinions referable to direct approach to sources. If one renounces wholesale reading in the original and confines himself to the intensive study of an occasional author or significant passage, and takes the necessary time and pains, he is doubtless repaid, that is, he gets something more out of them than one who does not do this; but he cannot repeat the process often, or he is ruined. And so he betakes himself to Jowett or Lang or Voss, and chances it on the loss of atmosphere and possibly

completer accuracy. He regrets this proceeding intensely, and reflects bitterly on what he could do for the satisfaction of scholarly instincts were it German or Spanish, recalling meanwhile, and with a resentful sense of loss, that he has put up on the latter languages but a fraction of the time and pains which his indifferent control of Greek has cost.

It is this kind of thing that makes enemies for the Greek among perfectly fair-minded, but human, scholars. It is not that they deny its absolute value; it is its relative worth that is, and should be, determinative. In fairness such men should not be loftily dubbed utilitarian and of taste unrefined. The line which limits the power of neglecting the utilitarian is not drawn for all men in the same place; and it must not be forgotten that dictation of tastes is presumption. Some choice has to be made, for men have limitations in powers and hours; perhaps in the millennium all working-days will have twenty-four hours, and all eyes and minds will be tireless, and then one will have the chance of assimilating to himself the sum of all species of culture.

Naturally that which is most in the eye of adverse opinion to Greek is, as so often, the unnecessary and unessential. There is absolutely no reason for hostility to the language and its literature; there is no excuse for hating aorists and abhorring Herodotus. But irritation at the assumptions and methods of the advocates of Greek is too often carried over by association to create a thoroughly unjust estimate of everything connected with the language. The old assumptions (of superiority, etc.), dating, like the dogma of papal infallibility, from a time of unquestioned prestige, appear now so gratuitous to those unendowed with a sense of humor, or too indignant to use it, that they arouse wrath rather than the tolerance due to passing survivals. All sponsors of Greek ought now to drop even the shadow of such pretensions and come out into the open with their good wares, to offer them on their merit with

those of the rest. There will always be a select concourse who can afford, or will afford, the price; they may realize that it is high, but they will feel, and that correctly, that the value is great. But there should be no effort to force them upon the reluctant, nor any heart-burning because other good things are now offered in the educational market. Such an attitude, with the reasoning back of it, is mediæval.

But why cannot the wares be less costly? Cannot processes be applied which shall, without cheapening the product in any essential way, bring it within reach of a rather extended patronage? Cannot the old patterns be modified, or set aside in favor of those which appeal to the changed taste of an age of greater opportunity? There is no alternative if the restriction of Greek to a smaller clientèle is intolerable. Prophecies of Greek "coming into its own again," of the inevitable return-swing of the pendulum, are hazardous; they do not take into account the altered setting in which Greek finds itself. Reaction may not duplicate action if friction is too great, or in the presence of diverting forces in the field. Nor is it apposite, however picturesque, to stand out in disdain as from the worship of some golden calf. The essence of viability is power of adaptation to change when this is not mere fitful oscillation; and the sentiment regarding Greek studies has gathered too much headway to be dismissed as a capricious vagary. Granted even that it is locally referable to the character of the American people, yet who would hope for a return to simple and docile ways when such alteration, deplorable though it may seem, is due to the action of no less than elemental forces?

It would be a risky task and a thankless to suggest methods of popularizing Greek culture as it should be popularized if this is possible. Tentatives are being put forth in this direction. In last analysis, these must through actual experimentation be subjected to elimination

and selection of the best. If the orthodox methods have proved themselves inefficient, they should be the object of the most searching scrutiny and the most ruthless weeding-out. In general, it is only common sense that such proposed variations of procedure should be fostered as look to the appropriation of that in the methods of other branches of study to which these latter owe their progress. Moreover, greater attention should be given, it would seem, to the correlation of Greek with other subjects; aloofness and pride of place should be renounced. The instructor should seek to make himself a man of such breadth as to be capable of indicating to scholars of all persuasions what Greek has to offer them. It would be a long story and vexed with detail if any outsider were to develop his idea of how Greek should be taught; and he would doubtless come to shipwreck speedily against some unforeseen reef. This is a subject more suitable for informal discussion, if it be candid and not heated, than for an essay. But that time-saving methods¹ cannot be developed who will affirm?

The case of Greek seems to many of us vitally a pedagogical one, granted that, apart from obsolete attitudes and as-

sumptions, the situation be squarely viewed with the idea of learning the truth, not expounding it as preconceived. Whether it can be solved or not will determine whether Greek will widely and directly, or exclusively and only indirectly, advantage the race. The treasures of the Greeks are attractive enough to any man of mind and heart; there is no trouble there. Would that Latin could approach Greek in this respect! If it were as easy to learn Greek as German or French, or German and French, many a man would hasten to acquire it, even in later years, for the sake of knowing a mighty age in its own words, replete with their subtle suggestion of place, time, and environment. But such potential lovers are not likely to be content with the "residuum" which, as some defenders of the classics, rather graveled for matter, say, is sure "after all" to remain in the mind of the student. The truth is that scarcely any one *does* learn Greek in college or before; and what could be more damning than this? In view of this fact all discussion about cultural and practical utility is really suspended in the air. The comparative cost of Greek is exorbitant and well-nigh prohibitive. The vital question is: Can it be lowered?

¹ The attempt to discard the language, in whole or in part, and to familiarize the student with the classics in translation, has much in its favor. The idea is, however, disagreeable to the lover of Greek, who would call first for a desperate effort to modify the teaching of the

language. Let one say what he will, even Goethe and Voss, Tennyson and Browning, cannot preserve to us the indefinable atmosphere of the original. But this whole proposition regarding translations really falls outside our "case of Greek."

NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ

BY SARAH N. CLEGHORN

I

FROM Windward Mountain's barren crest,
The roaring gale flies down the West,
And drifts the snow on Redmount's breast,
In hollows dark with pine.

II

Full in its path from hill to hill,
There stands, beside a ruined mill,
A lonely house, above whose sill
A brace of candles shine.

III

And there an ancient bachelor,
And maiden sister past threescore,
Sit all forgetful of the roar
Of wind and mountain stream;

IV

Forgot the wind, — forgot the snow, —
What magic airs about them blow?
They read in wondering voices low
The Midsummer Night's Dream!

V

And reading, past their frozen hill
In charmed woods they range at will,
And hear the horns of Oberon shrill
Above the Plunging Tam; —

VI

O long beyond the cock's first crow
In dreams they walk where mayflowers blow;
Late do they dream, and liker grow
To Charles and Mary Lamb.

IN APRIL

BY JANE PRATT

I THINK if I live to be a hundred I shall remember everything which happened that day. It is as if it shone with a light of its own.

And first of all I was wakened by the thought of him. Not but that he had been often enough in my mind during the two years, nearly two years, since I saw him last, — but in such sad, *aching* thoughts. This was clear, quick, gay, as if he had called me.

It struck me wide-awake, and instantly I remembered that it was Wednesday, the Wednesday of the Sewing Society, and I found myself shivering a little there in the big, white bed, with the April sunshine coming in through the windows. For the Sewing Society at our house meant a great deal, oh, a very great deal, to me! It meant that I was going to give up idle dreams, if I only could, and was going to remember how much our family had always stood for in the community, — that is a quotation from Great-aunt Lucilla, — and to remember how my mother — “and your mother was a very remarkable woman, my dear, a much more remarkable woman than you can ever hope to be” — had never grudged the time she gave to the church or to society, and to remember how everybody had loved her —

But I could not lie there and think of all Great-aunt Lucilla had said. I jumped out of bed, reminding myself of the preparations to be made for my guests. And then the first thing I did was to stand in front of the mirror and look and look, and wonder and wonder, if he could see me, if he would think I was changed. Now, I was still only twenty-three, and I had a small, rounded face, which, no matter how thin I got, always looked chubby, and rather cheerful, crinkly hair, and some foolish dim-

ples which came out easily; so, on the whole, I decided I should still appear natural to him. But what difference did that make? I should probably never see him again, unless perhaps when we were both very old, like King George the Third and Annie Russell in the play, and I was going to settle down and be a comfort to my father, and a pillar of the church, and before I got really old I should probably marry John Stone. Only I must decide that pretty soon, whether to let John Stone keep on liking me as well as he did; for there must be no more wretched misunderstandings and making people unhappy about me.

Yes, I went on talking to myself seriously and steadily like that all the while I was dressing, and by the time I was ready to go down to breakfast I was more than half over the queer flutter and thrill of having been awakened so suddenly by the thought of him. And when I saw how capable and sensible I was, talking with Nora after breakfast, I could n't help admiring myself. Duty was to be my guiding star from that day, the day of the Sewing Society. Then, after that, Nora and I were so busy all the morning that I quite forgot about duty and the lovely thing I was going to be in my complete self-abnegation.

And after it was ready the house really did look pretty, though pretty is almost too little a word for such a large, wide-halled, square-roomed, broad-window-seated old mansion. Our town is not only old-fashioned in having a flourishing Sewing Society instead of a Woman's Club; it still keeps its colonial houses, though they are not so full of life as they used to be. Father and I are the only Carstones left in ours. But every Carstone who had ever been happy there would have liked to see the old house

when Nora and I had it finally ready, upstairs and down, for the horde we expected. The day was warm and the furnace was out, and good, clean birch-wood with the bark shining was laid behind the shining andirons, ready to be lighted later. I had picked great bunches of daffodils from the terrace, and there were some in every room; the old china and silver looked proud piled up on the dining-room table; the sun came in through the broad windows, mixed with the glimmer of the mist-like green of the trees. And after our stand-up lunch, — Daddy was a dear! — when all the preparations were completed, I put on my new rajah (made princess), which was of a soft, misty green just like the trees that day. I was afraid Aunt Lucilla would think it a bit too dressy for the occasion, but if I was to be good I must be allowed my little liberties.

And at last they were all there, all the old stand-bys. Mrs. Brunton, thin and hurried, had been first to come, though she said she had been cleaning house every minute of the morning. I got her settled in my favorite little wicker chair near a front window, where she could see everybody on the street, — they live in such a lonesome place, the Bruntons, — and by that time the guests began to arrive thick and fast. Presently the room was full and they were all talking about the church carpet, or listening very hard, and as if they had to keep their mouths shut very tight to prevent nuggets of wisdom from dropping out. The ladies of our Society do not know or care about parliamentary law, but though they never voted or made motions or anything like that, I am sure Great-aunt Lucilla was in the chair. It was such an uncomfortable, narrow-seated, straight-backed chair, too, one that usually stands in the hall, and that nobody ever thinks of sitting in. Aunt Lucilla is short, and her feet barely touched the floor, but she rejoiced in the fact that she had saved somebody else from being uncomfortable, knitted on her scarlet slipper, —

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she is always knitting scarlet slippers, — and found out the “sense of the meeting” — is that what they call it? — quite as well as if she had said, “Is the motion seconded?” and such things.

I’m sure I don’t know why I should remember all they said about that stupid carpet, or rather those two stupid carpets, the one they had and the one they wanted! But what with Great-aunt Lucilla in the high, straight-backed chair, and the few daffodils which were left on the terrace after my morning’s raid, beckoning me to come out whenever I looked that way, the carpets got to seem to me like Aunt Lucilla’s Duty, and I felt fairly wrapped up and half smothered in their thick, wiry folds, but yet determined to look pleasant and stick to my post whatever happened.

Mrs. Stubbins said it was a good time to buy carpets. I remember she was measuring off some cotton from the point of her nose to the longest stretch of her arm when she said it, and the action was so forceful that I felt at once that she had private tips from all the leading dry-goods merchants in our county town; but Mrs. Brunton was unawed, and the little wicker chair and her delightful position by the window had not appreciably softened her.

“But if we don’t need a new one, Mrs. Stubbins,” she snapped, “where is the economy in buying it?” She had been twisting and turning her own carpet, no doubt, all the morning, trying to get the thin places under the furniture, and who would n’t be a little snappish?

Apparently not Mrs. Leland, who just grows sweeter and gentler and more transparent, the worse her husband acts. She put in a mild little remark, that of course we could get along with the old carpet if it was what we wanted, but she had to confess that its peculiar shade of magenta did get on her nerves; it almost made her forget the sermon sometimes, she was ashamed to say.

But this mild remark aroused another mild lady, little Miss Alsop, all in gray.

"Oh, how can you say so?" wailed the little spinster. "It was new the day Mr. Caruthers was ordained. I shall never forget how beautiful it was that day."

She almost chanted the words, and her face was lit up. Then I remembered that Mr. Caruthers had died of consumption, and I had heard people say that Miss Alsop was in love with him.

But Mrs. Leland and Miss Alsop could not keep the smart ones quiet long, and there was a voice from the other side of the room. "Well, I think the women of this town do too much. Has n't the Sewing Society just painted the steeple? And how we raked and scraped for that money!"

"And are n't the ladies of the First Church glad and proud to work their fingers off for the old Society?" retorted Aunt Lucilla, from her high-backed throne, knitting very fast.

There was a pause, a tribute of silence to the leadership and emotion in Great-aunt Lucilla's voice, but it was broken in a minute by Mrs. Arkwright, large and judicial.

"I am sure we are all willing to work, Miss Carstone, but the question is—" and so on and so on.

Would they never stop? My eyes wandered again to the terraces where the daffodils, struck by the western sun, fairly danced and twinkled. I put my hand to my throat with a wild idea that at last that carpet was really smothering me,— but I only slipped a soft, friendly cushion behind little Miss Alsop's back, and fixed my eyes with rapt attention on Mrs. Arkwright.

And just then came the miracle, the miracle straight out of heaven.

"If we took the breadths in front of the pulpit," Mrs. Arkwright was saying; but she stopped suddenly, for Nora stood in the doorway, very alert.

"Miss Helen, a gentleman to see you!"

The movement and chatter of the Sewing Society stopped. It was as if they all waited for the miracle.

Instantly I was in the hall, and there he stood—he—he! For two years, nearly two years, I had missed him so! oh, how I had missed him! And there he stood, every bit of him, my blessed, blessed man! I could only run to him and take hold of his hand, half-laughing and half-crying. Where could we talk best? I was thinking all the time.

It seemed as if the house were full. I heard voices in the library across the hall; through the door of the dining-room I could see figures moving among the tables.

"Oh, let us go to the summer-house," I said, "there is no room here."

We went through the bare orchard, not saying a word. It seemed an age. Perhaps he had stopped caring for me. Of course he had stopped caring for me, and he must think my dragging him out here very queer—very queer. Why had I been so bold? Why did n't he speak? I could n't, with my heart thumping so.

At the top of the warm western hill-slope, beyond the daffodil terraces and the orchard, was the little lattice-work arbor. It was very quiet there, and the sun and shadow checkered us all over as we sat down. He looked at me as if he would never stop, very serious, very solemn. But now I had forgotten to be frightened. My eyes danced at the sight of him, they had ached for it so long. His square shoulders, the line of his hair above his ears, his steady eyes—how glad I was I was wearing my pretty dress!

"Helen, are you going to marry your father's partner?" he asked.

What I really wanted to do was to get hold of his hand and press it up against my cheek, just to see how it would feel.

"Why should you think so?" I answered very demurely.

He rose as if he were going to stride up and down, but how could he stride in that little summer-house? So he stood beside me very straight.

"If I lose you now," he said, and my heart turned right over, "it won't be

because I was afraid to ask for the truth. I have never understood — and now, now they say you are going to marry your father's partner. Tell me the truth, and then — no matter!" His hard voice broke on the last word, and he sat down beside me like a tired boy. "Please!"

But then I think he must have begun to feel a little glad to have me right there. A bluebird on a tree near began to sing, and somehow he looked less martial. I fancied he must have been afraid to come, he had appeared so brave up to that time!

"I've had an awful time of it. Perhaps you think it was fun. Why did you write me what you did, and why did you send back my letter?"

"Because I was engaged to Lloyd Baker," I almost whispered.

"Engaged to Lloyd Baker?" he shouted.

"Yes, all the time I knew you, all that summer at North Woodstock," I murmured.

"Engaged to Lloyd Baker!" He got up and tried to pace again.

"Sit down, be quiet, and let me tell you. We were engaged the winter before. We used to dance together a good deal and he was a lovely dancer, and I think I must have been very young and foolish. Anyway, we were engaged; but it was a secret. And then at North Woodstock I saw you, and we had such a jolly time together, all of us who were in the camps — we were just such good friends — I hardly thought why I was so happy — and I wrote to Lloyd every week, and once you know he came up over Sunday and Labor Day — such a silly holiday it always has seemed! — but do you know I did n't mind much when he went away. But when *you* went!" I found my breath was catching, and my old trouble was creeping up my throat.

He gently laid his hand on mine.

I smiled up at him somewhat mistily. "Well, you know you never bade me any sort of a nice farewell, after *all* the good times we had had. As soon as you were

gone I knew that I did not care for Lloyd Baker, but when your letter came, your dear letter, it made me very happy, and then, all in a minute, it made me ashamed, for I saw what I had done. I had let you feel that way when all the time I was promised to Lloyd."

I was trembling a little. I could not help it. He had taken away his hand and did not try to comfort me.

"I felt that I must have been very wicked. But I am sure there was never the least bit of love-making while you were there, was there?"

But he did not answer my poor little smile, and now I needed him most he would not even look at me.

It was very hard work, but I went on, and my voice sounded far away. "It seemed as if Something which was not myself at all took hold of me and made me do it. It said, 'You have promised. It is your fault. Send back the letter.' And I did — and I wrote you I could not see you. I wish I had asked somebody to advise me. But I thought that I must somehow have been very wicked — and I would not think of anything else, only to do what was right. And then when we got back to Broadmeadow and I saw Lloyd I hated the sight of him, though it really was n't his fault, you know. But I don't think he was so sorry, after all. He's married to Mabel Higgins now!"

I had been looking down, while I talked, like a naughty child, but Mabel Higgins *is* funny, and I could n't help taking a little peep at him when I mentioned her. My eyes felt wet, but Mabel Higgins seemed to cheer us both up at once.

"Bless her! The noble girl!" he intoned. I don't know what he would have done or said more, but just then Duty and the Sewing Society came, as it were, hand-in-hand into the arbor, and strangely enough, I was glad to obey them. "I must go," I said, pulling away from his happy face and his detaining hands. "I have a house full of people. I am dreadful. Yes, I'll come back. But it's ter-

rible the way I am treating them. Why, Great-aunt Lucilla —”

Then as quickly as the sun had gone behind a cloud, and the bluebird had ceased singing, he changed again all in a second.

“But your father’s partner? I’ve been in Broadmeadow two hours and I’ve heard twice that you’re going to marry your father’s partner.”

“Helen!” came in Great-aunt Lucilla’s voice.

“Let me go, dear, let me go! I’ll come back. Yes, very soon.”

He was sitting with his head in his hands. I came in softly and pulled the hands away. His face looked almost haggard. It was only ten minutes, but he might have seen me married to John Stone and carried to my grave in the interval.

“Tell me,” he said, “tell me, whatever it is!”

“No, you foolish boy, I’m going to marry nobody, — nobody!”

And then — I can’t tell you. It was n’t *my* happiness I thought of; it was as if I floated a golden spark in his. It was eternity.

But he seemed to think I had nothing to do but to stay there with him. As if I were not disgraced enough already! As if I should ever dare face Great-aunt Lucilla again!

Then when could he come, — this evening?

No, not this evening. The young people liked to stay. One never knew how soon they would go.

Yes, to-morrow morning.

Yes, of course it *was* a long time to wait. But he begged no more. He would

be very obedient. He kissed me good-by in the little arbor. Yes, it was a long time until to-morrow. If anything *should* happen!

Then through the bare orchard, past the side piazza, past the front porch and the windows, the whole place alive with the Sewing Society, we went, and by the front gate he took my hand and looked in my eyes, and then he lifted his hat and walked away up the street with his shoulders very square.

I did n’t quite know whether I was standing on the ground or floating in the air, — oh, if anything should happen before to-morrow! — but I turned to go into the house, and there, at the foot of the hill on the other side was John Stone, dear, good man, come from the office early to pass cups and plates to the old ladies at my Sewing Society.

Well, there was one comfort, I had never given him any encouragement, not the least. All the same I could n’t speak to him just then, and I hurried through the hall, crowded with the lately arrived youths and maidens, into the south room, where many of the matrons still remained. Aunt Lucilla’s high-backed chair was vacant; she was, of course, trying to make up for my absence elsewhere.

“To-morrow, to-morrow, to-morrow!” my heart kept singing. For me, for me, the miracle had happened! Little Miss Alsop sat with her hands in her lap; Mrs. Leland was bending her delicate, transparent face over a coarse gingham apron she was hemming; but Mrs. Brunton’s voice rasped high from the little wicker chair:—

“Well, it is n’t that I mind *working*, the question is whether we really *need* a carpet!”

CONFESSIONS OF A RAILROAD SIGNALMAN

V

BY J. O. FAGAN

It makes little difference what phase of the situation between labor and management on American railroads we choose to investigate, the supreme importance of personality and personal responsibility is impressed upon us at every turn. As with the safety problem in the operating department, so with all questions relating to piece-work and the bonus system, — the principle at stake is not only the absolute right, but the fundamental obligation, of every man to do his level best under all circumstances, just as truly and inevitably in the best interests of a railroad as of human progress and civilization. The story of the stifling of personality and of the neglect of the human equation in American industrial life, and on the railroads in particular, will probably have to be related and insisted upon over and over again, before public opinion can be brought to realize the widespread nature and importance of the issue.

The principles involved in an ordinary preventable accident on a railroad can be picked out and followed through different stages of railroad life, all the way up to the leveling process which, generally speaking, the labor unions insist upon in promotion by seniority and in matters relating to mechanical work in the railroad shops. The steps in the process are all as plain and unmistakable as the rounds of a ladder. Let us begin with one of the first appearances or germs of the trouble.

A freight train is backed into a yard or side-track, and by reason of rough handling or carelessness, a small collision occurs and several cars loaded with valuable merchandise are jammed down and off

the end of the track into the swamp. The superintendent investigates the case and decides that the engineman was guilty of rough and careless handling. The engineman appeals from this decision, claiming that a wrong motion was given by the brakeman, or the brakes did not hold, — anyway he appeals, and his contention is taken up and supported by his organization. After weeks of discussion and attempted arbitration, the whole business is quietly dropped, because the men decline to give in and the management, with the business interests of a wide section of country in actual peril, are not prepared to tie up the road and fight the issue to a finish. It is useless to minimize the widespread effect of this interference. I have given an illustration of a principle that is at work on all railroads, and, in the way I have described, the men are furnished with a precedent, and the managers with a very good idea of the difficulties to be expected in the future. So the manager now goes to work and orders *bunters* put up at the end of these tracks in all yards and sidings. He has been driven to the conclusion that, although it may be out of his power to teach and enforce carefulness and personal responsibility, he can nevertheless put up bunters which, when butted against, will act as practical reminders in regard to the location of the cars and the duties of the trainmen.

Although the incident described is merely a figurative illustration, the *bunter principle* itself is of widespread application, and to-day is practically the mainstay and sheet anchor of the American railroad manager. To a much greater extent than an outsider would imagine,

these bunters, derailing switches, and other mechanical devices for the protection of life and property, are, in the main, confessions of weakness and indications that the personality of the men along these particular lines has been tried and found wanting.

As another illustration of our topic, but of a somewhat different nature, let us now take a glance at what is usually known as the "Nine-Hour Law,"—more especially in its application to telegraph operators.

Twelve or fifteen hours at a stretch is too long a period for any man or boy to remain in harness. As I look at it, the primary object of this law is, or should be, to increase the efficiency of the service. This is particularly desirable for the reason that some of the worst wrecks in the history of railroading have been attributed to sleepy and careless telegraph operators. But it by no means follows that, because the law has increased the operator's pay and shortened his day's work, it has also increased his efficiency. You can depend upon a good man, who works twelve hours at a stretch, while you can place little reliance upon a shiftless fellow who is called upon to work only nine. To increase efficiency in any department or industry, you must touch or act upon personality in some way. This giving of something for nothing by the United States government is at best a very questionable proceeding, and it is a pity that the nine-hour law could not have been framed with at least some reference to merit, attention to duty, and length of service. The man who works eight hours at high pressure is much more likely to be overworked, and, generally speaking, is more worthy of assistance than the twelve-hour man who may handle on an average one message per hour, and consequently has difficulty in keeping awake. Unprejudiced judges are of the opinion that, as framed at present, the law will have no effect whatever upon the efficiency of the service. Of course the function of a railroad manager is to promote

efficiency, but laws of this description ignore the usual and constituted authority and divert the attention of the employees to their unions and to the national government. But now we will take up this matter of personality and the human equation from a vastly more important point of view.

A very serious and somewhat remarkable accident took place quite recently—an engine attached to a passenger train ran into an open draw and dropped thirty feet, leaving the tender and four coaches, containing seventy-five passengers, on the brink. The following day, in a report of this accident, the *Boston Transcript* quoted President Tuttle of the Boston and Maine Railroad, as follows:—

"You can't open that draw, you can't pull the bolts that block it, until all signals are set for danger, and they remain at danger while the draw is open. They do not disappear until the draw is closed and the signals for a clear track are set. The engineman knew these signals were there and he knew what they meant. A railroad may supply every safety device known to modern science for precaution, it may put in the perfection of safety-appliances for the safety of its passengers and its stock, but you can't get by the *human equation*. You've got to stop right there. You can only discharge the man and get another, and in turn, he is liable to do the same thing."

Every word of the above statement of the president of the Boston and Maine Railroad is true. It is the conclusion of common sense, of the law and of the prophets on the subject. And yet the criticism which I intend to apply to it is most damaging.

It is, alas, only too true that practically very little good is accomplished by discharging a man who runs a passenger train into an open draw. It is simply a case of locking the stable-door after the horse has been stolen. But the principle of punishment for offenses of this nature is universally recognized, and in the mat-

ter of railroad accidents it thus becomes the duty of the managers, supported by public opinion, to see to it that this punishment is inflicted at the right time and in the right place. On a railroad, with human life and much valuable property at stake, a system of discipline that does not punish for trifles is a mockery. As a practical matter of fact, all mistakes and accidents, without serious consequences, can be written down as trifles, and taking the situation in a wide sense, covering all railroads, it is safe to say that there is no power in the country to-day that is either able or willing to discipline engineers for trifles. When a passenger train has been brought to the brink of a draw, it is too late a day to apply your prevention method.

The battle in regard to this matter has long ago been fought and won by the men. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers is now in a position to tire out any board of railroad management in the country. The statement made in Faneuil Hall by a railroad man, that in rush times the management will "lap up any schedule that is placed before them," was no empty boast. The right of unlimited appeal to be found in the schedules of the organizations has knocked the ground from under the superintendent and made the punishment for trifles a practical impossibility. The public may just as well be informed of the facts now as later. The men upon whose vigilance and caution the safety of railroad travel is altogether dependent are not being educated in a school in which even the rudiments or principles of safety are being taught or insisted upon. That a great majority of railroad employees are sound in their habits and thoroughly honest and conscientious in their intentions, is not open to question; but it is practically the fault of these good men that the careless individuals are not subject to discipline, and so cannot be weeded out before the day of reckoning. But as a matter of fact, the system is almost as fatal to the best man as to the

worst, and in the words of President Tuttle, "You can discharge a man and get another, and, in turn, he is liable to do the same thing."

Furthermore, however unpalatable the truth may be, it is nevertheless an unquestionable fact that the American railroad man, above all others, is most in need of an inflexible system of discipline. The reasons are obvious. To begin with, the railroad man is a typical American. He is fearless, quick, clever, and resourceful. He cuts loose, only too easily, from custom and tradition. He has supreme confidence in his own individual importance and ability. In unmistakable quality and quantity he is in possession of the sterling characteristics that have made the American the most resourceful antagonist by land or sea, the cleverest designer and inventor, the most fearless innovator and reformer, and the poorest railroad man, from the safety standpoint, in the world to-day.

Nothing can be more simple than the explanation of this paradox. In the mental composition of the American railroad man there is no such idea or faculty as *dogged obedience*. And yet it must be evident to the most superficial thinker on this subject that never can there be any prospect for, or approach to, safety in railroad travel, without this indispensable ingredient of personal character. It is the *sine qua non* of successful railroad operation. "Theirs not to reason why" is the solution of the safety problem in a single forceful expression. And yet in a lifetime of railroad service, I can honestly affirm that I never met more than half a dozen railroad men who had any conception, either in theory or practice, of this principle of dogged obedience. Furthermore, I never came across a manager who was big enough to preach the doctrine, and I am equally certain I have never read in the newspapers or magazines any widespread expression of public opinion that would lead a railroad manager to expect public support and approval of

any such principle. Consequently, my argument is an arraignment not only of the men, the unions, and the managements, but of the manifest opinion and public policy of the American people. The price that is being paid in tribute to this lack of dogged obedience and its attendant evils is graphically emphasized in the twenty-first annual report of the Interstate Commerce Commission, issued December 23, 1907, as follows:—

"Accidents to trains on the railroads in the United States continue to occur in such large numbers that the record, as has been repeatedly declared by conservative judges, is a world-wide reproach to the railroad profession in America."

That the men should lack the faculty I speak of is not, under the circumstances, so very surprising, but that a great many railroad managers, as well, should remain uncertain and doubtful as to its fundamental importance, is by no means so easy to understand. Some time ago the writer of this article received in writing, from the head of the operating department of one of our largest railroad systems, the following question:—

"Is it not equally essential that the meaning of and reason for a rule should be evident on its face as that the rule itself, that is, its wording, should be plain and unmistakable?"

My reply was as follows:—

"By no means. From the safety standpoint the order itself is primary; the reason for its being in the time-table is secondary. Is it not very significant that the principle of dogged obedience should be open to question on a railroad, while in the case of a city ordinance or a state law, no liberty of thought or action in such matters is tolerated for a minute?"

The following illustration is interesting and well to the point:—

In our time-tables we have a rule for the guidance of enginemen on what are called "helping engines," which reads something like this: "Never hang up the numbers of the train you are going to help on your headlight, until you are

actually hitched on to said train." The reason for this rule does not appear on its face, and yet the rigid necessity for dogged obedience in regard to it will at once be understood, when we study its origin.

About twenty years ago, while working as telegraph operator at East Deerfield, Massachusetts, I received a telegram ordering an extra engine out of the round-house to help a regular freight train, No. 94, which was expected in from the east. Meanwhile the helping engine stood waiting on a siding with "94" displayed on its headlight. Before long an extra or "wild" freight train from the west, with orders to meet No. 94 at East Deerfield on single track, came along, and, mistaking the engine with "94" on its headlight for the regular train, kept on its way without stopping. No. 94 and this wild freight met in a cut, and "piled up" in probably the worst "head-on" freight collision in the history of the old Fitchburg Railroad.

Every rule in the time-table has its history written in suffering and dollars, and while, of course, it is advisable for employees to be conversant with their meaning and significance, it is evident that the principle of dogged obedience is the only safe method for employees to pursue in regard to them. An inflexible enforcement of this principle would be looked upon as little short of tyranny, and yet, seriously and fairly considered, it is nothing but the subordination which every railroad man owes to the community in the interest of safety and general efficiency. That the organizations of railroad men do not insist upon, or even countenance, this absolute subordination to authority, is thoroughly understood by every man and manager in the service. We are all tarred with the same brush, and rather than acknowledge the weakness of our position, we prefer to keep calling on the public to pay the penalty. It is time to call a halt when the liberty and liberal views of a few endanger the safety of the many.

But in passing from this branch of my subject, I wish to call attention to an almost unnoticed fact in regard to the efficiency of railroad service. Taking an accident bulletin, issued by the Interstate Commerce Commission, at random, I copy the following:—

"The total number of collisions and derailments during April, May and June, 1907, was 3777, of which 220 collisions and 221 derailments affected passenger trains. The damage to cars, engine, and roadway by these accidents amounted to \$3,232,673."

This report, treating as it does exclusively of collisions and derailments, is serious enough, but the note that is appended to it is the significant feature of the situation:—

"Collisions and derailments which cause no death or personal injury, and which cause not over \$150.00 damage to the property of the railroad, are not reported."

Seeing that the public should be in possession of all the facts in regard to efficiency of service, it occurs to me that a list of narrow escapes and of collisions and derailments which cause no deaths, or personal injury, would make very interesting reading. These are the very "trifles" to which I have already called attention. They are the seed from which we reap our crop of disasters. They are well worth reporting and paying attention to, and no annual or other statement of the situation on the railroad is worth much if it fails to recognize the significance of this feature.

But apart from the influence and power of the railroad organization upon the individuality and personal conduct of its members in relation to train wrecks and discipline, there is another branch of the topic that is perhaps still more interesting, from a human and national point of view.

Comparatively speaking, public attention has been but slightly directed in any specific way to the matter of accidents to employees on American railroads. It

is certainly one of the most distressing features to be studied in connection with the safety problem. Collisions, derailments, defective hand-holds and brake apparatus, and the like, cause injuries to great numbers of employees. For example, at Haverhill, New Hampshire, the other day, five employees were instantly killed, through the alleged carelessness or oversight of a fellow employee. Such instances, of course, are particularly painful topics for discussion among railroad men, and yet this is the kind of an accident one reads about in the newspapers almost daily. But in twenty-four hours the reading public will forget the very worst of these accidents to employees. Their frequency takes the edge off their significance. During the year 1907, on a single American railroad, 104 employees were killed outright, and 3575 were injured. The cost of these accidents to the railroad in question was something like \$285,000. With an employers' liability law in force and operation, as in countries abroad, the increase in total paid to employees alone on this road would have carried the aggregate to half a million dollars. The magnitude and importance of the safety problem in relation to employees is still more evident when we consider that for the year ending June 30, 1907, the casualty list on American railroads shows a total of all persons killed, from all causes, of 5000, and injured 72,286; the totals for employees alone being 4353 killed and 62,687 injured.

The following figures in regard to actual train accidents and the casualties resulting therefrom show a rather discouraging state of affairs, from the fact that the employees themselves were in the main responsible for them. In 1904 the killed and injured employees in train accidents numbered 7834; in 1905, 7850; in 1906, 8362; and in 1907, 9935. As with all other items, so with accidents to employees, the total of casualties has largely increased year by year.

But one of the most distressing features

to be considered in connection with accidents to employees, whether caused by their own carelessness or otherwise, is the absolute indifference with which news and statistics of such casualties *appear* to be received by the average railroad man. So far as an impartial investigator would be able to discover, "It's too bad" is about the limit of criticism and action in such matters. The indifference I call attention to, so far as the minds of the employees are concerned, is not real, and the actual reason and history of the seeming neglect can easily be located and analyzed.

The railroad employee, as a unit, is whole-souled and sympathetic; not a suspicion of indifference can be imputed to him, either as a man or as a brother. Individually speaking, when a passenger or an employee is injured, there is no sorrow like his sorrow; but unfortunately, the organizations or machines through which alone his desires and sympathies can be expressed, have never shown any disposition to interest themselves in any practical way in matters relating to the safety of the public, or of the employees, *whenever such interest is liable to develop into a probe of the conduct and efficiency of the railroad man.* The heads of the national organizations of railroad men, with particular reference to those connected with the operating department, occupy positions that are usually three-quarters political. The wishes and sentiments of great majorities of employees on certain railroads can be, and have been, set aside by the political shake of the head of one man in Washington or Chicago. The acquiescence of the rank and file in this state of affairs is paid for in legislation and concessions. Nevertheless, from the human and social point of view, it would seem as if the organizations, or men-machines as we may call them, should bestir themselves in this matter of accidents to their members. In order to do this, coöperation with the management is necessary, so the following questions very naturally arise:—

By consultation, or otherwise, has any personality been put into the business? Have our organizations ever said to their members, "Come boys, let us reason together: when a man runs a signal, or disobeys orders, it is a disgrace to our machine. In reality we, the employees, are the principal stockholders in a railroad. When passengers, or our own members, are killed or injured, we have to pay a large proportion of the bill. We pay in loss of prestige and character, and every time one of us makes a mistake, it is a blot on our 'scutcheon. We should see to it that this matter is made personal to every member of our organization. We should coöperate with managers in locating the blame for these accidents, and without regard to consequences, we should insist upon the removal of offenders."

Is there any evidence to show that this is the actual state of affairs? If so, I have yet to meet a man who is aware of it. But, on the other hand, if no such influence is being exerted by the organizations, in all candor, and in the name of public safety, I ask, why not? For, right here, the public puts in its appearance and the following additional question must forthwith be answered:—

Are our organizations prepared to say to the public, "We are sorry, but the fact is, our machine is constructed purely upon selfish principles. Our time and efforts are exclusively occupied in fencing with the management. When passengers, even our own brothers, are killed, it is up to the superintendent every time. Let him change the rules if he thinks fit, but according to precedent and the rules of our organization in such cases, we are not expected to show any signs of sympathy or humanity. Consequently, to all interests apart from what may be called the political welfare of the whole machine, we are deaf, dumb, and blind?"

Is this an overdrawn picture? I think not. It is simply a truthful matter-of-fact description of railroad organizations from whose calculations and behavior

the personal and sympathetic element in regard to these safety questions has been eliminated.

But now, widening our horizon a little, we have next to take note that these questions of personal character, personal responsibility, and unhampered personal effort, are real and intense problems for thoughtful people to study, not only in relation to preventable accidents, but in every department of railroad life.

Some time ago, in an issue of the *Engineering Magazine*, a note of warning was sounded against the result of certain American manufacturing methods. It was pointed out that the principle of securing the largest output of uniform character, at minimum cost, made automata of the operatives, and discouraged skilled and trained artisans to so great an extent that the quality of the men today, for lack of proper inspiration, was generally poor and unreliable. According to the opinion expressed in the article that I refer to, many American manufacturers are beginning to realize the necessity of attracting men of high character to their employ, of surrounding them with an environment tending towards sobriety, integrity, and industry, and rewarding them according to their efforts, in order to avoid the effects of this so-called "American tendency."

That American methods of conducting business should be considered retrogressive on account of lack or poverty of inspiration, certainly points to unhealthy conditions somewhere. If these American tendencies can be shown to have the effect of discouraging individual effort and the natural growth and ambition of the worker on railroads or elsewhere, the matter certainly calls for serious attention. To say the least of it, it betokens a very peculiar state of affairs, for the reason that if there be one characteristic that more than another distinguishes the American citizen from the rest of the world, it is his freedom of personal action, his propensity for striking new and unexplored trails in almost every branch of

research, industry, and invention. The American is *par excellence* the world's inventor. And yet, without the utmost liberty of thought and action, an inventor would cut but a sorry figure. It follows, therefore, that any curtailment of or interference with these distinctively American gifts and instincts will, as they say, bear watching.

Quite a number of years ago an American firm secured a contract for the erection of a large factory somewhere near Manchester, England. The contractor soon discovered that no persuasion or encouragement would induce the British workman to lay more than a certain number of bricks per hour, according to the fixed law and schedule of his union. In order to complete the work within the allotted time, the contractor was compelled to send for American bricklayers. These men, who were paid according to their industry and personal effort, were able to lay four bricks to the Englishman's one. The American could beat the Englishman four to one, not because he was, to that extent, a cleverer and quicker workman, but because at that time and place he was a free man. Transferred to American shops and factories, and in a different atmosphere, the foreign workman easily adapts himself to conditions and is able to hold his own.

According to the writer in the *Engineering Magazine*, American manufacturers are taking measures to stimulate and revive the principle of individual effort in order to secure excellence in workmanship; but, according to other authorities, these efforts are being counteracted by the labor unions on the railroads and elsewhere, which appear to be following in the footsteps and adopting the methods of the British organizations. However, the ideas and ideals of many wide-awake manufacturers and managers have found practical exemplification in various manufacturing establishments, as well as in railroad shops in different parts of the country.

Perhaps the best field for a short con-

sideration of this interesting subject, so far as railroads are concerned, is to be found on the Santa Fé railroad system. The introduction of the individual-effort reward or bonus system of stimulating employees to extra or unusual effort, and of compensating them suitably therefor, is probably the most important of all the betterment work on this railroad. The inauguration of the system followed the strike of the machinists, boilermakers, and blacksmiths, in May, 1904. The credit for its introduction on the Santa Fé is due to Mr. J. W. Kendrick, Second Vice-President. Mr. Charles H. Fry, associate editor of the *Railroad Gazette*, who has written a valuable and comprehensive report of this betterment work, gives the following as its principal features and objects:—

“To restore and promote cordial relations, based on mutual respect and confidence, between employer and employee;

“To restore the worker to himself by freeing him from the small and debasing tyrannies of petty and arbitrary officials on the one side, and from individuality-destroying union domination on the other;

“To give the company better, more reliable, and more trustworthy employees;

“To increase automatically, and without fixed limit, the pay of good men, this increase of pay depending on themselves and not on their immediate superiors;

“To increase the capacity of the shops without adding new equipment;

“To increase the reliability of work turned out and the efficiency of operation performed;

“To do all these things, not only without cost to the company, but with a marked reduction in its expenses.”

The programme was certainly ambitious and praiseworthy, and in Mr. Fry's report the results, after a thorough trial extending over several years, are given in the following paragraph:—

“It can safely be said that the betterment work *has* resulted as anticipated in restoring harmony between employer and

employee, in restoring self-respect to the latter and increasing his efficiency and reliability. Also it has raised his wages ten to twenty per cent on the average. In addition, for every dollar of supervising and special expense incurred, the company has saved at least ten dollars in reduced costs.”

But just here two very important points require to be noticed and emphasized. In the operations of a railroad, efficiency must never be sacrificed for the sake of economy, and on the Santa Fé railroad when questions arise in which there is even the remote possibility of impairment of efficiency, all economical propositions or arrangements are at once postponed or vetoed altogether. Again, it is manifest that as a result of the improved methods and greater individual effort, certain reductions in working force will become possible. In regard to this matter the Santa Fé management claims that such reduction, when necessary, can easily be effected, simply by not replacing men who naturally drop out. This has been their uniform policy, and therefore, from their point of view, there is no possible ground for objection by employees on that score.

The individual-effort reward system on the Santa Fé thus far has been limited to the maintenance of equipment and to locomotive operation. The labor employed in the shops is, of course, distinctly non-union. The saving effected under these methods on tools and machinery alone, at Topeka, for the last fiscal year, was \$119,000, and the total economy on 1633 locomotives (repairs and renewals) for one year, amounted to \$1,737,626. These facts and figures are derived from a comparison of the cost of actual and identically similar work before and after the inauguration of the bonus system.

It is impossible at this time to enter into a minute explanation or description of the system which is to-day in actual operation on the Santa Fé railroad, and under which such satisfactory results, both to employer and employee, are be-

ing obtained. The work itself is notable not so much because of its economical results as on account of its moral and sociological aspects. Without taking any side in the questions at all, it is evident that the movement and work on the Santa Fé, from beginning to end, has been an appeal to individual effort and character, and a protest against the recognized ideals of the labor unions. But it will not be found necessary to go into details of the Santa Fé system in order to illustrate and emphasize the principles that are at stake and the nature of the problem that must, before long, be settled, one way or the other, by an educated and enlightened public opinion.

On the Santa Fé railroad, prior to the installation of the bonus system, a vast number of time-studies had to be made and schedules prepared. Every operation or piece of work to be bonused had to be studied by competent men, to determine, from the machine and other conditions, a fair or standard time to apply to it. Thousands of such studies have been made at the Topeka shops and properly recorded and preserved on regular blanks.

The following illustrations are only partially descriptive of the Santa Fé method, but they are sufficiently accurate to cover the principles involved, the benefits that are derived from them, and some of the objections which have been advanced by the union men on the railroads, who are opposed to the bonus system in any form.

You take a certain piece of machinery, say a part of a locomotive. You make a "study" of this part. After making one hundred tests, under all sorts of conditions, you make a schedule in your machine-shop for this particular operation or piece of work. You then fix upon a standard time for doing this work. Standard time is simply the time which it ought reasonably to take to do the work without killing effort, but by eliminating every unnecessary waste. The elimination of waste is the fair and square propo-

sition you present to your workman. You say to him, "Make a standard time on this piece of machinery and I will pay you twenty per cent above your hourly rate, that is, above your regular pay. If you take more than standard time, your bonus will diminish until at fifty per cent above standard time it will simply merge into your day-rate. On the other hand, if less than standard time is taken, your bonus will increase above twenty per cent. But under any conditions or circumstances, you will always receive your full day's wage."

The situation becomes still plainer, if you explain it to your workman in this way. You say to him, "During the past year I have watched your work closely, and made hundreds of 'studies' in regard to the 'part' you turn out with that machine. I find that you have averaged about six to the hour. Now I am convinced that you can just as well turn out seven. Your pay is now \$2.50 per day; if in the future you can make seven instead of six of these 'parts' in an hour, I will pay you \$3.00 per day. In fact, your pay will increase in exact proportion to your cleverness and industry. Furthermore, if by any manner or means you can invent a way, such for instance as an improvement in the mechanism or in the operation of your machine, whereby you are enabled to turn out a dozen of these 'parts' in an hour, I will see to it that your pay is increased accordingly, without any limit whatever."

Continuing our general illustration, we will now take it for granted that you are able to start this bonus system in your factory or shop, in which, under ordinary circumstances, you give employment to one hundred union men. At the end of a certain period you find, on account of the extra effort put forth by the most ambitious and cleverest men, that the number of these "parts" which you require in your business, or on your railroad, can easily be turned out by seventy-five men. So without delay you reduce the working-force in your shop

accordingly. It matters not how you do this, whether by simple discharge or by omitting to fill vacancies as they occur in a natural way, the fact remains that at the end of the year you have decreased your force twenty-five per cent, and besides, without adding to your equipment, you have made a substantial reduction in your operating expenses.

Meanwhile the men who have lost their jobs have lodged a complaint with their union, and you are soon confronted with a grievance committee. These gentlemen inform you that the bonus system is all wrong, from beginning to end. From the union standpoint they will explain to you that the idea is, not to offer a reward for quickest and best work, nor to encourage the best men to get rich quick, or to vaunt their superiority over their duller and less fortunate comrades, but to make the job, whatever it may be, last as long as possible, and thus to afford employment to the greatest number of workers, at a fair and fixed rate of wages to every individual, regardless of ability or ambition, or of the profits and interests of the establishment. You are further informed that the grievance committee cannot enter into the discussion of ethical and sociological questions. The race is doing pretty well as a whole, and posterity will accord to labor its due share of credit. Meanwhile the men will be called out of your shop and the issue between the bonus system of reward for individual effort and the leveling process in shop-work will be fought to a finish.

Take another illustration: You make a great many "studies" in relation to the use of oil and other supplies on a locomotive on your railroad. You arrive at a fair standard of expense. You conclude there must be considerable waste going on somewhere, so you say to the engine crews, "So much per month is a fair average of expense for such and such tools and supplies on your engine. If you can lower this average, we will share the amount saved in this way." So you put the system in force on one thousand

locomotives and save thereby four thousand dollars per month, which you divide with the men. But in doing this you have increased the pay of the careful men, and done nothing for those who are not interested in the general welfare of your railroad. The grievance committee takes the matter up with you; it protests against the whole business, and puts forth the argument that it is a dangerous proceeding, for you are guilty of encouraging a certain class of men to let engines "run hot" in order that they may secure your bonus for economy. In a word, you are requested to put a stop to this phase of your bonus system on the railroad.

Regardless of my somewhat crude and incomplete method of explaining the working of a bonus system on a railroad, my illustrations afford a very good idea of the Santa Fé system, which is in successful operation at the present day, as well as the proposed plans of the New York, New Haven and Hartford management, which quite recently the labor unions compelled the railroad to abandon.

But apart from successful operation in one quarter and defeat in another, the principles at stake in this bonus system are of world-wide interest and importance. Bearing this in mind, a few direct and pertinent questions have occurred to me, which I submit for the thoughtful consideration of my fellow workers on the railroads, as well as of liberty-loving people everywhere.

In the interest of human progress, and in particular with a view to efficiency of railroad service, do you think a railroad man should be permitted and encouraged to do his level best under all circumstances? Would you recognize and promote individual effort and good work in your sawmill, if you owned one, for the good of the business, and in the interest of your pocketbook? Would you recognize and promote individual effort, attention to duty, and efficiency of service on a railroad, understanding, as you do, that

upon these personal characteristics the welfare of the railroad and the safety of the traveling public are almost wholly dependent? Again, would you hesitate to encourage and reward the economical administration of the affairs of your own town or your sawmill, for fear lest the departments or the machinery might be deliberately ruined by employees, or by your fellow townsmen, in their efforts to secure said reward and encouragement?

If, after painstaking experiment, you become convinced that the plan would result in benefit to the interests of both management and men, would you hesitate to offer a bonus, or reward on co-operative principles, as an incentive to the economical use of supplies on a locomotive, for fear lest unprincipled engine crews should play tricks with the engine in order to secure the bonus?

Furthermore, if the encouragement of the best men and the best service can be shown to work against the interests of second-class men and poorer service,

would you be willing, on a railroad, to sacrifice these second-class men and their interests, in so far as this action should become necessary, to secure the greatest possible efficiency for the safeguarding of the traveling public?

Finally, in the history of the development and civilization of the human race, is it possible to point to a single item of real progress, efficiency, or achievement, that has not been the direct result of the sacrifice of something below to the more important interests of something above?

Does it not therefore follow that any legislation or labor movement that has the effect of checking individual effort, or of interfering in any way with the free play of the best that is in any man, must necessarily reduce the standard and ideals of labor? for such movements are an inversion of the laws of progress, and at the same time a reflection on the best thought and tradition of the American people.

GLIMPSES AND GATHERINGS

BY MARTHA BAKER DUNN

It was while waiting to keep an appointment not long ago that I employed the moments of unexpected leisure in reading a magazine article several years old, treating of Literature in the Sixties. Here I found a reference to "Alexander Kinglake, author of the famous *Eothen*," and the name came to me like a breath of that far-off childhood, when I gained credit for undue precocity by devouring Kinglake's *Invasion of the Crimea* with a relish which left, after all, no more lasting effect, disastrous or otherwise, than a confused impression of heroisms. Even this impression was, perhaps, perpetuated by the rhythm of Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade," and

Bayard Taylor's "Song of the Camp."

It seemed to me that "in the back of my mind" I had always meant to read *Eothen*. The word brought to me a vision of a once-blazing hearth whose circle will never again gather unbroken, and the memory of book-talk, fresh then, and full of a spontaneity of interest which one does not so often find in these more sophisticated days; yet it was not such memories alone which sent me to fulfill that old half-meant purpose of reading Kinglake's interpretation of the East: I sought that which always interests me most in books and in men — the quality which makes them live.

I was glad to find, on reaching the

library where I prosecuted my search, that *Eothen* belonged to the cream of the collection in that it had risen to the top. I like those less-frequented upper alcoves, where the sunshine makes a little summer even on a wintry day, and where the books that have lived together long enough to become old friends, hobnob shoulder to shoulder. I am glad to belong so far to a bygone generation that old books frequently interest me more than new ones do. I find a certain enjoyment in merely handling them, opening the faded covers from which whole bouquets of association seem to fall, restoring them in my thought to the station and environment to which they were born. Each generation has a world of its own, and it is an immensely interesting occupation to attempt to put together the special epoch which engages one, bit by bit, until it becomes almost a living world again.

On the fortunate afternoon in question I had an hour or two to spare and a whole travel alcove to wander in. Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America, and the islands of the sea confronted me. I began traveling with Fredrika Bremer in Switzerland and Italy. Fredrika, too, was an acquaintance of my youth and therefore more companionable to me than to one of a younger generation. Her travels in Switzerland began in the year 1856, before the days of mountain railroads and twentieth-century achievements; and even with the memory of my own Swiss journeys fresh in my mind, I envied Fredrika her diligences, her sedan chairs, and her intimate experiences of "the footpath way." The Switzerland of her day, too, was less cosmopolitan, more individual, and more psychologically accessible than one now finds it.

I supplemented Miss Bremer's mountain wanderings with the *Glimpses and Gatherings* of Reverend W. A. Drew, who in the year 1851 made a "voyage and visit" to London and the Great Exhibition. These two widely differing writers shared one quality in common, — the deeply religious spirit which each carried

into every new scene and adventure. Miss Bremer's attitude, indeed, was distinguished by a liberality of thought and an ever-continued quest after fresh truth, of which our countryman could not boast — nor, in fact, needed to boast, since he carried the truth in entirety, every jot and tittle of it, with him wherever he went, and was generous with it also, bestowing of his treasure freely on all and sundry. Both differed from the present generation in that not only religious thought but religious expression came to them naturally and spontaneously. The thought of God, of wonder, of gratitude, of worship, was with them synonymous with pouring the feeling forth. The modern traveler might conduct his closet meditations with equal reverence, might be awed by the grandeur of the Alps to kneel and pray under the open sky, but he would be much more reticent about telling of it. Somebody — I forget who — has said, "This world is not the place to pour out the soul without reserve. In a higher and better, to know even as we are known will be a part of heaven to our disciplined race. Here the noblest and best feelings are misunderstood, and our safety consists in our forbearing to say what it is our highest merit to feel."

Whatever may be the truth of this statement, our ancestors seldom paused to consider it. They said what they had to say, and a listening world might misinterpret at its own risk. "The reputed reticence of our New England forefathers was not so much a real holding back as a lack of vocabulary. Whatever they desired and knew how to express was brought forth flatly enough, with true Scriptural force and abandon.

The *Glimpses and Gatherings* of the Reverend Mr. Drew possessed more human than literary merit. The most important thing he had portrayed in these pages was himself, a Yankee of the Yankees as was his constant boast, the type of a class with which in my youth I was very familiar, and which has not yet wholly passed away — shrewd, stir-

ring, full of a sort of intelligent curiosity and a certain rugged strength, "pious" in the old-fashioned sense of the term, and not so much willfully narrow, as having no conception of breadth. In any and every country and clime he would have remained a "Yankee" traveler, and I am far from certain that in his present estate he is not—if such thing may be—a Yankee angel.

At the time of his visit to London, Queen Victoria was, as he tells us, "a good, hearty woman, thirty-three years old, and the mother of seven children;" and our author goes on to assure us that Victoria "has got a likely, good fellow for a husband." "We may not admire the British constitution," he tells us, "which sometimes gives the Empire a national Mother instead of a political Father, and that allows one of the softer sex to preside over its destinies. We may think it always safest and best—however the history of the world does not always avouch the statement—to have a man's head and heart to give character to a government. . . . We must take facts as we find them; and right or wrong, agreeable to our ideas or not, the fact is, Victoria, by the constitution of England, is the Sovereign of the British Empire; the Supreme Power is lawfully in her hand."

Since there the fact stood, and there seemed on the whole to be mitigating circumstances, the Reverend Mr. Drew thought it best to leave Victoria on the throne and turn his attention to the American exhibit in "the Great Exhibition," which plainly interested him more than any other; and, indeed, when I read that even in that time—as far back as 1851—the United States was about to take a greater number of industrial prizes than any other country, I realized that I, too, was not without a degree of "Yankee" pride, though in my case it was tempered by a chastened recollection of all the art and culture and historical background which we have yet to acquire. The Reverend Mr. Drew was more fortunate than

some of his compatriots in that he could return to his own country better satisfied with "a plain New England Meeting-house" and the worship conducted therein, than with St. Paul's itself, in which "haughty structure" he found little place for "Christian worship." "Perhaps God is worshiped in St. Paul's," he admits—"we hope he is." Evidently he never chanced to visit the great temple on a true preaching day, when the magnificent walls and the mighty dome themselves preached; when the monuments of the unforgotten dead, the tablets commemorating statesmen and men of genius, heroes and saints, called aloud; when, most eloquent of all preachers, the endless duration of Time measured itself against the petty ambitions and lives of men. Yet, with all his limitations, I was not sorry to have formed this brief acquaintance with the author of *Glimpses and Gatherings*. I saw him plainly before me as I closed his pages, a sturdy personality, neither ashamed of his convictions nor afraid to maintain them; good timber for the foundation of republics. One found him, too, a more cheerful philosopher than either Maeterlinck or Ibsen.

My third encounter that day—for a little time yet remained to me—brought me into a totally different atmosphere, since it was with no less a personage than the Abbé Barthélemy, author of the *Voyage du Jeune Anacharsis*. This was not my first acquaintance with Anacharsis. Years ago he had a home on the lower library shelves of a charming house where I frequently visited, and on meeting him once more I remembered vividly the pleasant corner where I used to sit on the floor, lost to the outside world in following his wanderings.

To-day it was in his letters to Comte de Caylus that I renewed my intercourse with the abbé, and as contrasted with Mr. Drew's republican simplicity, the old-world breeding, the elaborate courtesy, and the atmosphere of polite learning in which I now found myself seemed like

exchanging a New England farmhouse for an Italian palace. Involuntarily in this company I draped my garments in greater elegance of line and fold, and puckered my lips ready for proprieties of prunes and prism. After all this striving for effect it seemed rather indecorous when, having accepted an invitation to dine with the abbé at a certain casino near Naples, commanding a magnificent view of ten leagues' distance, we suddenly found ourselves at dessert confronting "plenty of wine, and elbows on table." This latter impressed me as so entirely out of character that I was fain to retire, having first possessed myself of *Eothen*, a slim brown-covered volume with interesting-looking type.

Still under the influence of Abbé Barthélemy and Comte de Caylus, I found myself mincing my way homeward, while I wondered what sort of stout British personality I held shut within the limits of my closed hand. Later, I determined this question; for it was undoubtedly the personality of its author rather than the novelty of his travels in the East, even at a period when such travels were much more uncommon and adventurous than in our day, which gave *Eothen* its great vogue. But had I been one of the multitude of his own countrymen who read the book at its publication I should have been most of all thrilled by the thought of citizenship in a country so powerful that a single Englishman, unaccompanied by any but wild attendants, might thus wander at will through dangerous deserts and among untamed tribes, secure in the knowledge that so he might ride unharmed, since the fiercest Arab of the desert, beholding his English indifference to peril, would somehow realize in his unformulating breast, "There rides the British Empire!"

There was more than this in the book, unevenly written though it may be, crude, indeed, in parts; there was a mind that brought itself to bear on all it beheld, not in mere measurements and descriptions, but in the trained apprehension

that goes behind and beyond both; there was courage that laughed at the face of danger, philosophy that outbraved the terrors of the Plague, individuality that lent its own color to all it met; and, what I shall longest remember, there was the chapter about the Troad.

First, the writer tells us how he chanced to make this journey; how he learned to love Homer:—

"I, too, loved Homer, but not with a scholar's love. The most humble and pious among women was yet so proud a mother that she could teach her first-born son no Watts's hymns, no collects for the day; she could teach him, in earliest childhood, no less than this—to find a home in his saddle, and to love old Homer and all that Homer sung. True it is that the Greek was ingeniously rendered into English—the English of Pope even—but it is not such a mesh as that that can screen an earnest child from the fire of Homer's battles."

Next, we learn how he ingrafted this fire upon his own soul: "I read, and still read; I came to know Homer. A learned commentator knows something of the Greeks in the same sense as an oil-and-color man may be said to know something of painting, but take an untamed child and leave him alone for twelve months with any translation of Homer and he will be nearer by twenty centuries to the spirit of old Greece. *He* does not stop in the ninth year of the siege to admire this or that group of words; he has no books in his tent, but shares in vital counsels with the 'King of Men,' and knows the inmost souls of the impending Gods."

He tells us, too, what such reading did for him—"not the recollection of school nor college learning, but the earnest and rapturous reading of childhood."

"You feel so keenly the delights of early knowledge; you form strange and mystic friendships with the mere names of mountains and seas and continents and mighty rivers; you learn the ways of the planets, and transcend their narrow limits and ask for the end of space; you vex

the electric cylinder till it yields you, for your toy to play with, that subtle fire in which our earth was forged; you know of the nations that have towered high in the world, and the lives of the men who have saved whole empires from oblivion. What more will you ever learn?" Here is the author in epitome, and a whole treatise on education in a few words. Such a man he had grown to be as one might have expected from the boy whom his mother had taught to love Homer and sit firm in the saddle. Conceive, too, when the day came on which the man at last found himself going "southward to that very plain between Troy and the tents of the Greeks," how the reality of that very sea-view which had bounded the sight of the Greeks "visibly acceded to him and rolled full in upon his brain." Conceive the keen delight of such a lover in verifying Homer when the map and the poet disagreed concerning the place from whence it was possible for Jove to overlook the scene of action before Ilion, from above the island of Samothrace:—

"Samothrace, according to the map, appeared to be not only out of all seeing distance from the Troad, but to be entirely shut out from it by the intervening Imbros, which is a larger island, stretching its length athwart the line of sight from Samothrace to Troy. Piously allowing that the eagle eye of Jove might have seen the strife even from his own Olympus, I still felt that if a station were to be chosen from which to see the fight, Old Homer . . . would have *meant* to give the Thunderer a station within the reach of men's eyes from the plains of Troy. I think this testing of the poet's words by map and compass may have shaken a little of my faith in the completeness of his knowledge. Well, now I had come; there to the south was Tenedos, and here at my side was Imbros, all right, and according to the map—but aloft over Imbros, aloft in a far-away heaven, was Samothrace, the watch-tower

of Jove! Now, then, I believed, now I knew Homer had *passed along here*."

For me, also, when I read this, Homer had "passed along here,"—Homer and more than Homer; I breathed that atmosphere which binds the remotest past with the most living present, I stood at the mystic point where the world of reality and the outlying world of imagination touch and cleave.

Loitering the other day in another library, my attention was arrested by long shelves full of volumes labeled *Masterpieces of Literature*. This, then, was a street of palaces; here lived, as I recognized when I opened door after door of their dwellings, the world's greatest orators, the world's greatest poets, the world's greatest essayists, and so on with the list of royal names. He who held one of these volumes in his hand gripped the essence of a dozen great personalities, an essence whose intangible revelation we call genius.

I have never asked what genius is; if it were possible to pull it in pieces, to resolve it into its component parts, no power on our globe could put it together again. It is not the subtle forces that grow within us, but the flame that trans-fuses them, of which genius is born,—and who, of his own choosing or not choosing, shall light that flame?

Yet these mighty creatures may be, and some of them, indeed, are, mine own familiar friends. They live, uncomplaining, on my bookshelves and are even so far my servants that they must, at will, answer to my mood. When I desire "words six cubits long," I may open the doors of that sombre-hued Milton—who ought, indeed, to be clothed in royal purple—and make him scatter garlands of wild-flowers for me, or join with Dante in discoursing on heaven and hell. I can compel Demosthenes to break forth into eloquence, Plato to argue and expound, Shakespeare to probe the human heart, Montaigne and Walt Whitman to "celebrate themselves;" yet no one of these

will ever wholly resolve for me the secret of his mystery. The angel with the flaming sword ever keeps watch over the closed gate.

It is not, however, into the concealments of the frankly great that one hopes to penetrate; one may be content to leave the gods on their pedestals, and yet not able to refrain from poking and prodding the lesser divinities in the hope of discovering what spark has touched their clod. Would Pope be rated a "prince of poets" if he wrote in our day? Would Prior, Gay, Crabbe, and their like make themselves remembered? Would a modern Hannah More find admirers to hand her name down to coming generations?

One reads sheaves of criticism on the work of modern writers; this one shows immense promise; this may be the poet, the essayist, the novelist, for whom the world is waiting; yet in a short year, or maybe two, the reading public has almost forgotten the names of the gifted ones. Who knows what shall live? What constitutes the final court of appeal?

For, in spite of individual differences of opinion, there is such a court, and its deliberate verdict stands. My neighbor, who is a person of good literary judgment, when she wishes to be truly happy, seeks an easy chair, and a volume of Trollope's novels. I have tried the same recipe for content, but find it only productive of soporific influences and boredom. Yet the court is with her; this is standard fiction. Another neighbor—this is a bookish corner—finds sweetness and light in Henry James. In such verdict she has so many supporters that, as one who desires to think herself not wholly lacking, I involve myself every now and then in spasmodic struggles to believe that this skillful hairsplitter and myself speak the same language.

The conversations between his characters seem to be written in English, but are they? It was only the other day that I brought home *The Ambassadors* in another vain attempt to nail Mr. James's

colors to my mast. The writer of *The Upton Letters* has aptly said that when he reads Mr. James's writings he "never knows who has got the ball." In *The Ambassadors* one was not—at least I was not—left in any such dilemma. It was obvious to me from the first that Chad had the ball. Chad, as I conceived him, was no such mysterious creature as he seemed to loom in the mind of his creator. He held the ball by no merit of his own, but simply because the interference was too poor to deprive him of it. Yet when Chad talked, or Strether talked, or Maria talked, or anybody talked, however comprehensible each or any one might have been with his mouth shut, in conversation one lost them irrevocably. Occasionally Mr. James himself got confused during these conversational mysteries and recovered himself from the quagmire by making somebody remark, "Chad is wonderful," or "Maria is wonderful," or in more point-blank fashion, "*You* are wonderful." And so they were wonderful, each and all—but why?

Here, too, the court is against me; this is standard writing. For my own leisure reading, when I desire to be both soothed and refreshed, I choose Mrs. Oliphant's novels. I think it probable that Anthony Trollope's books, dull as they seem to me, have yet a considerable lease of life because they contain a faithful representation of dullnesses permanently existing in English life and society; Mr. James's writings, with all their ambiguities, possess a core of felicity of style which will preserve itself like a fly in amber—clouded amber! I do not know how far Mrs. Oliphant's stories show enduring qualities, just as I do not entirely know why it is that they so endear themselves to me, but I feel sure they will last my time, which is sufficient assurance for a purely selfish reader.

It has frequently been said that if Mrs. Oliphant had not been obliged to write for a maintenance she might have done better work; but though I regret her need I do not personally mourn her lack of

greater opportunity. Her work, just as it is, fills some unformulated yearning of my nature. I do not care for all her stories equally, some of them do not attract me at all, but I care for them in the aggregate enough to wish sincerely that she had written a dozen more. I find them not too tedious, but just tedious enough; not too engrossing, but just engrossing enough. When anxieties and exasperations press, when the world is too much with me, when animate and inanimate things reach the limit of depravity, I retire into Mrs. Oliphant's precincts as David retired to the Cave of Adullam, and by her aid escape from my enemies.

I like especially the Scotch atmosphere of some of her books: *The Wizard's Son*, for instance, is full of it. I know Loch Houran and Oona's Isle as if I had visited them from childhood, and I have walked on the island terrace in the glowering darkness of the winter evenings with Oona and Lord Erradeen, and seen the mysterious light stream from the ruined tower of Kinlock-houran upon the black glimmer of the water, until my flesh crept most agreeably. It creeps too when I sit in the curtained chamber of the ruined tower itself and wait with its owner for the ghostly appearances and disappearances of his wizard-ancestor.

It is the story of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde over again, told less adroitly, but also less brutally. And the ghost is not a cheap ghost. Moreover, Mrs. Oliphant's is the happier solution, because in her version of the eternal struggle the spirit of evil is vanquished by the union of two people resolved to work together for good. When I saw my first Scotch twilight I remembered Mrs. Oliphant's description of such an hour in the opening pages of *It was a Lover and His Lass*, a book which is to me a pure idyl in every page. Lewis Grantly, entering for the first time the Scotch village which had been the family seat of his benefactor, Sir Patrick Murray, comes suddenly upon the great, white, windowless palace which the latter has left unfinished. The

scene is very adroitly managed: the huge barrack of a house, with its rows of glassless windows like so many empty sockets without eyes, is set amidst "avenues of an exotic splendor, tall arancarias, of kin to nothing else that flourishes in Scotland, blue-green pines of a rare species, and around these, in long-drawn circles, lines of level green terraces upon which you can walk for miles." The travelers entered by "a gate to which a castellated lodge had been attached, but the place was empty like the castle itself. A slight uncertainty of light, like a film in the air, began to gather as they came in sight of the house, not darkening so much as confusing the silvery clearness of the sky and crystalline air. This was all new to the stranger. He had never been out in such an unearthly, long-continued day. It was like fairy-land or dreamland, he could not tell which. . . . The sky was like an opal descending into purest yellow, remounting into a visionary, faint blue, just touched with gossamer veils of cloud; . . . and into this strange, unearthly light suddenly arose the great white bulk of the palace, with its rows upon rows of hollow eyes looking out into space."

My first Scotch twilight was in Edinburgh, and I saw that same fairylike "uncertainty," and "film of light," falling in the summer evening upon the climbing roofs of the old town. Scott saw it many a time "confusing the silvery clearness of the sky" above the hills beyond Abbotsford. It touches with unearthly glamour the ruined aisles of Dryburgh and the lovely traceries of Melrose's shattered windows; and I never recognized that eerie radiance without remembering Mrs. Oliphant and the idyllic tale in which I had first seen it described — a story full of human atmosphere and human interest, a prose poem, though its main attraction lies only in the quiet delineation of character.

In moments of relaxation from the strain of impossibly-gifted heroes and incredibly sophisticated heroines, it gives

one joy to remember Lewis Grantly, not handsome, not brilliant, not self-confident, with no pretensions to having "drunk life to the lees," as is the fashion of the accepted hero; yet not wholly commonplace, after all, unless kindness and sweet patience and sacrifice and honor may be counted everyday virtues.

This story of personal preferences in the choice of authors is, perhaps, only important as it bears upon the unity in diversity and diversity in unity of taste among people who would make equal claim to a liking for "good reading." It all bears, also, indirectly, upon the rather intangible something which enters into the vital essence of good reading itself, the quality on the presence or absence of which the final court of appeal bases its decisions. This quality will always be, in a sense, a more or less mysterious possession, because for a time one author seems to have it and yet has it not, and another seems not to have it until one day the generations discover that he has been kept from his rightful place among the immortals only by the failure to recognize what suddenly seems genius unmistakable.

The quality which makes a thing live does not necessarily seem to be related to any widespread need for or appreciation of the thing itself. I turned the pages just now of an article on the writings of Richard Crashaw, from which I learn that two at least of Crashaw's poems "belong to the highest order of lyrical writing." This poet began writing about 1632. His works still live, though probably nine-tenths of the people of this generation never heard of him, and former generations have gone contentedly to their graves without realizing that he belonged either to the "best ten" or "best hundred" lyrical authorities. Chaucer continues to be a "well of English undefiled," and the mere fact that comparatively few persons ever seek his fountain at the source does not remove his name from "Fame's eternal bead-roll." The verdict once authoritatively

delivered, an author's wealth apparently remains wealth, whether there be many or few to share his hoards; and this catholicity of range gives one comfortable liberty to pick and chose.

The lines of individual discrimination, moreover, are frequently interesting. This is why the varying literary tastes of my neighbors have a value for me. One likes to try in how many other minds one can obtain a foothold. My neighbor who admires James reads, as a rule, little modern literature, but she is at home in Latin and English classics. In current fiction, an Italian novel would interest her more than an English one. My neighbor who reads Trollope enjoys a generous range of desultory reading. Each sends me home stimulated to fresh fields of research.

I overheard one man telling another on a railway train the other day that the second chorus of the *Antigone* was to him the finest poetry in the world. He was a stalwart-seeming man, meditative, but with a spark in his eye. I marked him, because the *Antigone* does not appeal to weaklings. When I reached a library I looked his second chorus up and liked the mouth-filling words of it, — robust, like their admirer, — though the third chorus would suit my individual taste just as well. I shall probably never see that man again, but, nevertheless, I am grateful to him for giving me, in passing, a foothold in his territory. Whether we meet or not, we both dwell within the confines of that area of good reading where genius finds its home.

I have, of late, in current literature, chanced upon several groupings of the heroines of fiction with whom a man might desire permanent friendship, and found *Diana of the Crossways* included in each group. It is to me an interesting interpretation of the mind of man that *Diana* should recur so frequently. My own objection to her — if I know myself — is not the obvious feminine jealousy of superior wit and beauty, so much as the dissatisfaction one is entitled to feel

with a lady who claims so much and performs so little. I have never been able to distinguish between Diana's aphorisms and her epigrams, and it is only when they are labeled that I know her jokes when I see them. Surely no other Irishman or Irishwoman was ever guilty of such laborious witticisms as those with which Diana and Dan Merion convulsed their audiences. Yet Diana must be a creation of genius or she could not thus impose herself upon the affections of discerning men.

Every now and then some sort of ordeal of selection is proposed, in which people are inveigled into making mention of the one book or five books or ten books with which each would be most content to retire to a solitary island; a scheme, by the way, which seems to me to offer almost the only environment for genuine reading which our century can afford. I have often thought that I would like to pick out fifty or more representative types of all classes and conditions of men, and start them off for their respective islands, every man fitted out with five volumes embodying his own deliberate and unbiased choice.

The list of books would be an illuminating one, and the results, if each exile could be secluded for six months with his chosen library, might be even more illuminating. There are moments when I long to take four exhausting and exhaustive classics under my own arm, sneak a volume of Mrs. Oliphant beneath my apron, and go into banishment myself; and then if I could hide three of my giants and grind over the other one until its essence became brain of my brain and soul of my soul, I might emerge a wiser and a better woman.

But even if I possessed the wisdom which the thorough digestion of one monumental author would give me, I fear I should still make the boundaries of

my possible area of good reading nebulous ones and, with my full permission, many unrecognized ghosts would wander there. I should admit every man who has ever left the impress of an indisputably individual personality upon his book, and in that event the Abbé Barthélemy and the writer of *Glimpses and Gatherings* would be keeping the borders with Mr. Pepys, Benvenuto Cellini, the fishful Isaak Walton, and the melancholy Burton. It may be that the Reverend Mr. Drew would have to play in the outfield, but he would still be within seeing distance of Montaigne pitching "hot balls" to Walt Whitman.

The poet who has written only one "sure-enough" poem would be there; nor would I deny admittance to him who has produced a single living line or, perhaps, only a phrase which the world has taken and made its own. I am not sure that I should close the gate on the first cave-dweller who used a symbol for an idea. If I swelled this number with every writer whose outpourings have ever given a stimulating uplift to any humblest reader, I should, perchance, be opening the way for much queer company; such catholicity, however, would surely entitle one to fling wide a side-entrance for those longing souls who have been gifted with the chaotic elements but not the visible flame of immortality.

It is true my company would be select only as life is select, and no other how; but the kingdom of which I dream would be too narrow if it did not afford room for the whole tissue and fabric of valiant living. The high dramatists have always found use for a chorus, and in supplying that need one may remember that aspiration sometimes counts almost more than achievement. The final test of success, whatever the "practical" world may say to the contrary, does not altogether consist in "getting there."

A BROADER MOTIVE FOR SCHOOL HYGIENE

BY WILLIAM H. ALLEN

UNTIL quite recently the term *school hygiene* stood for one idea, namely, compulsory instruction in physiology and hygiene, more particularly in the evils of alcohol and nicotine. In the near future *school hygiene* will suggest practice, not precept; not class-room recitation by pupils, but control of school environment by school authorities; not ideas to be conveyed to the brain of the child, but protection to be given to the child's body. While it is true that heretofore but a small number of men have seen the need of this new definition of school hygiene, those few men are now proceeding with such thorough and skillful educational methods, and with such profound conviction, that the school world is bound to respond to their leadership.

There are many evidences that the time is ripe for recognizing as an important factor in hygiene instruction the hygiene practiced at school by janitor and teacher, and by curriculum and building-makers. Chicago is enthusiastic over its Bureau for Child Study; Cleveland over its Department of School Hygiene; Philadelphia, Memphis, and Utica over examinations for defective vision; Detroit, Montclair, and the Oranges over their school nurses; and Massachusetts over its Medical Inspection Law. Several hundred representatives of charities and correction from all sections of the United States and Canada, meeting at Minneapolis last June, gave special attention to the limitations of the present hygiene.¹ The second International Con-

gress of School Hygiene, which met in London last August, gave a week to various phases of the new hygiene. Even more direct and more continuous results are promised by the American School-Hygiene Association, organized by a group of representative educators, physicians, and social workers in May, 1907, to secure for all schools of all states what Dr. Luther H. Gulick so aptly terms "biological engineering."

New York first startled itself and the nation by the revelation of its school physicians that over four hundred thousand children now in the public schools are in need of medical, dental, and surgical attention, or better nourishment. Later, it helped the nation by naming causes that exist everywhere, and remedies that are universally applicable. At a recent conference in New York City on the physical welfare of school children, a school principal declared that our present curriculum is manufacturing more physical defects every year than school physicians and school nurses can correct. To the surprise of the laymen present, the school men were of one mind as to the havoc wrought by school life upon the physical and mental energy of the child. We were told that eyes are weakened, if not ruined, by glazed paper, small type, lines of wrong length, unsteady or dazzling light, or prolonged concentration. Dry sweeping fills the air with dust, and combines with bad ventilation, lack of water, and dust-raising physical exercises, to supply conditions that favor the growth of disease germs, more particularly the tubercle bacilli. Seats and desks deform the spine and hips, and cramp the lungs. Required home-study deprives the child of play and sleep, and accentuates the effects of harmful school environ-

¹ The Fiftieth Convention of the National Education Association discussed the "Rational teaching of hygiene in the public schools," and "How to make the theoretical teaching of school physiology of practical value for school life."

ment. Highly trained teachers explain the composition of air in an atmosphere often more poisonous than that of the average city sweat-shop. Boys and girls unable to breathe through the nose because of adenoids and enlarged tonsils are deprived of recess for not being able to describe the passage that leads from the nose to the windpipe and lungs. Children fortunate enough to be physically able to meet school requirements are handicapped in their studies, and for that reason reduced in industrial efficiency, because they must march side by side with children suffering from removable physical defects.

These physical needs are found, upon investigation of thousands of homes by the New York Committee on Physical Welfare of School Children, to be due not so much to deficient income as to remediable defects at home, school, and factory. Homes with comfortable standards of living and honor rolls of higher grades, American homes as well as Italian and Yiddish homes, furnish a goodly share of children needing attention. The mere statement of such facts in numbers so large as those from New York City has led teachers and parents throughout the United States to look about them, and to realize that in families poor and well-to-do, in country as well as city, child-life has been neglected in spite of compulsory instruction in the laws of health.

If there is any country in the world where such conditions should not have been permitted to exist so long without being detected, it is our country, where state laws declare that whatever else is done with a child's time in school he shall be taught hygiene and physiology. To these subjects alone is given right of way for so many minutes per week, so many pages per text-book, or so much of each chapter; for failing to teach this subject with the frequency prescribed by law teachers may be arrested, fined, and removed from office; boards of education that fail to enforce state requirements as to the number of times per week these

subjects are taught may be refused their proportion of school funds distributed by their state. While practical considerations compel instruction in the three R's, the hygiene which we know is kept in the schools, as it was put there, by a rare combination of missionary zeal and pecuniary needs. Yet in spite of laws in every state and territory, and in spite of the army of crusaders and publishers' agents ready at a moment's notice to jump to the defense of these laws, physical defects and unhygienic living are quite as common here as in countries where opposition to alcohol and tobacco is not strong enough to influence legislation. What is even more alarming to many of us who are trying to check alcoholism and nicotineism, the per capita consumption of tobacco and alcoholic preparations is increasing.

How far is our school hygiene responsible for this paradoxical gap between our teaching and our practice? There will be many different answers to this question, but there can be little difference of opinion as to the possibility of securing better health habits than we have yet obtained from the daily contact of five hundred thousand teachers with the nation's children. Biological engineering can do much to discipline the child in habits antagonistic to excess of every kind and to waste of vitality; a broader motive for school instruction in hygiene can do much to fix indelibly in the mind the principles of healthy living and to make attractive the vitality and the efficiency that come only from health.

The chief purpose of school hygiene has hitherto been, not to promote personal or community health, but to lessen the use of alcohol and tobacco. To those who drafted laws making hygiene compulsory, it seemed certain that boys and girls would come to fear — if not to hate — whiskey, beer, cigars, and cigarettes, if told often enough through text-books and by teachers that alcohol and nicotine, in whatever quantities, necessarily deplete one's vitality, necessarily decrease

one's earning power, necessarily prevent the highest personal success. Text-books have been expected to present the point of view of those who in all sincerity believe that alcohol and tobacco are chiefly responsible for poverty, insanity, crime, sickness, incapacity, and wretchedness. No statement has been too strong, no case too exceptional, to justify its use in making an impression upon the child-mind. When an author is told by law that he must give one-quarter of his space to alcohol and tobacco, or that every chapter must close with a reference to the effect of alcohol and tobacco upon the organ or function discussed, we cannot in fairness expect any greater scientific accuracy or more judicial emphasis than from the modern history of which California stipulated, when still in her teens, that one-half the space should be given to the history of California. It is because they are commissioned to tell the child an unforgettable story that eight text-book writers relate:—

"A baby was once killed by washing its head with tobacco-water; a boy once drank some whiskey from a flask and died soon after; any drink that contains alcohol is a poison to hurt and at last to kill; a boy who uses cigarettes is irresistibly led to a violation of the law; by giving drinks such as root-beer to children an appetite for alcohol may be cultivated; the flesh of these unfortunate persons becoming saturated with alcohol took fire upon being exposed to a flame as of a lighted candle, or indeed without any external cause; nicotine stunts the growth of the (young) body as a whole, retards and weakens the nervous system, makes the user cross, peevish, and unfits him for the best society; a murderer was about to kill a baby and the little creature looked up into his face and smiled; 'but,' he said, 'I drank a large glass of brandy and then I did n't care.'"

The foregoing statements are taken from text-books now in use. Earlier and more grotesque inaccuracies and extravagances have not been quoted because

both publishers and authors have been trying of late to break away from the temptation to over-state. Several recent text-books, in discussing the effects of alcohol and nicotine, draw more or less clear lines between *youth* and *maturity*, and between *occasional*, or *moderate*, and *excessive*. But so strong is the temptation besetting the author that one of the latest and best books for older grades prints without qualification the following facts as to New York City:—

Saloons	10,821
Arrests	133,749
Expense of Police Department	\$10,199,206
Police courts, jails, workhouses, reformatories	\$1,310,411
Hospitals, asylums, and other charities.	\$4,754,380

The author does not say that the saloons cause all the arrests and, single-handed, fill the jails, workhouses, and hospitals. He does say, however, that the bills for charity, hospital, asylum, reformatory, and police would "shrivel up" if the saloons were wiped out.

The schoolboy able to read a misstatement is also able and apt to challenge its accuracy and sincerity if it does not ring true with his personal observation. He reads in the papers, learns from parents or friends, and sees with his own eyes that his standards of success—the family physician, bishop, priest, governor, president, philanthropist—use alcoholic beverages and tobacco. He knows of many police, hospital, and charity bills due to other causes than the saloon. He sees that total abstainers have accidents, succumb to fever, go insane, violate law. Physiological evidences before his eyes differ from the physiological effects described by text-books. He does not take the text-book seriously if it fails to teach him to analyze and understand the discrepancies between its statements and the life about him, if it fails to interpret to him the environment and social needs with which he must cope.

The teachers' attitude toward school hygiene is reflected in the reply of one

capable principal who is sufficiently interested in the physical welfare of his pupils to have every window open, to insist strictly upon personal cleanliness, and to make educational use of every emergency such as a fever or trachoma epidemic or a bruised knee. This principal resents the law that forces teachers to do special pleading, — to teach as solemn truths what they know to be only partly and occasionally true, to consume time on subjects to which they can devote neither their heart nor their educational efficiency. That this principal is not alone in his attitude is proved by testimony presented in the report of the Committee of Fifty, and by the fact that school hygiene is not given a department in the National Association of High School Superintendents or the National Educational Association. It is significant, furthermore, that, in her list of Ethical Gains through Legislation, Mrs. Florence Kelly has not included any gains from anti-alcohol, anti-tobacco instruction. How many teachers, principals, or school trustees do you know who count school hygiene among the chief privileges and duties of their schools?

What is the alternative to exaggeration? Many would think it perilous to admit in text-books that a small percentage of drinkers are drunkards; that the use of alcohol does not affect all persons in the same way; that some organs are not perceptibly affected even when certain other organs are seriously injured; that fatty degeneration, hardened liver, delirium tremens represent extreme cases, where evil effects tend to concentrate on one organ; that many men drink and smoke for a lifetime with physiological effects that seem to be no more serious than other men suffer from the regular use of coffee and tea, or from irregular eating, insufficient sleep, or neglect of constipation. Several years ago, after Professor Atwater announced his opinion that under certain conditions alcohol was a food, not a poison, I asked him if the slight inaccuracy of the statement that

alcohol is always a poison was not justifiable, in view of the great danger that his dispassionate statement of alleged scientific truths would be misunderstood and undervalued by the child-mind. He asked, "In what other study would you substitute exaggeration for truth?" I have since become convinced by my own experience that the truth itself about alcohol and tobacco will prove more effectual than over-truth in promoting teetotalism and in preventing the diseases due to excessive use of alcohol and nicotine.

There is every reason to believe that the most extreme opponents of the saloon can be brought to support a method of school hygiene that will tell the truth, and nothing but the truth, about alcohol and tobacco, and at the same time further the purpose for which school hygiene is made compulsory. We can prove that a subject vital to every individual, to every industry, and to every government, is now prevented from fulfilling its mission, not by its enemies, but by its friends. We can learn how the children of our communities are affected by hygiene now taught. We can compel discussion of the facts, and action in accordance with those facts. Without questioning the motive back of the particular text-books used by our schools, every one of us can learn for our community how big that motive is, and how adequate or inadequate is the method of executing it.

Alcohol and tobacco occupy but a small share of the interest and attention of even those men and women by whom they are habitually used. Only a fraction of life's ills are due to alcohol and tobacco. Alcoholism and nicotineism are themselves in many instances the result of social, industrial, and municipal conditions that proper school hygiene would enable us to remove. Outside the textbook and schoolroom a thousand influences are at work to teach the social evils, the waste of energy, and the unhappiness that always accompany the excessive use — and frequently result from the so-called moderate use — of narcotics. Of

the many reasons for not drinking and not smoking, physiology gives those which least interest and impress the child. Most of the direct physiological effects are in the majority of instances less serious in themselves than the direct effects of over-eating, of eating irregularly, of combining milk with acids, of failing to walk on the sunny side of life. Were it not for the social and industrial consequences of drunkenness and nicotineism, it is doubtful if the most lurid picture of fatty degeneration, alcoholic consumption, hardened liver, yellow skin, inactive stomach-lining, would outweigh the pleasing—even though deceiving—sensation of alcoholic beverages and cigarettes.

While physiology may be individual and self-centred, hygiene should be social and altruistic in its point of view. The strong appeal to the child or man is the effect upon his mother, his associates, his employer, his wife, his children. Such terms as "extravagant," "useless expenditure," "depleted vitality" should be translated into terms of happiness and pleasures denied, offenses committed, sickness and wretchedness caused by acts physiologically harmful. The vast majority of us will avoid or stop using anything that makes us offensive to those with whom we are most intimately associated, and to those upon whom our professional and industrial promotion depends. Children will profit from drill throughout their school days in the science of avoiding offense and giving happiness; but unless the categories, *acts that give offense* and *acts that give happiness*, are wide enough to include the main acts committed in the normal relation of son, companion, employer, husband, father, and citizen, those who set out to avoid alcohol and tobacco find themselves ill-equipped to discharge the obligations of temperate, law-abiding citizens. Things do not happen as described in the textbook. Other things not mentioned hinder progress and happiness. The enemies that cause us trouble come from unex-

pected sources. We find it infinitely easier to refuse alcohol and tobacco than to avoid living and working conditions that insidiously undermine our aversion to stimulants and narcotics. The reasons for avoiding alcohol and tobacco in the interest of others are more numerous and more cogent than the reasons for avoiding them for one's own sake. The altruistic reason for shunning narcotics cannot be implanted in the child unless he sees the evil of excess and selfishness wherever found, and unless he becomes thoroughly grounded in the life-relations and health-relations to which he should adapt himself.

Failure to enforce health laws is a more serious menace to health and morals than drunkenness or tobacco cancer. Unclean streets, unclean milk, congested tenements can do more harm than alcohol and tobacco, because in spite of the best intentions they breed the physique that craves alcohol and tobacco. Adenoids and defective vision will injure a larger proportion of those afflicted than will beer and cigarettes, because they earlier and more certainly substitute handicap for equal chance, discouragement for hope. The foremost teachers already know these propositions to be true. They are eager to impart such knowledge to the child. They would welcome text-books enabling a child to reason about working and living conditions. They would, if encouraged, give their best educational ability to explaining the relation of health to efficiency, earning power, and community welfare. They would like to interest children in the social and industrial consequences of adenoids, enlarged tonsils, eye-strain, ear-trouble, bad teeth, defective lung capacity; to coöperate with the family physician and health physician in enforcing sanitary regulations; to teach the need for hospital and dispensary in country and suburban districts; to show children how to detect and remove the elements in their school, home, and street environment which are manufacturing physical and mental defects; to guard the

abnormally bright child who overworks and underplays; to rank "do-nothing" ailments with ailments that come from overwork and underpay; to stimulate a desire for periodical physical examination after school age; to show how habits of health enhance efficiency; to shatter heredity bugaboos and illuminate heredity truths; to make of every school child a militant teetotaler who abstains from measles, typhoid, scarlet fever, tuberculosis, dirty streets, and impure air as well as from alcohol and tobacco; to arouse as much indignation against waste of baby-life because of unclean milk or ignorant care as against the pipe and decanter; to inculcate a love of self-control and self-respect that will operate against coffee and tea and gormandizing as well as against cocktails and cigarettes; to break up the alliance of patent-medicine venders with newspapers and legislators; to teach, in a word, that "natural law is as sacred as a moral principle," and that the violation of natural law by means of corsets, high-heeled shoes, cosmetics, needless visits to physician and drug store, or unnatural living, is anti-social even though the citizen never touches alcohol or tobacco. Finally, children may be taught to realize that their own bounding vitality is a most important factor in determining the health and efficiency of all who come in contact with it.

But no matter how broad the motive for hygiene precept, children will not be convinced and will not practice what they are taught, unless drilled during school-life in habits of health. It is here that biological engineering is indispensable. Children who sit in unclean schoolrooms, badly lighted and ventilated, will tolerate

unclean bedrooms, impure air, and bad light at home. Children who are permitted to spend years in one grade because unable to breathe through the nose, will not of their own initiative correct living conditions at home that produce adenoids, enlarged tonsils, bad teeth, and undernourishment. The biological engineer, be he an agent of the Department of School Hygiene proposed for every city, county, and state, or school physician, county superintendent, or mere teacher, can tell whether eyes and teeth and nose need attention; whether there is dry sweeping or no sweeping; whether floors are cleansed and rooms ventilated once a week, once a month, or daily; whether hygienic living is possible and necessary for the children in his care. National, state, and city superintendents should see to it that neither curriculum, home-study, school-building, nor school-atmosphere manufactures physical defects.

Children drilled throughout their school-days to live up to and stand up for their health rights, as they are drilled on the playground to stand up for their personal rights, will know how to live up to and stand up for the rights conferred upon them as factory operatives, tenants, and taxpayers. All of these gains are compatible with the desire to lessen the evils that come from alcohol and tobacco. When hygiene practice at school approximates hygiene instruction, and when the hygiene taught at school aids the child to discharge the duties of wage-earner and citizen without jeopardizing the health of his neighbor, the power of alcohol and tobacco will be seriously threatened, and a race with increasing vitality insured.

SPINSTERHOOD

BY "JANE CARMYN"

I HAVE looked on the king. From out of the North he came;
The world was busy and blind; but my heart took wing
At the light in his face, and the truth swept out like a flame,
And I said, "'T is the king!"

The depths of my soul felt the breath of a strange new word,
And an unfledged joy I bore on my breast unseen.
All my life dreamed into the voice that my spirit heard,
Singing, "Thou art the queen."

But the king passed by with never a glance at me;
He was gazing aloft at a star, or down at a stone,
With a brow that pondered and eyes that were keen to see.

And I wait, alone.

THE LITTLE SATYR

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

WHEN the loud uproar had died into silence, Onites wakened from the stupor into which he had fallen, and raised himself on his elbow. At first he was aware of nothing save the empty amphitheatre ringed by blue sky, against which the long grass of the encircling hill lay softly green, and he marveled. Had he fought the beasts and won to death, and was this the quiet of paradise? Something dripped from the hair overhanging his eyes; he lifted a trembling hand and found it blood. Then the pungent sweetness of broken lilies smote him; he saw the wreaths of flowers with which he had been decked, and remembered. But where were the shouting people, tier upon tier, who had cried out in glee to see him fight the beasts, leopard and

tiger, led hither chained, as he had been? Dimly, through the pain of his wounds, came back the memory of the leopard's attack, but of the tiger's fierce onset and the leopard's retreat he knew nothing. Leaping from seat to seat of the irregular amphitheatre in swift chase, they had terrified the spectators into panic-stricken flight; and now, from far, could be heard the cries of men in pursuit, whom the escaping beasts were leading far away among the hills. He staggered slowly to his feet, the sunshine of the spring afternoon warm upon his face. No eye was watching, and he could go free.

He went free, with unsteady steps, following the breeze which met him at the entrance to the amphitheatre and invited him away. Below, to westward,

lay the roofs of the river-bordered city to which the Roman soldiers had brought him yesterday, — Misetum, he had heard them say, two days' march from home. The blood within him quickened as he felt the cool grass beneath his feet, and turned eastward away from the city and from men. There lay soft-wooded hills; in their gracious hollows he could perhaps find healing for his wounds.

As he threaded his way among the trees, not content with the first shelter but craving deeper shade, he thought he heard now and then the music of a rude flute, calling, calling, but it brought a sense of safety rather than alarm. The mercy of bodily hurt hid from him the profounder misery of thought, and it was not until he had found a deep retreat of shadowed ilex trees, through whose roots a stream trickled among the pale green ferns, that memory came back to him. Tertius and Astia, his beloved friends, and Paulus their little child, slain before his eyes in the underground church where they had been safe so long! And he, because he had fought so fiercely with a sword wrested from one of the soldiers, had been saved for cruel combat in the arena. "If he likes so to fight, let him fight the beasts," they had said as they bound his hands and carried him away. Tertius and Astia and little Paulus, — would any come to give them burial? Making over their remembered faces the sign of the cross, he lost consciousness again, his head resting on wet fern, that wild-wood music the last sound in his ears.

Of the coming of starlight over the vast wood he knew nothing, for he passed into a deep sleep, but in the darkness he was awakened by a rough tongue touching his face, and, putting out a groping hand, he found a shaggy, friendly little head, and slept again. Later, he felt the grateful warmth of some small breathing creature against his side, and lay very still for the comfort of it. In the twilight of morning a motion startled the wild thing nestling beneath his arm, and its

sudden flight left him with a sense as of the impact of tiny hoofs upon his shoulder. He heard quick breathing, though he could not see; then, in answer to his coaxing, "Come, come, come," with which he had been used to call old dog Regulus, — a martyr, too, slain by the soldiers, — he heard the wary, slow approach of cautious feet, and, as they came nearer, he found himself changing to the endearing words where-with he had won little Paulus. Nearer and nearer, — he could see now, and the two studied each other in the growing light wherein the ferns were green again. It was with a thrill of surprise that Onites saw the thin child's body set upon the hairy shanks of a little goat, and yet the elfish, pointed chin, and merry, sidelong eyes came to him as something known and loved long ago.

"Come hither," begged the man, from his bed of moss and fern; but at the motion of his hand the baby satyr started back with frightened eyes. "Pretty, pretty, pretty," coaxed Onites, in a voice that had won back some of the eloquence of those breathing creatures that knew no words. A little laugh was the response, a laugh that was half a bleat, as the small thing came nearer, its muscles more and more tense as if for swift flight. Endearing words drew it closer, until, with brightening, fearful eyes, it touched his outstretched palm with a horny little hand which seemed not yet wholly used to the ways of its own fingers. Caressingly the man stroked the soft throat and neck, with a suspicion of soft, hairy coat upon them, and the satyr-child smiled, an arch and pointed smile, then cuddled close again, its arms across his chest, its bare bosom upon his beating heart.

As the day waxed and waned, the small thing came and went, passing between the wounded man and a world of which he had not dreamed. Faint sounds of merriment stole to him through the forest silences. He heard far, joyous cries, and more than once caught the echo of rough, dancing feet, stepping to the music of the

flute. The little creature brought him milk in a bit of wood, hollowed by sun and rain, and once it thrust into his hand a rude cake from which it had been nibbling. Seeing him eat this, it ran away and brought a branch of young and tender leaves, laughing with him as he laughed out on his bed of pain at the thought of browsing goat-wise. Relief came to him in watching the tiny, whimsical, humorous face, and in listening to the playful dashes, sideways, over the earth, and the swift gamboling back to his side. Why it returned, he was too weak to ask himself; perhaps a tenderer touch than it had ever known won it back, making it hunger along unknown ways.

Onites found himself dreading the night, with the thought that his wild friend might not be at his side; but night brought the comfort of its breathing, close against his breast, and its outstretched throat lay for fuller comfort upon his arm. In the day that followed, and the next day, and the next, it gave him elfish service, bringing food enough of fruit and last year's nuts to keep life within him. Walnut and chestnut it cracked with its own hard teeth, seeing his helplessness, and the sick man ate, dipping water from the stream in the hollow of his hand and drinking. The young thing laughed gleefully at this clumsy fashion, and with bent head and dainty, lapping tongue showed him the real way to drink. Sometimes he was alone for hours; then the leaves would suddenly break into motion and the little satyr would dart out, gamboling now on two legs, now on four, as if trying to win this new companion to its pranks. It was gayer than any child, yet terror lurked nearer its heart, — fear, not of the dark, but of light rustling sounds, which always brought its alert, listening head high in the air, every muscle tense for flight. Once, when by a swift leap it struck its head sharply against a tree-trunk and stood motionless, giving no cry, the dumb endurance of pain stirred the man's

heart to pity, and he strove, but unsuccessfully, to reach it with the comfort of his touch. In every aspect, whether swinging by its hands from some low tree-branch, and vainly trying with hard hind-hoofs to climb; or lying down, its throat stretched full along the ground in that complete rest of the happy animal, it charmed away his pain. The endless joy of its gamboling he shared through all his feverish unrest, and he marveled with increasing tenderness at this creature, neither child nor beast, but having the winsome ways of both. Was it more venturesome than its kinsfolk, that it had trudged away through the forest to find him, and was it guarding from the others the secret of his presence here? It came to him with little appealing motions, rubbing its head against his arm, as if hungering for his touch; and as he caressed the small shaggy head, the mischievous eyes softened, but wondered still upon his face, as if finding there a prophecy for its own.

As Onites grew weaker, the fever lessened, perhaps because of the cool water trickling against his wounds, — and his mind grew clear. Watching, he was filled with envy of this small creature and his kin whose dancing in the forest spaces was so gay. To feel the soft air thus, untroubled by any hope, would be a life whose richness he had no power to fathom, and he longed, lying wounded in this cool shade, that it might be his, if but for a moment, before his farewell to shadow and sunlight. Had they gained, he and his fellows who chose the way of suffering, he asked himself, anything commensurate with what they had lost?

Across the sickness in throat and hands, he seemed to share that thrill of dancing feet. Hunger and pain and shadowed days in their hidden places of prayer — had they won aught else in exchange for simple gladness foregone, — the whole of life it might be? Through the joyous satyr-music, now drawing nearer and nearer, memory groped in vain for the reason why they had made this hard

choice, he and his forefathers, from that day, long past, of which he had been often told, when one, beautiful of face, had stood upon a high green hill to tell of the great gain of loss. Through mystic symbol and the voice of prayer, and the music of hymns, the secret had come down to him, but his weakened consciousness groped for it in vain. What could it be that lay beyond the flickering shadows of the trees, the beckoning of the sunshine? It was in dreaming on beloved faces, with their evidence of holy things, that the endless hope came back to him, Tertius and Astia and the others, whose very look was a call to immortal life; and remembered notes of their voices at even-song brought him assurance, high notes, admitting no retreat.

The satyr-child seemed half to divine the deeper suffering of this third day, and, before it danced away on wayward hoofs, bent above him with a rough kiss, which was but the drawing of a quick red tongue along his cheek.

Perhaps stung to restlessness by the look of the sick man's face, full now of the certainty of the great change, it wandered farther than was its wont along a faint path that led out of the shadows of ilex and of beech into open spaces it had never seen. Its dainty whim beguiled it along the trickling of a brook, running between soft grassy banks, to a wide pasture land, where it ran up and down with a homesick cry, suddenly conscious of its distance from the others of its kind. For wonder of the unknown ways it went on, as was its wont, and, beyond a gentle rise of ground, came upon a herd of goats, nibbling the juicy grass in the morning sunshine. With a joyous bleat, as if recognizing its near kin, it slipped in among them, not disdaining the tender herbs which they were cropping, and giving itself up to jolly play with the kids. The sound of the flute took away its grieved sense of loneliness, and the shepherd, with sun-bleached hair and goatskin garments, brought the wild thing only a sense as of being with its own.

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In mid-afternoon, answering the call of the flute, the flock started homeward, the alien slipping among them unnoticed. In a sheltered spot at some distance from the city visible to southward, the shepherd stopped and looked cautiously about, while the flock fell to nibbling the tender grass. Lifting the branches of a low-growing acacia tree, the lad disappeared from sight, the satyr-child following, down a passageway which was dark but which challenged him to enter. The small hoofs stepped timidly, yet with fresh sense of adventure, along the moist descending path, and the slanting eyes widened, half in fear, half in wonder, at the dimly lighted space below. Before the altar burned low lamps, each with a single flame; the bare walls were covered with symbols which the little satyr failed to notice. *Pax Christi*, the palm branch, the phoenix rising with fresh wings from the ashes,—of the deep significance these rude signs bore, the shaggy little head held no dream.

One by one, rough shepherd-folk crept to this strange service, a pet kid following the latest comer, to lie happily by his feet as he knelt, not dreaming its sad eminence as a symbol of the lost. The odd visitor from the forest escaped notice in the dusky corner where it had hidden, frightened by the stealthy footsteps. With eyes alive with curiosity it watched and listened, fascinated through the terror; then would have scampered away, when all were kneeling, save for the music, strange but sweet, and very soft lest it should betray this hiding-place to the spoiler. Yes, surely this was music, and yet it hurt! There was a wholly new feeling in the hairy throat, and the shining eyes were nearer than they had ever been before to human tears. It put one rough hand up to still the pain,—when the singing ceased, the last notes floating richly out upon the air.

One by one, the kneeling worshippers arose, and stole away; and in the silence, at last, the forest-thing knew

it was alone. Dancing out, on expectant feet, snuffing the underground air with a sense that it was less desirable than that of the upper world, it caught sight upon the altar of a rough crucifix made of slender reeds, and joyously snatched it. Was not this the flute of its kin, though oddly fashioned? Attempting to blow sweet music from this instrument, it emerged into the sunshine, trying first one and then another end of the broken reeds, puzzled that no one gave forth notes that would set feet a-dancing.

Something in the new toy fascinated the little creature, — the look of the cross, the firmness that resisted the efforts of horny hands to draw it apart. He clung to it, in the devious wandering toward the forest that was home; nibbled one end, and left marks of teeth there; and once threw the curious thing away, but went back and picked it up again.

Now it had crossed the pasture land and found the brook; now it was once more among familiar trees, gamboling along known paths. The forest was its own. It did not find its kinsfolk in their wonted haunts, but came upon them gathered round the sick man, one or two with a look of fear upon their faces, the others, laughing, dancing, leaping over one another's backs. As the little satyr entered, they turned with soft bleats of welcome, but one, in jest, snatched at the toy in its hand. Angered, and perhaps more vexed that they had found out the

secret, it struck out with one tiny hoof; none should bar the way when it was hastening to show this plaything to its new-found friend. With a bleating laugh it danced to its comrade's side.

The gentle touch of the rough little body against his own recalled the dying man a moment from that far journey whereon his feet were already set, and the longing, which had almost faded into unconsciousness, for some assurance that his faith had not been vain, grew keen again. A gleam of light came into the gray face; in a moment's swift return of life he raised himself upon the bed of moss, and his hand fell caressingly upon the head of the little satyr who was holding the crucifix high before the fading eyes. They brightened, before their light went out, as they rested upon the cross of reeds, against the background of hairy, laughing faces.

The rough creatures gathered there wondered at the shining face of the dying man, then danced away, in sudden terror, toward forest-spaces untroubled by the dead. The satyr-child did not follow. Half fearfully it looked at the man who had been its friend, lying now with the crucifix where it had fallen on his breast; then the little creature crept slowly away, not daring to stay near. Crouching down at the end of the path that led away to the hidden chapel, it looked piteously, now this way and then that, wondering, with all the laughter gone out of its merry eyes, what this new pain might mean.

THE ENGLISH IN INDIA

BY JAMES MASCARENE HUBBARD

FIFTY years ago, on November 1, 1858, at a great durbar at Allahabad, it was proclaimed that Queen Victoria had assumed the government of India. This fact is of more than mere historic importance, for it marks the beginning of the greatest experiment in government which the world has ever witnessed. Never before had so many of the human race been subject to a single foreign ruler. Cæsar, at the height of his power, ruled over only one hundred and twenty millions, while Edward, Emperor of India, is the supreme lord of three hundred millions. The history of India, therefore, during the last half-century, is of surpassing interest and importance to every student of the great world-problem of the present time, — how to rule an inferior race justly and wisely, that is, with the aim to lift it from its lower level, to develop in it the power of righteous self-government, the noblest task which an enlightened people can undertake. Since nearly all the civilized nations, including the United States, have now this problem to solve, a knowledge of the governmental methods adopted by nations having colonial possessions is absolutely necessary, in order to profit by their successes and their failures.

Rightly to appreciate the nature of England's task we must first free our minds from the common impression that India is, like China, for instance, one great nationality. It is a continent rather than a country, larger than all Europe with the exception of Russia, and having all the continental varieties of surface and climate, from the perpetual snows of the Himalayas to the tropical plains of Madras. Of the diversities of the inhabitants one may form some conception from the fact that the traveler from

Bombay to Calcutta passes, in a thousand miles, through a country inhabited by peoples differing more in race, religion, and habits of life, than all those he sees in going twice the distance from Constantinople to London. The Indians are divided into fourteen distinct races, speaking one hundred and forty-seven different languages and dialects, and are separated as much by creeds and customs as by mountain-ranges, vast forests, trackless deserts, and great rivers. Some idea of the extent of what may be termed their political divisions may be gained from the fact that in addition to the two hundred and fifty-nine districts or units of administration in the provinces under the direct control of the English, there are six hundred and eighty native or feudatory states under their own rulers, varying in extent from a few square miles to a territory larger than Great Britain; while on the fifty-seven hundred miles of frontier separating India from Afghanistan and Central Asia live hundreds of wild tribes given to hereditary rapine.

It is not necessary to dwell upon the religious divisions, for they are common to all peoples; but the distinguishing characteristic of the Hindu race is the castes, which, according to the new official *Indian Gazetteer*, are two thousand three hundred and seventy-eight in number. These include every trade, profession, guild, tribe, and class, and are governed by unwritten laws of remotest antiquity, far more binding than any that are known in our western world. That which is regarded as most sacred and essential is the prohibition of mixed marriages. Consequently, three-fourths of the Indian people may be said to consist of separate strata in which there has been no fusion for ages. This, together with

the degraded position of woman, is the greatest obstacle to progress and development, and offers the hardest problems for a government to solve which seeks the highest interests of the people governed. Every grade of civilization and intelligence is to be found there, from the naked hill-tribesman on a level with the Central African, to the refined metaphysical Brahman and the shrewd Parsee. Ninety per cent of the people live in the rural districts, two-thirds of them being cultivators of the soil, and the inertia, apathy, and ignorance of the peasant are too well known to need description.

Among such a people, so divided, it is hardly necessary to add that a national feeling has never had an existence. The average Indian knows nothing, and cares for nothing, practically, outside his own family and caste. How could there have been that community of feeling which we call national, considering the fact that, in addition to their caste divisions, until the English came India was never under one supreme ruler? So far back as history goes, the different states waged perpetual war with one another, and through the two Himalayan gateways connecting the peninsula with Central Asia foreign invaders had streamed from time immemorial. In the eighteenth century alone there were six great inroads by the Afghans in twenty-three years, in one of which eight thousand men, women, and children were hacked to pieces one morning in Delhi. At harvest season the hill-tribes along the whole northern frontier poured down into the plains and raided the fields and villages. Consequently, there was a belt of territory from twenty to fifty miles in breadth, bordering on this region, which no one dared to cultivate. A total area of sixty thousand square miles of most fertile soil yielded no food for men, but teemed with wild beasts which nightly sallied forth to ravage the herds and hamlets in the country beyond. But perhaps nothing will better illustrate the condition which prevailed in ante-British times than a Hindu law promulgated

two thousand years ago. It provided that, as a protection to a royal city or kingdom, a belt of wilderness twenty miles wide should be left all about it, in place of fortifications.

The conditions in other parts of the peninsula do not appear to have been much better. The sea, instead of being a natural defense, was, like the mountains, a source of danger. On the Bay of Bengal Burmese pirates sailed up the great rivers, burning the villages, massacring the inhabitants, or carrying them off into slavery. In the early part of the eighteenth century there was a tract of one thousand square miles on the seaboard bare of villages—"depopulated by sea robbers," as a survey map of that time records. On the western coast piracy was conducted on a grander scale. Wealthy rajahs kept up luxurious courts upon the extortions which their pirate fleets levied from trading vessels and from the villages along the coast. Then, in the interior, there were more than a hundred predatory castes compelled by their inviolable laws to live by plunder alone.

From this rapid survey of the conditions it will readily be seen that there is not a conceivable problem of any importance relating to the government of an oriental people which has not been presented to the British rulers in India for solution. Consequently, a knowledge of their methods, with their successes and their failures, is of unsurpassed importance at the present time. This knowledge it is perfectly easy to acquire, such is the wealth of material in official documents, histories, biographies, travelers' experiences, missionary letters and journals. Every point of view can be found presented, from that of the viceroy to that of the educated native; from that of those who will present any subject in the most favorable light, to that of those who will show the profoundest hostility to the foreign raj; from the plea of the missionary, who sees in the continuance of the present rule the only hope of the Indians, to the rabid outpourings of the native vernacu-

lar press, which lives upon its denunciations of the British for their rapacious tyranny. In this great mass of evidence the sincere searcher after the truth will find little difficulty in discovering the fundamental principles upon which the Indians have been and are still being governed. For the history of the last fifty years is a record of true growth, of gaining, and acting upon, wisdom from the grievous mistakes as well as from the great administrative successes of the previous hundred years.

The grand underlying principle, I have no hesitation in asserting, though the statement would be vehemently denied by members and supporters of the Indian congresses, is to govern in the interests of all the people, the peasant as well as the rajah. It is, in other words, to raise those three hundred millions to the same level upon which the self-governing Christian peoples stand, where the rights of the lowest are as sacred as those of the highest. This is a distinction which it is well to bear in mind, for the natives who clamor for independence are not men who have the interests of the low-born peasant at heart, but men who simply desire to perpetuate and strengthen the power of the native ruling classes,—those who have kept the peasant for ages in practically hopeless servitude. This principle was asserted eloquently by Lord Curzon in the last speech which he made as viceroy, in Bombay, November 16, 1905. He entreated the Englishmen in India to "remember when the Almighty has placed your hand on the greatest of his ploughs in whose furrows the nations of the future are germinating and taking shape, to drive the blade a little forward in your time, to feel that somewhere among these millions you have left a little justice or happiness or prosperity, a sense of manliness or moral dignity, a spring of patriotism and dawn of intellectual enlightenment or sense of duty where it did not before exist. That is enough. That is the Englishman's education in India. It is good enough for his watchword while

he is here, for his epitaph when gone. I worked for no other aim, let India be my judge."

This fundamental principle is shown in the policy which distinguishes English colonial administration from that of France and Germany,—the ruling so far as possible through the native forms of government which ages have developed and to which the people are accustomed. The aim is to continue the present régime, exercising only the supreme power of preventing war, of prohibiting customs contrary to natural rights, as *suttee*, and to endeavor to secure justice between man and man. With this end in view, strict neutrality in regard to religions has been maintained from the first. Oriental methods are not violently superseded by occidental, even though these may be better. Reforms are instituted slowly, and mainly on the initiative of the natives themselves, as, for instance, in respect to infant marriage. In other words, the aim is to interfere with the freedom of the native as little as possible. The extent to which it is carried out is shown by the simple fact of the existence of the six hundred and eighty feudatory states, which are independent in every respect, except that they are not permitted to make war or peace, or to send ambassadors to one another or to foreign powers. Their military force has a certain specified limit, and a ruler may be deposed for misconduct or absolute inefficiency. The Maharajah of Mysore, a state as large as Maine, with a population of five and a half millions, was deposed in 1831 for excessive misrule, but in 1881 a member of his family was placed upon the throne, and, after fifty years of direct British rule, the native dynasty was restored and governs at the present time.

This policy of education in self-government is shown also in the endeavor not only to rule through native methods, but also through the natives themselves. This has been a distinguishing characteristic of the British policy from the beginning. Sir Thomas Munro, one of the

most noted of the early governors, distinctly enunciated the principle when he said in a public address nearly a century ago that the aim of the government was to lessen the number of Europeans employed in the civil service and to educate natives for every office. A fatal mistake in the educational system first established by the government, but since partially corrected, — the making its basis to be instruction in the English language, — was due to the strong desire to open official careers to the Indian students.

Another thing which characterizes the British administration is that the first duty impressed upon the Englishman entering the Indian civil service is that he shall endeavor to understand the people among whom his work lies. The official *Gazetteer* says that the collector or district magistrate must be accessible to, and intimately acquainted with, the inhabitants. He spends several months of the year in camp, oversees subordinate officials, receives visits from local magistrates and village elders, settles local quarrels, helps in matters of assessment and general affairs. And it adds, he thus "gains their affections and his memory is kept green, and tales of his sagacity and good deeds will be told in remote villages long after he has passed away." Though it is often said that there is little sympathy between the Englishman and the Indian, and that the Russian and the Frenchman assimilate more readily and completely with the people whom they govern, I do not believe that they understand so well the needs and aspirations of the people under their rule. Several of the English high officials have so impressed the natives with their uprightness that they have been worshiped during their lives as manifestations of the Deity. And this is not so strange when we consider the fact, and it is one which most exalts the British administration, that the first requisite for the high official is character. The moral qualities of the men chosen for these positions have ever been held to be more important than their intellectual

attainments; and it would be hard to find a nobler body of men than those viceroys, governors, and district magistrates. One of the most noteworthy results of this principle has been recently stated by Sir Thomas Holdich, one of the best informed of Anglo-Indians: "The high standard of morality and integrity among native officials is due to the irreproachable integrity of the English employed in the highest ranks of the public service."

What are some of the results of these methods of government? What is the present condition of the country? It is enjoying a peace which has been undisturbed for fifty years, so far as the main body of the people is concerned: a peace which, I have no hesitation in asserting, is not that maintained by force of arms, but which arises from pure contentment. Nowhere in the world is there exhibited such contentment by people under a foreign yoke. The ground for this statement, which is entirely contrary to that of the opponents of the British rule, one of whom recently wrote of the "repressive policy of the British in governing and treating the natives of India with cannon gaping against their entirely disarmed bodies from all directions," lies in the fact that the European military force in India consists of seventy-four thousand men, mostly stationed on the northern frontier, together with a native contingent of one hundred and fifty-six thousand. That is, for every four thousand of the natives there is one English soldier. If the force was proportionally as great as that with which we keep the peace in the Philippines, it would be four hundred and fifty thousand strong, or three million if it equaled that of the French in Algeria. It is a peace which has been accompanied by growth in every direction.

Notwithstanding the ravages of famine and plague, the population has increased forty-two millions in the last twenty years, while the increase of the United States in the same period has been but twenty-six millions. This has naturally

been accompanied by extensive material growth, especially in the amount of land cultivated, and in the number and value of the crops raised.

The strip of coast "depopulated by sea-robbers" is now thronged with villages, and nearly a quarter of the territory of the northern borderland, which formerly no one dared to cultivate, has been brought under the plough and yields an annual harvest valued at ninety millions of dollars. On fifty thousand square miles of what was till recently wilderness or desert, there are now to be found large towns surrounded by artificially irrigated fields, highly cultivated and bearing crops which add yearly over a hundred million dollars to the general wealth. The exports alone of cotton and tea, the cultivation of which was practically introduced by the English, were one hundred and fifty million dollars in 1905, while as a producer of wheat British India ranks fourth among the nations of the world.

In the ante-British times there were no roads, only bridle-paths. To-day there are more than one hundred and eighty thousand miles of road, and twenty-eight thousand miles of railway on which two hundred and forty-eight million passengers were carried in 1906. This fact means more than lies upon the surface. In times not very long ago the pilgrimages, which every Hindu endeavors at some time to make, were done mostly on foot. The rivers in their way were rarely bridged, and if they were swollen by the rains so that the customary fords were impassable, the multitudes going and returning from the shrine became congested on either bank. Their supplies were soon exhausted, and famine and its attendant diseases were the inevitable result. Even when there were no extraordinary difficulties to be overcome, the old and feeble, whose strength was exhausted by the journey merely, died in countless numbers by the way. For fifty miles from Juggernaut in every direction the paths were lined with the bodies of those who had perished in the attempt to prostrate

themselves before the car of their god. The pilgrimages have not ceased, but the excessive mortality consequent upon them has.

The building of roads has also added vastly to the amount of land cultivated and to the intensity of cultivation. Formerly the peasant only raised sufficient crops for the support of his family and for the payment of his land-tax. If the old system of regarding him, not as the owner, but as an hereditary tenant of the state, of land which by immemorial custom and unwritten law was inalienable, had prevailed, his poverty would not have been what it now is. But it was one of the mistakes of the British that they made land private property, in the expectation that by this means the position of the peasant proprietor would be improved and taxation placed on an equitable basis. The immediate effect was a sudden rise in the value of land and the enrichment of the peasant-farmer. But it was soon found that the village money-lender was the one who profited most by the new system. The natives, untrained to habits of thrift and unused to the possession of money, found themselves after a brief season of extravagant spending, dispossessed of the fields which they and their ancestors had cultivated for untold ages, and driven forth to become homeless wanderers and day-laborers, or, if they remained, hopeless serfs to their creditors. The rates of interest demanded were so high that even small debts became a terrible burden, as is shown by the following instance taken from an official report: "A small farmer borrowed ten rupees, and after paying one hundred and ten found himself in ten years still owing two hundred and twenty rupees on the loan." So far as our knowledge goes this is the only cause of the impoverishment of the Indian which can be charged directly to the British government. An encouraging fact in this connection is that in 1905 more than a million people had \$44,690,043 deposited in the Post-Office Savings-Banks

alone, an increase of nearly eleven millions in five years. That the wealth of the country at large is increasing is shown by the fact that out of a total value of a billion dollars for the seaborne commerce in 1906, the value of the exports exceeded that of the imports by one hundred and eleven millions. On the other hand the value of the treasure brought into India in the last two fiscal years exceeded that carried out by one hundred and thirty-one millions. It is interesting to note in this connection that India's trade with the United States for the first ten months of 1906 was over fifty-six million dollars, which was an increase of twenty millions over the corresponding period of the previous year. Seven-eighths consisted of exports from India to this country.

From the fact that ninety out of every hundred Indians live in the rural districts the general educational progress has been slow. It has also been hampered by the grievous mistake of making English the language through which instruction, even in the primary schools, was given. The higher education has also had till recently for its exclusive aim the preparation of men for the civil posts, and many more have been graduated from the colleges than could obtain positions; consequently a most dangerous element has been planted among the people. This is recognized by the Indians themselves, as is shown by a speech in July, 1907, by the Maharajah of Kashmir. He said that "the chief cause of disloyalty was the educational system which sent out students with university degrees, but without occupation. The remedy lay in education in the arts and sciences, and this was the policy" which he intended to follow. This conviction of the need of technical and especially medical training characterized Lord Curzon's educational policy; and institutions having these ends in view, together with commercial and agricultural schools, and normal schools for training teachers, have been established throughout the land.

The fundamental aim of the British

rulers, however, has been the education of the people in self-government. What progress has been made in this direction? In 1905 there were seven hundred and forty-six municipalities with a population of over sixteen millions governed by committees, the majority of whom are natives, and in many cases all are natives, elected by the ratepayers. These bodies have the care of the roads, water-supply, markets, and sanitation; they impose taxes, enact by-laws, make improvements, and spend money, but the sanction of the provincial government is necessary before new taxes can be levied or new by-laws brought into force. For many rural communities there are similar elected bodies having in charge roads, district schools, and hospitals. There are also representative assemblies or parliaments in two of the great native states. According to the latest statistics within my reach there are twenty-one thousand seven hundred and three natives holding civil appointments with salaries above three hundred dollars, the English numbering a few over a thousand. Two of the ten members of the council of the Secretary of State for India are Indians, and they are to be found in considerable numbers on the councils of the Governor-General and the provincial governors. Indians also hold commissions in the British army.

But perhaps the strongest evidence of the growth of the ability to govern themselves is the discontent which prevails among a certain section of the people in different parts of the country. It is so far from being universal or even general, however, that nine-tenths of the natives are absolutely ignorant of its existence; that is, it has not reached the rural peasantry. A few, consisting almost entirely of the educated class known as Baboos, demand absolute freedom from British rule, — independence. The wiser, and better informed, including the representatives of the sixty-two million Mohammedans, simply ask for a larger share in their own government. This request Mr. Morley, speaking for his countrymen, has pro-

mised shall be granted as speedily as possible; and the taking of two natives into his Council was a first and most important step in that direction. This Swadeshi movement, as it is locally known, is not a sudden and unexpected event. When it was announced nearly a hundred years ago that the aim of the government was to raise the Indian people to a condition in which true self-government should be possible, there were numerous warnings that such a policy would inevitably lead

to revolutions. But the spirit in which these warnings were received then as well as now is shown in the memorable speech of Macaulay in 1833. After an eloquent prophecy that under the present system of government the public mind of India would expand until it had outgrown the system, and that at some future age their Indian subjects might demand European institutions, he added, "Whenever the day comes it will be the proudest day in English history."

ALEXANDRE DUMAS

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

IN 1891 Mr. Davidson published two small volumes of extracts from Dumas's *Memoirs*; but the complete work now appears in English for the first time.¹ Mrs. Waller, the translator, her publishers, and Mr. Andrew Lang, in his graceful introduction, have unquestionably rendered a considerable service to English literature. Certain persons may be annoyed, or may profess to be annoyed, because a few passages more suited to French than to English taste have not been omitted; but there are strong arguments in these matters for the policy of all or none.

Those who are curious in translation will compare Mrs. Waller's work and Mr. Davidson's with much interest. Sometimes one catches the author's spirit better, sometimes the other. Quite often neither catches it at all. In literal accuracy Mr. Davidson has distinctly the advantage. Indeed, Mrs. Waller's slips are rather too frequent. Some of them may perhaps be explained by the extensive collation to which she refers in her

preface, and in which I have been unable to follow her. But no difference of text can justify the omission of the pretty touch, *comme les trois Curiaees*, which Mr. Davidson justly notes as most Dumas-like. *Deux mille* becomes in the translation "ten thousand." *Comme je l'ai fait remarquer* does not mean "as I had noticed;" and *cette œuvre de perfection que l'art atteint parfois en dépassant la nature* is not adequately rendered by "that perfect standard to which art everywhere attains when it surpasses nature." Nevertheless, in spite of these and similar lapses, Mrs. Waller contrives to catch a considerable amount of the grace and ease and lightness of her elusive original; and the book is thoroughly readable, — surely the first essential with Dumas, who is always readable, if nothing else.

Mr. Davidson, whose excellent volume on Dumas must be the foundation of any careful study of the subject, dismisses his author with the remark: "Except for increasing the already ample means of relaxation, he did nothing to benefit humanity at large." But is not this a rather grudging epitaph for the creator of Monte Cristo? Are the means

¹ *My Memoirs*. By ALEXANDRE DUMAS. Translated by E. M. WALLER, with an introduction by ANDREW LANG. London and New York: The Macmillan Company. 1907-08.

of relaxation so ample that we can afford to treat *La Tour de Nesle* and *La Reine Margot* as alms for oblivion? Would Stevenson have read *Le Vicomte de Bragelonne* six times, would you or I have read *Les Trois Mousquetaires* more times than we can count, if other relaxation of an equally delightful order were indeed so easily obtainable? In spite of the flood of historical novels and all other kinds of novels that overwhelmed the nineteenth century, story-tellers like Dumas are not born every day, nor yet every other day.

For he was a story-teller by nature, one who could make a story of anything, one who did make a story of everything, for the joy of his own childlike imagination. "I am not like other people. Everything interests me." The round oath of a man, the smile of a woman, a dog asleep in the sun, a bird singing in a bush, even a feather floating in the breeze, was enough. Fancy seized it and wove an airy, sun-bright web about it, glittering with wit, touched with just a hint of pathos; and as we read, we forget the slightness of the substance in the grace and delicacy of the texture.

It is an odd thing, this national French gift of story-telling, of seeking by instinct the group-effect, as it were, of a set of characters, their composite relations to one another and the development of these relations in dramatic climax. English writers, from Chaucer down, dwell by preference on the individual character, force it only with labor and difficulty into the general framework, from which it constantly escapes in delightful but wholly undramatic human eccentricity. To the French habit of mind, such individuality is excrescent and distasteful. Let the characters develop as fully and freely as the action requires, no more. They are there for the action, not the action for them. Hence, as the English defect is dull diffusion and a chaos of disorder, so the French is loss of human truth in a mad eagerness for forcible situations, that is to say, melodrama.

Even in Hugo, in Balzac, in Flaubert, in Zola, one has an uneasy feeling that melodrama is not too far away. In Dumas it is frankly present always. The situation — something that shall tear the nerves, make the heart leap and the breath stop — for Dumas there lies the true art of dramatist and novelist. And what situations! No one ever had more than he the two great dramatic gifts, which perhaps are only one, the gift of preparation and the gift of climax. "Of all *dénoûments*, past, present, and I will say even to come," writes Sarcey, "that of *Antony* is the most brilliant, the most startling, the most logical, the most rapid; a stroke of genius." *Henri III*, *Richard Darlington*, *La Tour de Nesle* are full of effects scarcely inferior. If one thinks first of the plays, it is only because in them the action is more concentrated than in the novels. But in novel after novel also, there is the same sure instinct of arrangement, the same master's hand, masterly for obtaining the sort of effect which the author has chiefly in view.

And perhaps the melodrama is not quite all. The creatures are not always mere puppets, wire-pulled, stirring the pulse when they clash together, then forgotten. We hate them sometimes, sometimes love them, sometimes even remember them. Marguerite and Buridan are not wholly unreal in their wild passion. The scene of reconciliation between the Musketeers on Place Royale has something deeper than mere effect. And these are only two among many. Under all his gift of technique, his love of startling and amazing, the man was not without an eye, a grip on life, above all, a heart that beat widely, with many sorrows and many joys.

Then the style is the style of melodrama, but it is also far more. No one knew better how and when to let loose sharp, stinging, burning shafts of phrase, like the final speech of Antony, "*Elle m'a résisté; je l'ai assassinée*," — shafts which flew over the footlights straight to the heart of every auditor. But these effects

would be nothing without the varied movement of narration, the ease, the lightness, the grace,—above all, the perpetual wit, the play of delicate irony, which saves sentiment from being sentimental and erudition from being dull.

Dumas's style has been much abused, and in some ways deserves it. Mr. Saintsbury considers that the plays have "but little value as literature properly so-called," and that "the style of the novels is not more remarkable as such than that of the dramas." But how far more discerning and sympathetic is Stevenson's characterization of it: "Light as a whipped trifle, strong as silk; wordy like a village tale; pat like a general's dispatch; with every fault, yet never tedious; with no merit, yet inimitably right." As for dialogue, — that subtlest test of the novelist's genius, — which neither Balzac, nor Flaubert, nor Zola could manage with flexibility or ease, Dumas may have used it to excess, but who has ever carried it to greater perfection? In M. Lemaître's excellent, if somewhat cynical, phrase, Dumas's dialogue has "the wonderful quality of stringing out the narrative to the crack of doom and at the same time making it appear to move with headlong rapidity." But let it string out, so it moves. And surely Dumas's conversations do move, as no others ever have.

In the hurry of modern reading, few people have time to get at Dumas in any but his best-known works. Yet to form a complete idea of his powers, one must take a much wider survey. All periods, all nations, all regions of the earth came at one time or another under his pen. Of course this means an inevitable superficiality and inaccuracy. But one overlooks these defects, is hardly aware of them, in the ease, the spirit, the unfailing humanness of the narrative. Take a minor story like *L'Isle de Feu*, dealing with the Dutch in Java and with the habits and superstitions of the natives, snake-charming, spirit-haunting, etc. Everywhere there is movement, life, character, the wit of the *Impressions de Voy-*

age, the passion of *La Reine Margot*. And if Dumas does not quite anticipate the seductive melancholy of Loti's tropics, he gives hints of it which are really wonderful for a man who had never been south of latitude thirty.

Perhaps, outside of the historical novels, we may select four very different books as most typical of Dumas's great variety of production. First, in *Conscience l'Innocent*, we have a simple idyllic subject, recalling George Sand's country stories: peasant life, rural scenes, sweet pictures of Dumas's own village home at Villers-Cotterets, which he introduced into so many of his writings. Second, in the immense canvas of *Salvator*, too little appreciated, we have a picture of contemporary conditions, the Paris of Sue and Hugo, treated with a vividness far beyond Sue and a dramatic power which Hugo never could command. Third, comes the incomplete *Isaac Laquedem*, the vast Odyssey of the Wandering Jew, in which the author planned to develop epically the whole history of the world, though the censorship allowed him to get no further than the small Biblical portion of it. Few of Dumas's books illustrate better the really soaring sweep of his imagination, and not many have a larger share of his *esprit*. Lastly, there is *Monte Cristo*, which, on the whole, remains, doubtless, the best example of what Dumas could do without history to support him. "Pure melodrama," some will say; in a sense, truly. Yet, as compared with the melodrama of, for instance, *Armada* and *The Woman in White*, there is a certain largeness, a sombre grandeur, about the vengeance of Dantès, which goes almost far enough to lift the book out of the realm of melodrama, and into that of tragedy. And then there is the wit!

But it is on historical romance, whether in drama or fiction, that Dumas's popularity must chiefly rest. He himself felt it would be so, hoped it would be so; and his numerous references to the matter, if amusing, are also extremely interesting.

He speaks of his series of historical novels as "the immense picture we have undertaken to unroll before the eyes of our readers, in which, if our genius equaled our good will, we would introduce all classes of men from the beggar to the king, from Caliban to Ariel." And again: "Balzac has written a great work entitled *The Human Comedy*. Our work, begun at the same time, may be entitled *The Drama of France*." He hopes that his labors will be profitable as well as amusing: "We intentionally say 'instruct' first, for amusement with us is only a mask for instruction. . . . Concerning the last five centuries and a half we have taught France more history than any historian." And when some one gently insinuates that from a purely historical point of view his work cannot stand with the highest, he replies with his usual charming humor, "It is the unreadable histories that make a stir; they are like dinners you can't digest; digestible dinners give you no cause to think about them on the next day."

After all, humor apart, we must recognize the justice of Dumas's claim; and the enduring life and perpetual revival of the historical novel go far to support it. Mankind in general do not love indigestible histories; but they do love to hear about Henry IV, Richelieu, and the Stuarts, about Washington and Lincoln and Napoleon, and in hearing they do learn, even against their will. Pedants shake their heads. This birth-date is incorrect. That victory was not a victory at all. When Dr. Dryasdust has given the slow labor of a lifetime to disentangling fact from fiction, how wicked to mislead the ignorant by wantonly developing fiction out of fact! As if Dr. Dryasdust really knew fact from fiction! As if the higher spiritual facts were not altogether beyond his ken and his researches! As if any two pedants agreed! Take the central fact of history, the point from which everything of importance and interest emanates, — human character, the human soul. What pedant can reach

it, can analyze it with his finest microscope? Napoleon was born on such a day, died on such a day, this he did, that he did. But was he in any sense patriotic, an idealist, a lover of France? Was he a suspicious, jealous, lascivious tyrant? Was he sometimes one, sometimes the other? State documents and gossiping memoirs give no final answer to these questions, only hints and cloudy indications bearing upon them, from which the genius of the historian must sketch a figure for itself. Therefore, as many historians, so many Napoleons, and in the end my Napoleon, your Napoleon. If so, why not Alexandre Dumas's Napoleon, said Dumas, having in the end perhaps as much faculty of imaginative divination as you or I, or even as several historians whom we will not mention.

In fact, Dumas has undoubtedly taught the history of France to thousands who would otherwise have had little concern with it. And his characters live. Catherine de' Medici and her sons, Louis XIV, Mazarin, the Duc de Richelieu, Marie Antoinette — we know them as we know people whom we meet every day: in one sense, perhaps not at all; but in another sense, intimately. Great actions call for a large background, which should be handled with the wide sweep of the scene-painter, not with the curious minuteness of the artist in miniatures. The very abundance of these characters, the vastness of the canvas, helps the reality, and in this matter of amplitude Dumas and Scott show their genius, and triumph over the petty concentration of later imitators. Nor are the characters wholly or mainly of Dumas's own invention less vivid than those historical; for Dumas learned from Scott the cardinal secret of historical romance, which Shakespeare did not grasp, that the action of the story should turn, not on real personages, but on fictitious heroes and heroines, whose fortunes can be moulded freely for a dramatic purpose. Dumas himself says somewhere that people complain of the length of his novels, yet that

the longest have been the most popular and the most successful. It is so. We can wander for days in the vast galleries of the *Reine Margot* series, charmed with the gallantry of La Mole, the vivacity of Coconnas, the bravado of Bussy, above all, the inimitable wit and shrewdness of Chicot, who surely comes next to d'Artagnan among all Dumas's literary children. And d'Artagnan—what a broad country he inhabits! How lovely to lose one's self there in long winter evenings, meeting at every turn a saucy face or a gay gesture or a keen flash of sword that makes one forget the passage of time. "I never had a care that a half-hour's reading would not dissipate," said Montesquieu. Fortunate man! How few of us resemble him! But if a half-hour's reading of anything would work such a miracle, surely a novel of Dumas would do it.

As for the man himself, he happily created such characters as d'Artagnan and Chicot because he resembled them, and was in his own person as picturesque a figure as any that talks passion in his plays, or wit in the endless pages of his novels. I do not know that he had ever read Milton's oracular saying that he who would be a great poet should make his life a true poem; but, in any case, he pointed it aptly by showing that the best way to write romantic novels is to make a romantic novel of your own career. Born in 1802, in the most stirring period of French history, one-quarter African by blood, he worked his way upward from bitter poverty and insignificance to sudden glory and considerable wealth. Ambitious for political as well as literary success, he took a more or less active part in the various commotions of the second quarter of the century, so that he was able to say of himself with some truth and immense satisfaction, "I have touched the left hand of princes, the right hand of artists and literary celebrities, and have come in contact with all phases of life."

A great traveler, a great hunter, he had

innumerable adventures by flood and field. Quick in emotion and quicker in speech, he made friends everywhere and some enemies. Peculiarly sensitive to the charms and caresses of women, he had no end of love-affairs, all more or less discreditable. Thoughtless, careless, full of wit, full of laughter, he traveled the primrose way, plucking kisses like spring blossoms, wrapping his cloak more tightly round him when he ran into winter storms of envy, jealousy, and mocking. What wealth he had he squandered, what glory, he frittered away. And as he was born in a whirlwind of French triumph, so he died, in 1870, in a wilder whirlwind of French ruin and despair.

The man's life was, indeed, a novel; and in writing his memoirs he dressed it out as such, heightening, coloring, enriching the golden web of memory, as only he knew how to do; so that I am almost ready to call these same memoirs the best of his works, even with *Les Trois Mousquetaires* and *La Tour de Nesle* in fresh remembrance. Such variety and vivacity of anecdote, such vivid, shifting portraiture of characters, such quick reality of incident, such wit always. But the best of it, unquestionably, is not Talma, nor Dorval, nor Hugo, nor the Duke of Orleans, but just Alexandre Dumas. It is said that once, when a friend asked him how he had enjoyed a party, Dumas replied, "I should have been horribly bored, if it had n't been for myself." Readers of the memoirs will easily understand how other society might have seemed dull in comparison.

From all the tangled mass of anecdote and laughter, let us try to gather one or two definite lines of portraiture for the better understanding of this singular personage, "one of the forces of nature," as Michelet called him in a phrase which Dumas loved to repeat.

And to begin with the beginning. Did the creator of Buridan and Chicot have a religion, did he trouble himself with abstract ideas? You smile; and certainly he did not trouble his readers very much

with these things. Yet in his own opinion he was a thinker, and a rather deep one. Read, in the preface to *Caligula*, how the public received with awe "this rushing torrent of thought, which appeared to it perhaps new and daring, but solemn and chaste; and then withdrew, with bowed head, like a man who has at last found the solution of a problem which has vexed him during many sleepless nights."

In his turbulent youth, the author of *Antony* was a disbeliever, as became a brother of Byron and Musset; "there are moments when I would give thee up my soul, if I believed I had one." But in later years he settled down to the soberer view which appears in the dedication of *La Conscience* to Hugo: "in testimony of a friendship which has survived exile and will, I hope, survive death. I believe in the immortality of the soul." And again and again he testified to the power of his early religious training, which "left upon all my beliefs, upon all my opinions, so profound an impression that even to-day I cannot enter a church without taking the holy water, cannot pass a crucifix without making the sign of the cross." Nor do these emotions spring from mere religiosity, but from an astonishingly, not to say crudely, definite form of belief: "I know not what my merit has been, whether in this world or in the other worlds I may have inhabited before; but God has shown me special favors and in all the critical situations in which I have found myself, he has come visibly to my assistance. Therefore, O God, I confess thy name openly and humbly before all sceptics and before all believers." What revivalist of to-day could speak with more fervor? If only one did not suspect a bit of the irony, which shows more clearly in the conversation with his old teacher, whose prayers Dumas had requested. "My prayers?" said the abbé. "You don't believe in them." — "No, I don't always believe in them. That is very true; but don't worry: when I need them, I will believe in them." On the strength of that remark we might almost call Dumas the

inventor of pragmatism before Professor James.

And the irony is rooted in a truth of character. Dumas was a man of this world. He might dream of the other at odd moments, in vague curiosity; but by temperament he was a frank pagan, an eater, a laugh, a lover, a fighter, gorgeously in words, not wholly ineffectively in deeds, even after we have made the necessary discount from his own version of his exploits. He had inherited something of his father's magnificent physique and something of his father's courage. When he tells us that "since I have arrived at manhood, whenever danger has presented itself, by night or by day, I have always walked straight up to danger," we believe him — with the discount aforesaid; and we believe him all the more, because, like every brave man, he does not hesitate to confess fear. "It was the first time I had heard the noise of grapeshot, and I say frankly that I will not believe any one who tells me that he heard that noise for the first time without perturbation."

In truth, the religion, the courage, the fear — all, and everything else in the man, were a matter of impulse, of immediate emotion. He was quite aware of this himself. When he proposed his Vendée mission to Lafayette, the latter said to him, "Have you reflected on what this means?" — "As much as I am capable of reflecting about anything: I am a man of instinct, not of reflection." The extraordinary vanity of which he was justly accused, of which he accuses himself, — "everybody knows the vain side of my character," — was only one phase of this natural impulsiveness. He spoke out what others think — and keep to themselves. Mr. Davidson has admirably noted that in Dumas's case vanity was perfectly compatible with humility. He had no absurdly exaggerated idea of his own powers. But he liked to talk about himself, to be conspicuous, to be the central figure on every stage. The African blood, of which he was not

ashamed, — "I am a mulatto," he says repeatedly, — told in him; the negro childlikeness. He was a child always, above all childlike in this matter of vanity. Readers of *Tom Sawyer* will remember that that delightful youth, on hearing the beatific vision of Isaiah, which pictures such a varied menagerie dwelling in harmony, with a little child to lead them, had one absorbing wish, that he might be that little child. Dumas was precisely like Tom Sawyer; witness this delightful prayer of his youth: "Make me great and glorious, O Lord, that I may come nearer unto thee. And the more glorious thou makest me, the more humbly will I confess thy name, thy majesty, thy splendor."

The same childlike temper, the fresh, animal instincts of a great boy, explain, if they do not excuse, the disorders of Dumas's life.

In this connection it is hardly necessary to do more than to point out his hopeless aberration from all Anglo-Saxon standards of propriety and decency. It would be easy to lash such aberration; but it is perhaps better to consider it in connection with the man's character as a whole, and to remember that his life was as far as possible from being a generally idle or dissipated one. He never smoked, cherishing, in fact, a grudge against tobacco, which he regarded as an enemy to true sociability. He was moderate in eating and drinking. Above all, he was an enormous worker. No man essentially vicious, no man who had not a large fund of temperance and self-control, could have produced a tithe of Dumas's legacy to posterity. But what is most interesting of all in this matter of morals is Dumas's entire satisfaction with himself. I doubt if any other human being would deliberately have ventured on a statement so remarkable as the following: "When the hand of the Lord closes the two horizons of my life, letting fall the veil of his love between the nothingness that precedes and the nothingness that follows the life of man, he may examine the intermediate

space with his most rigorous scrutiny, he will not find there one single evil thought or one action for which I feel that I should reproach myself." Comment on this would only dim its splendor. Yet people say that the memoirs of Dumas lack interest as human documents! He was an atrocious hypocrite, then, you think? Not the least in the world. Simply a child, always a child.

A child in money matters also. No one could accuse him of deliberate financial dishonesty; but to beg and borrow and never to pay was the normal condition of things. To promise right and left when cash was needed, then to find one's self entirely unable to fulfill one's promises, — still childlike. Only, persons of that childlike temper, who have not genius, are apt to end badly. And then, after all, to write in cold blood that one has never had a single action to reproach one's self with! I trust the reader appreciates that passage as I do.

And if the child lacked a sense of money property, how should he be likely to have a sense of property in literature? Shakespeare, Schiller, dozens of others had had ideas which were useful. Why not use them? A few persons had previously written on the history of France. Distinguished historical characters had left memoirs describing their own achievements. It would have been almost disrespectful to neglect the valuable material thus afforded. Let us quote the histories and borrow from the memoirs. As for mentioning any little indebtedness, life is not long enough for that. We make bold to think that what we invent is quite as good as what we take from others. So it is — far better. A careful comparison of *Les Trois Mousquetaires* with the original d'Artagnan memoirs increases rather than diminishes one's admiration for the author of the novel.

But it will be said that, even after borrowing his material, Dumas could not write this same novel without the assistance of a certain Maquet. Again the same childlike looseness in the sense of

property. Could a genius be expected to write three hundred¹ volumes without helpers for the rough work? He must have hodmen to fetch bricks and mortar. And perhaps the builder, hurried and over-driven, may set the hodmen to lay a bit of wall here and there, may come to leave altogether too much to hodmen, so that the work suffers for it. What matter? Had ever any Maquet or Gailardet or Meurice, writing by himself, the Dumas touch? As Mr. Lang justly points out, no collaborator has been suggested for the *Memoirs*, and I have already said that the *Memoirs* belong, in many respects, to Dumas's best, most characteristic work.

Then, a child is as ready to give as to take. So was Dumas. In money matters it goes without saying. He was always ready to give, to give to everybody everything he had, and even everything he had not and some one else had. "Nature had already put in my heart," he says of his childhood, "that fountain of general kindness through which flows away and will flow away, everything I had, everything I have, and everything I ever shall have." But it was not only money, it was time and thought, labor and many steps. This same fountain of general kindness was always at the service even of strangers. For instance, Dumas himself tells us that, happening once to be in a seaport town, he found a young couple just sailing for the islands and very desolate. He set himself to cheer them up, and his efforts were so well received that he could not find it in his heart to leave them, though pressing business called him away. He went on board ship with them, and only returned on the pilot boat, in the midst of a gale and at the peril of his life, so says the story. Even in the matter of literary collaboration, Mr. David-

son justly points out that Dumas gave as well as took, and that the list of his debtors is longer than that of his creditors.

And in the highest generosity, that of sympathy and appreciation for fellow-workers, the absence of envy and meanness in rivalry, Dumas is nobly abundant. He tells us so himself, not having the habit of concealing his virtues: "Having arrived at the summit which every man finds in the middle of life's journey, I ask nothing, I desire nothing, I envy nothing, I have many friendships and not one single hatred." More reliable evidence lies in the general tone of enthusiasm and admiration with which he speaks of all his contemporaries. Musset avoided him, Balzac insulted him; yet he refers to both with hearty praise very different from the damning commendations of the envious Sainte-Beuve, Lamartine and Hugo he eulogizes with lavish freedom, not only in the often-quoted remark, "Hugo is a thinker, Lamartine a dreamer, and I am a popularizer," — a remark more generous than discriminating, — but in innumerable passages which leave no possible doubt of his humility and sincerity. "Style was what I lacked above everything else. If you had asked me for ten years of my life, promising in exchange that one day I should attain the expression of Hugo's *Marion Delorme*, I would not have hesitated, I would have given them instantly."

These things make Dumas attractive, lovable even, as few French writers are lovable. With all his faults he has something of the personal charm of Scott. Only something, however; for Scott, no whit less generous, less kindly, had the sanity, the stability, why avoid the word, the moral character, which Dumas had not. And in comparing their works — a comparison which suggests itself almost inevitably: "Scott, the grandfather of us all," said Dumas himself — this difference of morals strikes us even more than the important differences of style and handling of character. It is the

¹ Perhaps it would be well to explain the different numerical estimates of Dumas's works. As now published in the Lévy collection they fill about three hundred volumes, but in their original form they ran to twelve hundred, more or less.

immortal merit of Scott that he wrote novels of love and adventure as manly, as virile, as heart can wish, yet absolutely pure.

Now, Dumas has the grave disadvantage of not knowing what morals — sexual morals — are. Listen to him: "Of the six hundred volumes (1848) that I have written, there are not four which the hand of the most scrupulous mother need conceal from her daughter." The reader who knows Dumas only in *Les Trois Mousquetaires* will wonder by what fortunate chance he has happened on two volumes out of those "not four." But he may reassure himself. There are others of the six hundred which, to use the modern French perversion, more effective untranslated, the daughter will not recommend to her mother. The truth is, Dumas's innocence is worse than, say, Maupassant's sophistication. To the author of *La Reine Margot*, love, so called, is all, the excuse, the justification, for everything. Marriage — *ça n'existe pas*; Dumas knew all about it. He was married himself for a few months — at the King's urgent suggestion. Then he recommended the lady to the ambassador at Florence with a most polite note, and she disappeared from his too flowery career. Therefore Dumas begins his love-stories where Scott's end, and the delicate refinement, the pure womanly freedom of Jeanie Deans and Diana Vernon, is missing in the Frenchman's young ladies, who all either wish to be in a nunnery or ought to be.

The comparison with Scott suggests another with a greater than Scott; and like Scott, Dumas did not object to being compared with Shakespeare, who, by the way, has never been more nobly praised in a brief sentence than in Dumas's saying that "he was the greatest of all creators after God." There are striking resemblances between the two writers. Shakespeare began in poverty, lived among theatrical people, made a fortune by the theatre. Only, being a thrifty English bourgeois, he put the for-

tune into his own pocket instead of into others'. Shakespeare made a continuous show of English history and bade the world attend it. Shakespeare begged, borrowed, and stole from dead and living, so that his contemporaries spoke of his

Tiger's heart wrapped in a player's hide.

Doubtless Maquet and Gaillardet would have been willing to apply the phrase to their celebrated collaborator. Thus far the comparison works well enough. But Shakespeare had a style which was beyond even that of *Marion Delorme*. And then, Shakespeare felt and thought as a man, not as a child; his brain and his heart carried the weight of the world.

What will be the future of Dumas? Will his work pass, as other novels of romantic adventure have passed? Three hundred years ago idle women — and men — read *Amadis de Gaul* and the like, with passion. Says the waiting-woman in Massinger's *Guardian*: —

In all the books of *Amadis de Gaul*
The *Palmerins* and that true Spanish story,
The Mirror of Knighthood, which I have read
often,

Read feelingly, nay, more, I do believe in 't,
My lady has no parallel.

Where are *Amadis* and the *Palmerins* now? Two hundred years ago the same persons read with the same passion the novels of Scudéry and La Calprenède. "At noon home," says Mr. Pepys, "where I find my wife troubled still at my checking her last night in the coach in her long stories out of *Grand Cyrus*, which she would tell, though nothing to the purpose, nor in any good manner." And hear Madame de Sévigné on *Cléopâtre*: "The style of La Calprenède is abominable in a thousand places: long sentences in the full-blown, romantic fashion, ill-chosen words — I am perfectly aware of it. Yet it holds me like glue. The beauty of the sentiments, the violent passions, the great scale on which everything takes place, and the miraculous success of the hero's redoubtable sword — it carries me away, as if I were a young girl." *Le succès miraculeux de*

leur redoutable épée; if one tried a thousand times, could one express more precisely and concisely one's feelings about *Les Trois Mousquetaires*? Yet *Grand Cyrus* is dead, and *Cléopâtre* utterly forgotten. No bright-eyed girl asks for them in any circulating library any more.

Shall d'Artagnan, "dear d'Artagnan," as Stevenson justly calls him, — "I do not say that there is no character so well-drawn in Shakespeare; I do say that there is none that I love so wholly," — d'Artagnan, whose *redoutable épée* makes such delightful havoc among the

nameless canaille, whose more redoubtable wit sets kings and queens and dukes and cardinals at odds and brings them to peace again, — shall d'Artagnan, too, die and be forgotten? The thought is enough to make one close *Le Vicomte de Bragelonne* in the middle and fall a-dreaming on the flight of time and the changes of the world. And one says to one's self that one would like to live two or three centuries for many reasons, but not least, to read stories so absorbing that they will make one indifferent to the adventures of d'Artagnan.

THE POLITICAL NOVEL

BY WILLIAM EVERETT

ONE of the peculiar literary developments of the present age is the political novel, — a form of fiction of which scattered specimens have existed for nearly a century, but which only of late has seemed to take on a specific form, setting it off from other branches of fiction. In a political novel the chief interest, instead of being concentrated on domestic and social intrigue, or on adventure by field or flood, or even, like some of Dumas's romances, on the *haute politique* of kings and courts, turns on the shifting movements of party politics in England or the United States, not without other examples drawn from the politics of France. It certainly appears strange that so little was done in this style till comparatively late years, because the variety of individual character, the combination of thrilling incidents, the achievement or failure of studied design, are all furnished in abundance by the politics of a parliamentary country. Yet the political novel can hardly be said to be on a firm basis; the most successful specimens of it in the United States can hardly be called satisfactory, and the author has yet to

come who will give us a political novel to compare with *Emma* or *Guy Mannerling*, *David Copperfield* or *The Newcomes*, *Ravenshoe* or *Adam Bede*.

The earliest novel of any particular force which dipped into politics was Miss Edgeworth's *Patronage*. That story, written some years after her greatest successes, never attained the renown of *Castle Rackrent* or *The Absentee*. The plot hinges on the fortunes of two families, the Falconers and the Percies, in each of which it is necessary for the parents to help on their sons and daughters in life; but while the Percies intend that their children shall attain success as far as possible by their own merits, accepting favors sparingly and never without rendering an equivalent, the Falconers push themselves by "patronage." This they accept by whomever dispensed, but in preference from a certain Lord Oldborough, who is represented as high in the ministry, surrounded by faithless colleagues and in imminent danger of ruin, from which his self-seeking clients the Falconers make a foolish and abortive attempt to rescue him, while the

real clue to safety and triumph is supplied by the disinterested Percies. There is much wit and humor in the dialogue, and some vividness in the character sketches; but the black is very black and the white is very white; the Falconers are all shameless but baffled intriguers, selling themselves for messes of the poorest pottage, while the Percies walk through misfortune to glory by a succession of incidents which it would be flattery to call improbable. There is not much politics in the book, and it is all cabinet politics, with no reference to any public deliberative body. *Patronage* is amusing in many ways, but is much inferior to most of Miss Edgeworth's earlier fictions.

Next came, bouncing into the arena of fiction, as who should say, "Room for the Campeador," Samuel Warren's *Ten Thousand a Year*. Originally published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, it was subjected to serious revision when issued in a volume. Such an extraordinary combination of genius weakened by conceit, knowledge of men spoiled by prejudice, keen satire and false pathos, a few real personages mixing with the most wooden puppets, has rarely been seen. Warren was primarily a barrister, and the basis of the story is the work of a crafty attorney, Oily Gammon, by far the best character in the book, to recover an estate of "ten thousand a year" for Tittlebat Titmouse, the lost heir, a cockney counter-jumper of supereminent vulgarity. This success further leads the hero to a seat in Parliament, and to his recognition as the next heir to a peerage, though of course the whole castle is ultimately upset, and everything falls to Warren's darling Charles Aubrey, who was Thackeray's pet aversion as a high-born snob.

The best chapter in the book is probably the contested election at Yatton, which ends in sending Titmouse to Parliament. The humors and passions of the polling, the bribing by the agents and coquetting of the electors, are drawn with great spirit and minuteness of detail, and

suggest the acquaintance with such a contest that only a managing lawyer would supply. Yet the contemporary picture in *Pickwick* of the Eatanswill election, though avowedly a caricature sketch, probably leaves the more correct, as well as the more amusing impression of the two. Dickens as a reporter knew how to tell a story for the public, neither vague nor tedious. Warren's judicial satire is definite enough, but very ponderous.

Having got his hero elected, he describes him in Parliament; and here is seen what political prejudice can do when it runs riot. Warren was a Tory; he doubtless believed that the Reform Act of 1832 had ruined England; accordingly every Tory is a high-bred gentleman and a disinterested patriot, while every Whig is either a blackguard radical or an unscrupulous office-seeker. He shows his belief by a profusion of invented names, meant to symbolize character. Of these, two specimens will be enough. Brougham, afterwards Lord Brougham and Vaux, is first Mr. Quicksilver — not a bad hit — and then Lord Blossom and Box, while Daniel O'Connell is Swindle O'Gibbet.

Warren was followed in a few years by Mrs. Gore's *Cecil*, in which are some slight political touches, and then by Disraeli's *Coningsby* and *Sibyl*, which may be called political novels, in that they were written to exhibit the fantastic doctrines of the party calling itself "Young England;" but they do not contain much reference to actual party contests in Parliament, in the Cabinet, or on the hustings.

Bulwer in *The Caxtons* touched on the subject by making one of his characters a member of the Cabinet, to whom his hero acts as secretary; but he extended the idea largely in *My Novel*, which that same hero is supposed to write, in which political rivalry, ending in a contested election, has no little influence on the plot. The election is well drawn, more true to life in some ways than Warren's satire, or Dickens's caricature.

Henry Kingsley's pathetic tale of *Austin Elliot* — not so carefully or thoroughly worked out as *Ravenshoe*, but still an exquisite piece of writing — deals largely with the distress of 1846 and following years, and the crisis of the plot is laid in the House of Commons during the debate on the Corn Laws. It is a great pity he did not work out this suggestion; for no man could have written a political novel more thrilling or more witty.

No novel of any distinguished merit dealing with politics appeared in England till Anthony Trollope took up the subject in *Phineas Finn* and *Phineas Redux*, and continued it in the *Prime Minister*. The character indicated by this name originally appeared in *Can you forgive her?* and the subject was worked out still further in *The Way we live now*, and *The Duke's Children*. It should seem that Trollope, having exploited the clergy with brilliant force in *The Warden* and its successors, was the first author to apprehend clearly what might be made in fiction of the fortunes of a group of politicians, their leaders, underlings, and antagonists, seeking to hold or to seize the reins of power in England. He puts forward two heroes, one, Plantagenet Palliser, born in the purple, heir presumptive to a dukedom, and hardly needing to do more than reach out his hand for the great offices of state, and Phineas Finn, a young Irishman of good abilities, a high sense of honor, and an indefinable charm, which promote him rapidly to a succession of posts which he can fill with credit and renounce with dignity. Each has his romance, Palliser's coming after marriage, as he learns to give his whole heart to his wayward, unaccountable, but altogether fascinating wife; and Finn in more than one hope to win a high-born Englishwoman. But here Trollope is frightened. He will shower all manner of good things on his young Irish adventurer, who is not undeserving of them; but he will not let him into the peerage and gentry of England. In his name-

sake novel, Phineas Finn marries a loving little Irish maiden who does not live long; and after his return to the political scene is won by a wealthy Austrian widow, who helps to deliver him from a charge of murder.

To draw out these characters, and a variety of others, men and women, who aid or impede their political progress, Trollope sets before us in order a series of debates in Parliament, Cabinet meetings, drawing-room conferences, and all manner of intrigues and confidences founded on imaginary, but perfectly possible and probable fluctuations of party policy and personal ambition. His various statesmen and stateswomen, prominent or subordinate, are excellently sketched and filled, affording abundant illustration of Trollope's power to make the commonplace interesting. This is particularly the case with his *Prime Minister*, Plantagenet Palliser become the Duke of Omnium, a statesman who has risen as high as an Englishman can rise, because all parties respect his industry and his honesty, and who breaks down because his nature is too sensitive not to feel the attacks of mean and impudent enemies, and his intellect not strong enough to crush them. He is least successful in delineating Palliser's predecessors in the highest office, — strong party leaders. The shadows of Disraeli and Gladstone were too much for him. He could not help trying to transfer them to his pages, and in different novels he exploited them under various names; but the results, neither photographic nor invented, are disappointing.

Some of Justin McCarthy's novels, written in collaboration, deal with political movements, as do Lord Beaconsfield's *Lothair* and *Endymion*. But the most striking efforts in this direction in England have been Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Marcella* and *Sir George Trevelyan*. That a highly gifted Englishwoman should handle parliamentary transactions with knowledge and skill is not strange. Such matters are subjects of or-

dinary conversation when cultivated men and women meet in the British isles; and a lady need not be a "suffragette" to understand thoroughly what is meant by having the House counted out on a motion of Opposition, or an under secretary's losing his seat on standing for reelection. The entire course of these novels — or rather of this novel, for the second is a continuation of the first — displays this intimacy. The particular phase of English politics dealt with is the great social question of classes and the distribution of wealth, farm-laborer against landlord, home-worker against sweater, factory-hand against mill-owner. The heroine, Marcella, a young woman remarkable for beauty, for enthusiasm, and for a power of swaying her acquaintances, has early imbibed socialistic sympathies. A change in family circumstances brings her in contact with the condition of the country laborer, and also with a Tory member of Parliament, heir to a title and a great estate, to whom rather hastily she is betrothed. The engagement is broken off chiefly through the influence of another politician, who claims to represent the laborers. Marcella becomes a nurse, witnesses the distress in East London, and is ultimately reclaimed by her lover, with her interest in social problems not weakened, but regulated and informed. Politics, though constantly seen in the background, comes to the front for a small part only of the book; but it is brought forward as easily and simply as foreign travel or domestic illness might be. There is special skill shown in the way the labor question is represented as actually discussed in Parliament, and affecting the position of parties, though nothing like the points imagined had ever formed part of real debates or intrigues when *Marcella* was published. In *Sir George Tressady*, the heroine's influence, now recognized as a power in politics, is exercised to bring the hero, a careless pessimist, to a sense of greater things, while the moulding of Marcella's own character under the suc-

cesses and failures sure to result from sharing in the complications of politics is handled with great subtlety. Politics forms a larger part of this second book, though there is much romance, very well done. The characters are alive, and the serious tone is enlivened by plenty of humor peeping out at intervals. The book is made to end with a realistic and apparently needless tragedy. There is a tendency to *soliloquism*, a literary vice of the age, the personages pondering their fate alone, and in the third person. Trollope's language has often been criticised for its slouchy tone; Mrs. Ward's is generally pure and elegant; though one fails to see the advantage of "by now" over the recognized "by this," which was good enough for Macaulay.

When we pass from England to our own country, we shall find several attempts at making politics the groundwork of a novel. But one may say of most of them that they fail to grasp the subject. One writer goes to Washington. She is impressed with the magnitude of the government machine and the splendor of its home. She goes to a President's reception and a debate in the Senate, and forthwith gives us a sort of photograph of them, studded with various marionettes called characters, and bearing no more relation to the schemes, passions, jealousies, successes, and failures of real politics, than do the actual photographs of the White House and the Capitol and their groups in the foreground, which she probably puts in her book.

Or, a writer is struck by the caucus intrigues and working of the Boss System in Lincolnport or Shermania. He collects a good many anecdotes and sweeps them into a sort of newspaper short story. There is very fair description, no slight penetration of character, and plenty of righteous indignation. But these never of themselves will make a political novel, without a literary control unknown to their compilers.

At length, about a generation ago, ap-

peared the very remarkable story called *Democracy*. For a long time it was anonymous; but whoever wrote it, the claim on its title-page to be an American novel was exactly true. Never, before or since, has there appeared such a truly national work of fiction, neither local, as breathing the air of a single section of our country, nor provincial, as having a squint towards Europe. The writer wastes no time in descriptions of Washington, any more than Thackeray does of London; but assuming that Americans know their own capital, he goes straight to its heart, with a firm hand on the knife from first to last.

The fashionable widow, who after exhausting all the attractions, frivolous or serious, of New York society, comes to see what interest the national government can have for her, and the imperious partisan senator, to whom political advancement is life, are set against each other with consummate skill, and with a strict sense of proportion that never allows description to retard the story. Diplomats from various nations, Americans in and out of Congress from various states, all true to life, are combined in a very likely but serious plot. How the heroine feels almost too late the fascination of political manoeuvring to be almost fatal, attracting her with the deadly charm of a handsome serpent, and how she is saved from its magic at the last moment, is capitably told. The list of these characters is but short after all, reminding one of a like limitation in Balzac and in Hawthorne; but such is Washington life, where the same associates are always recurring.

There is one obvious criticism on *Democracy*: it is all a satire. Unless the author sadly belies himself, the existing development of American government gives him no pleasure, but is a sort of organized hypocrisy. The following sentence, not spoken by any of the characters, but as part of the narrative, shows the pure *animus*. Speaking of early spring the author says:—

"This is the moment when the two whitened sepulchres at either end of the Avenue reek with the thick atmospheres of bargain and sale. The Old is going; the New is coming. Wealth, office, power are at auction. Who bids highest? Who hates with most venom? Who intrigues with most skill? Who has done the dirtiest, the meanest, the darkest, and the most political work? He shall have his reward."

Terrible, whatever the truth of the picture, that an American offers it to his countrymen, in a frame of keen wit and deep pathos.

Democracy was followed, after a long interval, by *The Honorable Peter Stirling*, the work of the ill-starred Paul Leicester Ford. This book at once became popular, and a new edition has lately been called for. It is rather a fictitious biography than a novel, tracing the hero's career, not quite like Tom Jones's, from his cradle, but from his college days to the age of forty. Peter Stirling is a Harvard graduate, who has attained a peculiar popularity among his classmates, but cares for no woman but his mother. He contrives however to fall deep in love, and being rejected goes to New York as an unknown candidate for legal practice, and becomes known to the politicians of the sixth ward through their children, whom he has made his playmates, and whom he protects by a bold attack from the poison of "swill-milk" dealers. This leads to his becoming a power among the Democrats of New York, city and state. Then after many years the forgotten romance of his life is revived by the daughter of his early love. Both parents are equally his friends; and he steps forward to save the wife from misery by taking upon himself the guilt of an intrigue which belongs to the husband. As soon as this love-affair comes to the front, politics falls back, to be indirectly recalled by Peter's behavior as colonel of a city regiment in a strike riot where dynamite is used; in the end he is chosen governor,

having previously refused all political office — except “boss.”

The book is long; yet it holds one from first to last. This result comes in spite of certain dissertations on the philosophy of practical politics, delivered by Peter Stirling, which are not particularly entertaining or instructive. The love-making distinctly injures what is the chief interest up to its appearance; and however ingenious, is not novel. Indeed the detail of how a young lady, really good-hearted, yet not above coquetry, plays a big fish which she has hooked but is somewhat afraid to land, might be cut down, or even cut out, with very little detriment. The tale of how Stirling, in the teeth of race, of culture, and of natural sentiment, contrives gradually to win first the affection, then the confidence, and finally the unquestioning allegiance of his accidental constituency, while contending with other leaders of the party at both its ends, shows great imaginative and constructive force, and the interest it wakes is at times thrilling, but lacking in the power of conviction. Peter goes through twenty years of contention with every kind of New York politician, exposed to influences which are at least of questionable probity, and emerges without any weakening of his own; fighting fire with fire, yet with his garments unsinged, — not unsmoked, however, for though a total abstinent to please his mother, he is an unstinted and uncontrolled devotee of tobacco. There is a still worse defect if the book asserts itself as an American political novel: the author has no interest in any politics but those of New York. New England exists only as a feeder, and Washington as a fly-wheel for New York; and the rest of the Union does not exist at all.

The like criticism is true of Mr. Winston Churchill's *Coniston*. Here the interest is confined to a state which, if not absolutely and solely New Hampshire, its author formed out of portions of that and other states, assuredly without the required constitutional assent. Here it is

the career of a country boss, apparently without romance in his nature, that is entirely modified by a love, in this case purely paternal, for the daughter of the woman he had longed to marry. A book so fresh in every one's mind needs no detailed analysis. The politics of a New England village and state capital are very different from those of Manhattan and Albany; but Mr. Churchill has made them fully as interesting, and, it must be maintained, far more probable. The indignant charges of inaccuracy he has encountered go far to prove, as in the kindred case of Mr. Cable's *Grandissimes*, that he is not inaccurate; no one would be bitterly angry at a portrait that was not a pretty good likeness. It must remain a puzzle, however, by what means Jethro Bass, after acquiring his hold over his neighbors' votes by means of mortgages on their estates, contrived to get similar holders all over the state to give him their votes from mere financial brotherhood. In one respect both Mr. Ford and Mr. Churchill will ill stand comparison with the author of *Democracy*, whose English is faultless. Mr. Ford should have known that a “hallway” is a rare adjunct to the houses of cultivated people; that a Welsh “rarebit” is an amiable fiction; and that to speak of keeping up a struggle “that long” is anything but good talk. Mr. Churchill is happily still alive to learn that “subserviated” is a ludicrously false creation of his own; that “impractical,” which he did not invent, is an illegitimate cross between “impracticable” and “unpractical;” and that it is possible to write a good long novel without once using the word “silhouetted.”

Of the host of attempts at political novels and short stories to which the last twenty years have given birth, not very much need be said, except that they share in the defects of their betters. They are in general too local; they follow with no little vividness and penetration the course of political ambition and intrigue in some section of the Union: but they are inter-

esting and even intelligible only in a qualified sense to those who live outside that pale. Such, for instance, is the case with Mr. Charles Warren's witty and thoughtful political stories founded on his experience as secretary to Governor Russell. They have such a strong smack of the Bay State that it is to be feared many Americans would make nothing of them. Yet if our political novelist goes to Washington, where the national political interest centres, in which every American from Houlton to Brownsville has a share, he runs into that strange isolation of the Capital City, scarcely knowing the real life of the states, and scarcely known of them.

And there is another element, generally conspicuous in all our political fictions, which injures their complete effectiveness as novels. They are always dealing not with the immediate questions of political life, but with the ethical problem, how far an American politician can keep his moral dignity and self-respect. It is always the fight between "Politician" and "Reformer," — both with a Capital and quotation marks. A good instance of both these failings is afforded by *The Gentleman from Indiana*, where a young man fights his way up to political supremacy in that well-known state, against enemies open and secret, operating by moral intrigue and physical violence, solely by the resistless force of his exalted purposes. Now it is sadly true that this problem, how far a practical politician can be an honest man, does cast a dark shadow over our politics, city, state, and national; yet if Mr. Sleary's dictum is true, — "People muht be amuthed, Thquire; they can't alwayth be working nor yet thtudyng," — the eternal harping on this ethical string will be fatal to the production of a really satisfactory political novel. Let it be supposed that an author is writing a novel founded on the events of some war, our own wars or any other; and should be eternally exhibiting his generals and captains and troopers holding

conferences with themselves and one another on the justice of war in general, and of this particular contest into which they have thrown themselves. It might be the very question for a historian or a statesman, but it would not help to make a good novel.

The fundamental difficulties that political novelists have to encounter is whence to draw their situations and chief characters. Are they to invent political intrigues and crises, raising questions that never have arisen in our history? or are they to reproduce some contest that once occurred? Mr. Ford and Mr. Churchill do the latter. The swill-milk scandal actually convulsed New York; the encounter of militia with strikers, and the merger of railroads are memories rather than creations. A novelist who undertook to invent a wholly new controversy in national politics as the basis for his plot would need amazing ingenuity. Trollope was so hard put to it that he brought forward the Disestablishment of the Church of England to unseat one of his Prime Ministers, and left another without any national policy at all, the perplexed head of an ill-assorted and short-lived coalition. Yet Mrs. Ward has done this very thing brilliantly; and there are in the United States many important questions that never have been fairly brought out, and might afford excellent material for possible and even prophetic complications.

Still harder is the problem of the novelist's political heroes and villains. Are they to be portraits from the past, imaginations of the future, or composite photographs of the present? One thing is certain: the public will have it that they are the first, however the author may deny it. They know who Jethro Bass was, and can give you name and place. When I first read *Democracy*, I was resolved to see Senator Stephen A. Douglas in the fictitious Senator Radcliffe. Douglas may have given the author some hints; but to identify the men was absurd. Many of these persistent

identifications remind one of a country Democrat's reading of the inscriptions under a remarkable group of statues exhibited in New York in 1854. In the ill-fated "Crystal Palace" of that year were shown Thorwaldsen's Christ and the Apostles. The Saviour faced one on entering, and the twelve were ranged in a semicircle, six on either hand, and underneath, the names, Andrew, Thomas, James, and the rest. The countryman walked up and began reading: "Andrew — Jackson; Thomas — Jefferson; James — Madison; Bartholomew — Bartholomew — Oh, that's one of those Western Presidents."

There is no space to go beyond our own language in the study of the political novel. It may be said, however, that

Son Excellence Eugène Rougon is perhaps the feeblest of Zola's memorable series, and that *Numa Roumestan* is a work of great power. This line of fiction has nearly won its assured place, but has by no means reached perfection. So far as our own country goes, political novelists must cultivate a wider national sympathy and a sterner economy of detail, with a determination, while never renouncing that moral sensitiveness which the subject demands, to employ it in due proportion to the claims of creative art.

Matthew Porter, a political novel by Gamaliel Bradford, Jr., the author of *The Private Tutor*, did not appear till the above article was in type, and it was too late to add a suitable notice.

THE NOBLER TASK

BY LEE WILSON DODD

DELICATE little rhythmic flutterings,
Golden wing-work in diaphanous azure,
Pearl-like words, one after one — but force,
But fire of intellect, but soul?

Ah Poet,

Turn from these flawless arabesques, turn, turn
From exquisite and futile patterning!
Many can say that violets are sweet:
Few can declare man's destiny. Choose thou
The nobler task. A world will listen then.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

PRAYERS FOR RAIN

THE time was when I thought that praying for rain was an indelicacy and intrusion, but I am now ready to engage in any concerted action for either the early or the latter rain. Since I have found out what it does for my soul, and how it enters upon its best and most intelligible passages on a rainy day, my mind is wholly changed. It took me years to realize and confess that a secret and modest delight thrills through my whole being when the day is bad. Let it mount to a storm and my happiness is complete. Each fresh gust against the pane means that one more kind friend will leave me alone to-day, and as it wanders through the town it will smite other windows and bring a lively hope to my fellows that they will not be bothered with me. I could never brave conventionality enough to shut them off myself. If any one wants me I am powerless to say No, because of the number of baccalaureate sermons I have listened to, and an obsession of serviceableness which they have produced in me; but the rain or snow can absolve me without appearance of neglect. So, though I have come late to the conflict, is it any wonder that I am now ready to pray for rain and a lot of it?

Every one testifies to the pleasant sensations produced by the sound of rain on the roof. Strict poetry requires a shingle roof, but it sounds good even on a tin roof. And the banging shutter produces a sense of peace and contentment which we do not analyze as we ought. It is due to the assurance that nobody will come. And some assurance of that sort is what all the world's a-seeking nowadays. It is the hunger for some such assurance that makes us hunt up sanatoriums and other mechanical contrivances for solitude. Sometimes I have wondered if we might

not need a new reign of the monastery. All these things I have turned over in my mind, canvassing all the feasible forms of taking to the woods, and lo and behold I find that a good drizzling day will do most of the things I require of a monastery. That anything so millennial in character could be achieved by just an ordinary downpour of two days' duration makes me feel that when the world was set going it was well supplied with all recuperative agencies. Give me health and enough rainy days and I will make the monastery look ridiculous.

Here I was thinking that things would never be any better until we had hit upon a brand-new and perfect economic system. But a little sleet or the promise of an all-day storm I find composes the human spirit in a way that economics is unable to approach. Results which I supposed impossible except on the basis of a trained nurse and a sanatorium and a nut diet, I find ensue naturally in the presence of sufficient rainfall. I was nerving myself up to chew every mouthful thirty-three times, but in a good dripping day I quite forget all these nostrums because of the growing tide of contentment and cheerfulness which rises in my heart. My straying faculties of mind, which had become more and more centrifugal, are now drawn in and centralized. I go like an arrow to the thing I like best to do and have been meaning to do all these months. The deferred task comes quietly out of the drawer and I go to work upon it as if I had never stopped. I feel condensed and drawn together. I luxuriate in minding my own business instead of trying to run the whole world. My very being relaxes and my fussiness departs. The world seems ample, generous, and good-natured.

They noticed this at Concord long ago when Emerson spoke of "the tumultu-

ous privacy of storm," and Thoreau said that he was never happier than when it rained. I suppose that when the blast howled around his casement Emerson felt morally certain that Bronson Alcott could not get over in such a night as that. You may think that a man has the greatest intellect since Plato without wanting him running in all the time. Thoreau did not propose to do what people wanted him to do in any case, but it was a relief to him now and then to know that they could not justly expect that he should. It eased his conscience.

Even if you decide to go out on the street you meet people on a natural and pleasant basis. They will continue to say what is not true from sheer force of habit, but underneath their complaint of the weather you detect that they are enjoying it hugely and wishing it would never let up.

It consolidates and glorifies the home, and on such days I am most keenly aware that I have one. The telephone, which ordinarily stirs my apprehension, now brings nothing but good news. Three of the societies to which our wife and mother belongs intimate that they will not convene to-day, and this was the day when all three of them came together. The Society of Scratchers for Promiscuous Knowledge (knitting allowed) will forego the pleasure of reunion and re-edification this morning. This is a boon. Nothing but rain was ever able to stop that coterie yet. The Lunch Club, a limited organization for the exchange and discussion of picturesque edibles, at whose sessions the father and children eat furtively and untimely in the kitchen and use the backstairs, will not foregather to-day, and the time usually spent in telling each other how little time they have will thus be saved. So far the spirits of the whole household have steadily risen. Our four walls bid fair to become a home if we have much more of this sort of thing. But the keystone is dropped firmly into our domestic arch when word arrives that the Pontifical Society for the

Promotion of Literary Awe (knitting and all cognate forms of relief sternly prohibited) adjourns for two weeks. There was to have been a symposium on Pestalozzi with an addendum on Horace Mann and Antioch College, but no one will ever care to know what she has missed. The worst is over and joy settles over the house. The children do not ask to be entertained. In every room is a happy and contented being absorbed in some satisfying occupation. The world is rung off. The rain did it. And if any one is "sair hauden doon" it is only by the occasional dark thought that such things cannot last forever.

If the denudation of our forests is to result in an impoverished rainfall and an increased impossibility of staying at home I shall join in the outcry for preservation of the forests. Humanity will be too much for itself without forests. Nothing breaks up the mob spirit like water. And hereafter I shall not laugh at the preacher who closed a fervent appeal by saying, "Brethren, you have a spark! Water it!" The dear man was a better psychologist than I am. My spark would amount to something if I could water it oftener.

"ESCAPED FROM OLD GARDENS"

IN the days when I deemed it necessary to hunt down in my well-thumbed Gray every flower of wood and field, and fit it to its Latin name, I used often to meet this phrase. At first, being young, I resented it. I scorned gardens: their carefully planned and duly tended splendors were not for me. The orchid in the deep woods or by the edge of the lonely swamp, the rare and long-sought heather in the open moorland, these it was that roused my ardor. And to find that some newly discovered flower was not a wild flower at all, but merely a garden flower "escaped"! The very word carried a hint of reprobation.

But as the years went on, the phrase

gathered to itself meanings vague and subtle. I found myself welcoming it and regarding with a warmer interest the flower so described. From what old garden had it come? What associations and memories did it bring out of the past? Had the paths where it grew been obliterated by the encroachments of a ruthless civilization, or had the tide of human life drawn away from it and left it to be engulfed by the forest from which it had once been wrested, with nothing left to mark it but a gnarled old lilac tree? I have chanced upon such spots in the heart of the wood, where the lilac and the apple tree and the old stoned cellar-wall are all that are left to testify to the human life that once centred there. Or had the garden from which its seed was blown only fallen into a quiet decay, deserted but not destroyed, left to bloom unchecked and untended, and fling its seeds to the summer winds that its flowers might "escape" whither they would?

Lately, I chanced upon such a garden. I was walking along a quiet roadside, almost dusky beneath the shade of close-set giant maples, when an unexpected fragrance breathed upon me. I lingered, wondering. It came again, in a warm wave of the August breeze. I looked up at the tangled bank beside me — surely, there was a spray of box peeping out through the tall weeds! There was a bush of it — another! Ah! it was a hedge, a box hedge! Here were the great stone steps leading up to the gate, and here the old, square-capped fence posts, once trim and white, now sunken and silver gray. The rest of the fence was lying among the grasses and goldenrod, but the box still lived, dead at the top, its leafless branches matted into a hoary gray tangle, but springing up from below in crisp green sprays, lustrous and fragrant as ever, and richly suggestive of the past that produced it. For the box implies not merely human life, but human life on a certain scale, leisurely, decorous, well-considered. It implies faith in an established order and an assured future. A

beautiful box hedge is not planned for immediate enjoyment, it is built up inch by inch through the years, a legacy to one's heirs.

Beside the gate posts stood what must once have been two pillars of box. As I passed between them my feet felt beneath the matted weeds of many seasons the broad stones of the old flagged walk that led up through the garden to the house. Following it, I found, not the house, but the wide stone blocks of the old doorsteps, and beyond these, a ruin — gray ashes and blackened brick, two great heaps of stone where the chimneys had been, with the stone slabs that lined the fireplaces fallen together. At one end was the deep stone cellar filled now with young beeches as tall as the house once was. Just outside stood two cherry trees close to the old house-wall — so close that they had burned with it and now stood, black and bare and gaunt, in silent comradeship. At the other end I almost stumbled into the old well, dark and still, with a glimmer of sky at the bottom.

But I did not like the ruin, nor the black well lurking in the weeds and ashes. The garden was better, and I went back to it and followed the stone path as it turned past the end of the house and led, under another broad hedge of box now choked by lusty young maples, to the old rose-garden. Beyond were giant lilacs, and groups of waxberry bushes covered with the pretty white balls that children love to string; there was the old-fashioned "burning-bush," already preparing its queer, angled berries for autumn splendors. And among these, still holding their own in the tangle, clumps of the tall, rose-lilac phloxes that the old people seem specially to have loved, swayed in the light breeze and filled the place with their heavy, languorous fragrance.

Truly, it is a lovely spot, my old garden, lovelier, perhaps, than when it was in its golden prime, when its hedges were faultlessly trimmed and its walks were edged with neat flower borders, when their smooth flagging-stones showed

never a weed, and even the little heaps of earth piled up, grain by grain, by the industrious ants, were swept away each morning by the industrious broom. Then human life centred here, now it is very far away. All the sounds of the outside world come faintly to this place and take on its quality of quiet — the lowing of cows in the pastures, the shouts of men in the fields, the deep, vibrant note of the railroad train which goes singing across distances where its rattle and roar fail to penetrate. It is very still here. Even the birds are quieter, and the crickets and the katydids less boisterous. The red squirrels move warily through the treetops with almost a chastened air, the black and gold butterflies flutter indolently about the heads of the phlox, a humming-bird, flashing green, hovers about some belated blossom-heads of the scarlet bee-balm, and then, as if to point the stillness, alights on an apple-twig, looking, when at rest, so very small! Only the cicada, as he rustles clumsily about with his paper wings against the flaking bark and yellowing leaves of an old apple tree, seems unmindful of the spell of silence that holds the place.

And the garden is mine now — mine because I have found it, and every one else, as I like to believe, has forgotten it. Next it is a grove of big old trees — would they not have been cut down years ago if any one had remembered them? And on the other side is a meadow whose thick grass, waist-high, ought to have been mowed last June and gathered into some dusky, fragrant barn. But it is forgotten, like the garden, and will go leisurely to seed out there in the sun; the autumn winds will sweep it and the winter snow will mat down its dried tangle.

Forgotten — and as I lie in the long grass, drowsy with the scent of the hedge and the phlox, I seem only a memory myself. If I stay too long I shall forget to go away, and no one will remember to find me. In truth, I feel not unwilling that it should be so. Could there be a better place? "Escaped from old gar-

dens"! Ah, foolish, foolish flowers! If I had the happiness to be born in an old garden, I would not escape. I would stay there, and dream there, forever!

A WORD ABOUT FLYING CATERPILLARS

MANY words both wise and foolish are written and spoken nowadays concerning the moral regeneration which results from artistic environment. We hear that in certain tenements the dear old traditional chromos of ecstatic saints, gorgeous in coats of many colors, have been supplanted by shadowy reproductions of Mona Lisa's disconcerting smile, that the crude theatrical poster has been ruthlessly torn down by the helpful hand of the Social Uplifter, and in its place has been substituted the modern equivalent of a God Bless our Home motto, — I refer to the inevitable little group of Mr. Sargent's prophets, who have strayed beyond the walls of the Boston Public Library, and in small detachments have invaded every American home, be it ever so humble.

The crusade for reform in art has also assailed the temple of literature. A zealot for social regeneration has given us to understand, that after she had really got to work uplifting the slums, converted scrubwomen began to quote Ruskin as glibly as if he were the latest cheap comedian, while Dante and Pater were household, not to say tenement, words.

Well, what of it? Personally I think there is but one more painful example of the triumph of art over nature than a trained seal ringing a dinner-bell or pushing a perambulator; and that is the sad spectacle of a self-respecting and self-supporting washerwoman who has been taught to admire Botticelli and to quote George Meredith. In each case we may marvel at the patience and skill of the trainer, but are we anything but shocked at the result? There are plenty of things we can learn from the seal, there are still more things that we can learn from the

poor scrubwoman, — lessons in endurance, true neighborliness, and kind-heartedness. There are also, of course, innumerable things she can learn from us, things which will be more helpful and more pleasurable to her than a mere bowing acquaintance with the great masters. Firing off pistols will not be a valuable accomplishment to a seal when he returns to his native element.

I suppose these heretical doctrines will be set down as the vaporings of a reactionary, or perhaps the smug sentiments of a pharisaical citizen who is trying to discourage the Privileged from uplifting the Downtrodden. It is certainly not my intention to try to curb the progressive spirit of this age of altruism. I merely wish — in all humility — to utter a word of protest against arrogant and ignorant idealists who are trying to teach insincerity and affectation to the few really sincere and ingenuous souls left unpolluted by modern over-civilization.

I do not mean to approve of Mrs. Stetson's conservative butterfly, who so much preferred to remain a worm that he madly tried to climb back into his chrysalis, but I think that when we introduce Mr. Walter Pater to Mrs. O'Toole, we are tying artificial wings to a caterpillar and expecting him to float about like a butterfly. His efforts to soar are pitiful. If the wings develop from the inside he will fly naturally, and when that moment comes, I promise to be behind no one in admiring his spontaneous flight. But most of us belong to that large family of worms who will never turn into butterflies, and if we can learn to crawl a little less lumberingly ourselves we shall be setting a better example to our still slower friends than if we try to teach them to use flying-machines.

Will no one, then, take my worm's-eye view of life and join my Creeper's Crusade? Breathes there a man with soul so dead that he will come with me to a "converted tenement," throw Mrs. Browning out of the window and reinstate the Duchess, request Hosea and Jeremiah to

move on, and in spite of their lamentations enthrone a lurid caricature from a Sunday Supplement?

Nothing is beautiful unless it is sincere and appropriate. One's surroundings should express one's individuality and one's personal predilections. The modern drawing-room, which represents merely the taste of the architect and interior decorator, is faultily faultless and splendidly null unless there is in it some personal touch or suggestion of those who are to live within its walls. This human note is often out of harmony with the general scheme. Sometimes a clumsy black-walnut desk or a stuffy old armchair is the inartistic medium through which the tender grace of a day that is dead alone survives. Never mind, — it is that touch of nature which gives life to the dead perfection of the decorator's art, — it is that discordant note for which the inward ear listens.

Just so, to me at least, is the effect produced by a tenement-house room in which the bare necessities of life can be brightened by only the scantiest æsthetic touches, and in which these touches have been supplied by an alien hand. More beautiful — because more expressive of the genuine taste of its possessors — is the laboriously-wrought antimacassar of beads and plush, or the chromo representing the fruits of California, than the Lippo Lippi madonna or the chaste Japanese vase which the Uplifter would fain substitute for them. Preciosity is bad enough in drawing-rooms, it is intolerable in tenements. When we try to force upon uneducated tastes an appreciation of, let us say, Burne-Jones or Bernard Shaw, we are prying open a bud, destroying the embryonic flower inside, and tying a tissue-paper rose on the stem. Instead of trying to teach the less privileged classes (horrible phrase!) to pretend to like what they don't like, let us try to learn from them to have the courage of our own tastes, — be they good or bad. Paper wings cannot turn a caterpillar into a butterfly.

THE MANUSCRIPT-READER

Not long ago I read in the Club the confessions of one (to whom I am close of kin) who wrote of the trials and thankless efforts of the proof-reader. I said, "Why should not I, availing myself of the same blessed privilege, tell antiphonally of the lot of a manuscript-reader for a *Best Magazine*?" Anonymity is a shelter, nay a necessity in my case, for I know that I am of all men least beloved; the poet of passion and pain, the teller of fables, the discoverer of new solar theories, the peddler of threadbare humor — to my obtuseness and inexorability are all their ill fortunes laid. I do not complain; I have seen the troubles of an editor and rejoiced that I was unknown and undiscoverable. But it interests me to consider the contrary rôles I fill — the rôle I play in my own eyes, and the rôle I play to an unappreciative gallery.

Among my friends I am considered an innocuous and mild-mannered person, intelligent, I believe, and kind-hearted. The ideal I entertain for my professional self does not greatly differ, save that it includes an almost pathetic eagerness to see good in everything. Through page after page of ineffective and futile manuscript I have patiently taken my daily way, hoping that somewhere among them I may yet find a child of promise. A few times in my career I *have* made real finds — those are the stars in my innominate crown; but more often — how tragically often! — my hopes have proved insubstantial. I think of the countless letters of encouragement that I have written (working on my sub-editorial level), of the criticisms and suggestions I have poured forth! In sentimental moods I like to picture myself a gardener, walking affectionately, though unrecognized, amid the growing things of the garden patch; propping some fragile annual here against a stick, banking the earth there about some too adventurous sprout, watering with waterpot of cheer the seedlings just peeping above the soil, and

wondering if they will have strength and courage to persist through drouth and parasite until blossoming time. It is a splendidly vicarious occupation, that of manuscript-gardener. If there is a prize to be won at the exhibition, it is to be won by others than you; and your satisfaction must be that you have seen the process and had some inconspicuous part in it.

But the young aspirant, to whom I am merely a gateway, what a different view he takes of my case. "If I can only get by the reader!" he promises himself. That is why he so often sends a little letter under a separate cover to The Editor, with an underlined "Personal" in one corner. It is a brief résumé of his career hitherto, a prospectus of his intentions, a key to the present parable, and a request that his manuscript receive personal consideration and a word of candid criticism. "I have heard," he adds, "of the way hired manuscript-readers do their work!" What dark suggestions are there of stupidity, indolence, — venality, even!

I am not blind to the inevitability of this view, and there is a certain grim humor in it, beside. Even the poorest of us, I suppose, who sends his story or poem to a magazine, believes that it is worthy of a place there. If the successful writer must believe in himself, how much more the unsuccessful writer! An adverse verdict upon his work is never taken, so far as I am aware, as "implying any lack of merit" (blessed phrase!), — merely as a failure to recognize its particular virtue; the writer knows what that is, and would like to explain; but the reader stands in the way! The reader comes to recognize this opprobrium as an inherent penalty of his position, and — yes, he does accustom himself to it.

Yet there is one of his duties, to which, I believe, if he is really a human being, he can never accustom himself. It brings every time the same pang of regret and pity, the more intense because there is no remedy. A few weeks ago there was put into my hands a book manuscript, con-

taining over seven hundred pages of closely-lined foolscap. It was written in a fine though rather trembling hand, all the letters carefully formed, and the downstrokes delicately shaded; it was divided into chapters of about twenty pages in length, and each chapter was sewed at the side and bore an ornamental title-page, under the lettering of which were still visible the scrupulously erased rulings. And with the manuscript came a letter on ruled note-paper:—

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—

I am sending herewith an entirely original novel written by myself, *Margaret, or, Tried as by Fire*, which I hope you will find desirable for your esteemed periodical, same to be paid for at your regular rates for such contributions. . . . I may add that though some of the characters and events are real, I have changed all their names, and am sure that no feelings could be hurt. I am sorry I have no typewriter; but I hope that will not prevent you from giving the novel a consideration. . . .

One cannot help thinking of the dreams of fame and wealth that must have gleamed across the vision of the ambitious little woman as she patiently copied off word by word, line by line, the final transcript of her entirely original novel! Perhaps it was in the lonely kitchen of a Nebraska farm, across the wide-stretching acres of which she looked wistfully away toward a land where talent would not go unrewarded, where life would be something else than an endless cycle of uneventful months. And certainly she looked forward with trembling eagerness to the day when *Margaret* would be the talk of the season among the literary circles.

"What!" she could hear them saying already. "Did you say the author of that marvelous book was a Nebraska woman?"

"Yes, is n't it incredible! No one had ever heard of her before. This is

her very first work. It really looks as if the great American novel had come at last!"

It was hard to send *Margaret, or, Tried as by Fire* back to its creator; and when I think of all the other blighted hopes and wounded hearts that lie along my path, I am very willing to remain unknown. These things I do as a function, not as a person; and surely, surely, they will not be charged upon my personal account—when, or if, the author of *Margaret* and I ever meet in Heaven.

THE WOMEN'S CLUBS

A MUCH perturbed mind claims the privilege of the anonymity of the Contributors' Club to use the time-honored method of finding out what she thinks by writing an article about it. It's about the Women's Clubs.

Being of a curious turn of mind, and somewhat abnormally interested in whatever is spectacular, my imagination was aroused by seeing in print early last year that "Boston would be taken possession of by an army of 800,000 women in June, 1908." So satisfying was this mental vision,—800,000 women occupying the trolley cars of Boston in beautiful but broiling June,—that I rested there for a time before I needed to be informed that what was really to happen was a convocation of the representatives of the membership of the General Federation of Women's Clubs.

Then my interest became scientific, and I went seriously about investigating what I am assured is a significant modern "movement." First, I studied the General Federation. I found that it is made up "of Women's Clubs, State Federations, Territorial Federations, National Societies and kindred organizations." In its charter it is stated to be "for educational, industrial, philanthropic, literary, artistic and scientific culture," and a medium of communication for "the various Women's Clubs throughout the world." It is supported by annual

dues assessed according to the membership of clubs.

"Seems, Madam, nay, I know not seems," was the substance of the answers I have had to my inquiry, "What does the General Federation seem to do most?" The pursuit of culture had not appeared to be uppermost in their public meetings. Tabulating the nebulous negatives of all my correspondence, I find that there are certain committees that represent definite propaganda, all honorable to their hearts and heads, and at the biennial meetings these committees present a report of their activities, — correspondence, petitions, amateur investigations, and occasional descents on legislative halls; that they are represented at the meetings by a "specialist," and an address is made by him, looking to arouse interest that shall be loosed upon the single club by the returned delegate.

Up to 1902 the Federation had been in process of "building;" "to perfect its organization" had absorbed the real energy of its members. Since 1904 further changes have been made, so that it is now regarded as a "complete organism." It has a system of correspondence, with a sort of clearing-house for information, and is the custodian of its own history. It has its monthly journal. It looks to have a General Federation course of study. Yet, to my repeatedly asked question regarding what it seems to accomplish, came the answer, "Seems, Madam, nay, I know not seems; it is."

A persistence in mere being is praiseworthy, and I can see it so, but I also see, when I look upon this admirable organism, a thing having perpetual motion between New York and San Francisco, running and rumbling, and never stopping. It occasions much tending and nursing, and some soothing, but, alas, I know that a machine wears out when it runs and does n't make anything. This is true of even the human machine that runs and does n't make anything — but speeches. Because I like this machine, I try to find out what it makes.

Finally, I asked my question, in terms of "make," of a much-badgered club-woman, and she snapped me the quick answer, "Make! it tries to make clubs and club-women do their duty." Now I seem to perceive. The General Federation is the preceptress of this extensive school, correspondence school, and the clubs and club-women are the scholars. What I must do is to ask the scholars about the teacher. I visited many clubs and asked always, "What does the General Federation do for your club?" The answers of one president are typical. "It does very little. We were a club with our own ways before we joined the Federation, and now, although we feel that we ought to belong to federations, our members do not like to be bothered with federation literature. My desk is full of appeals to the club from the various committees, and I have n't brought any before the club, for one is as important as another. And our club-women are impatient at having the time necessary to consider these questions taken from the regular programme."

"But are n't you coöperating with the aims of the General Federation?" would be my somewhat surprised next question.

"No, only indirectly and as any particular person may be interested. You see we have our community interests and our lectures and you know how little time there is."

"Then how is the *work* done that the General Federation seems to be doing?"

"Why, I don't know; you see they have their own committees and really you know there is n't time for everything. Excuse me, please, I see my social committee is waiting. We are planning our annual reception to the Federation officers."

"Why," I tried to ask of her vanishing presence, "why are you willing to entertain the Federation, and yet refuse to entertain their ideas? Why can you give cakes and ale, and why can't you give information?"

One who ponders insufficient data is liable to error in conclusions. But when they are all the data one can get, the reflective mind will ponder. I could not easily dispel my earlier conclusion of school and pupil, — it was something to go on. In reviewing certain pedagogical relations I come upon the school that is popular and richly supported, but its curriculum is not its attraction; that lies in some subtle quality — a quality that makes men want to be of its alumni with as little of its scholastic regimen as possible. So club-women want to be a part of the Federation, but they don't want to be too much bothered with its direct aims. If I were speaking only of myself as a club-woman, I should liken the impulse to have and to hold a membership in this great organization to the irresistible instinct that brings a little boy to the circus before it is anywhere near time for the parade to start. If anything is going to happen, he wants to be a part of it. How endearing is Cicero in his naïve conclusion of the whole matter: "All of which I saw, and part of which I was."

"The Federation may become a mighty factor in the civilization of the century, if wielded as a whole, — an army of builders, ready, alert, systematic, and scientific, not only a potent force in this generation, but transmitting to the next a vigor and strength which has never been given by any race of women to their inheritors." Now, there is a glimmer of light illuminating this mystical relation. The imagination is stirred by the promise of this hopeful organism. It is seen to be in the realm of the probable that, although built in uncertainty, this creation of modern womanhood is likely to be of determining authority in future conditions. To them who had the au-

dacity to conceive, the inspiration to nurture, and the tenacity to persist, will come great gifts and high honor. The organization will become a social institution, and blind, indeed, would she be who neglected to catch the skirts of it, and be a part of whatever future it may have.

Questions in terms of "to seem" or "to make" are not germane. The verb is wrong. It is a question of movement. The Federation is a procession, a triumphal progress. It is going on its way toward that ultimate state that many women see to be the perfect human condition — a state where the leisure, the intelligence, the beneficent rule, is all theirs and man is the industrial machine. It would be purblind not to go along with it: so touching hands together, and in the step of the immortal dance of Pan we go on singing relevantly, —

"We don't know where we're going,
But we're on the way."

MADAME POULARD'S OMELETTE

DOES the Contributor who gave such a delightful account of the inn at Mont Saint-Michel, in the April *Atlantic*, know the quatrain which Madame Poulard once inspired? An American who had been sitting in the little café opposite the entrance to the Poulard Ainé saw a large company of Englishmen in knickerbockers coming up the narrow street and going into the inn; he promptly crossed over and wrote these lines in the guest book: —

Joan of Arc, at point of lance,
Drove the English out of France:
Madame Poulard did better yet:
She brought them back with her omelette.

